

MARVEL



THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST®

*THE SEVEN CAPITAL
CITIES OF HEAVEN*

FRACTION/BRUBAKER
AJA
ZONJIC
KANO

THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST

*THE SEVEN CAPITAL
CITIES OF HEAVEN*



THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST



THE SEVEN CAPITAL CITIES OF HEAVEN

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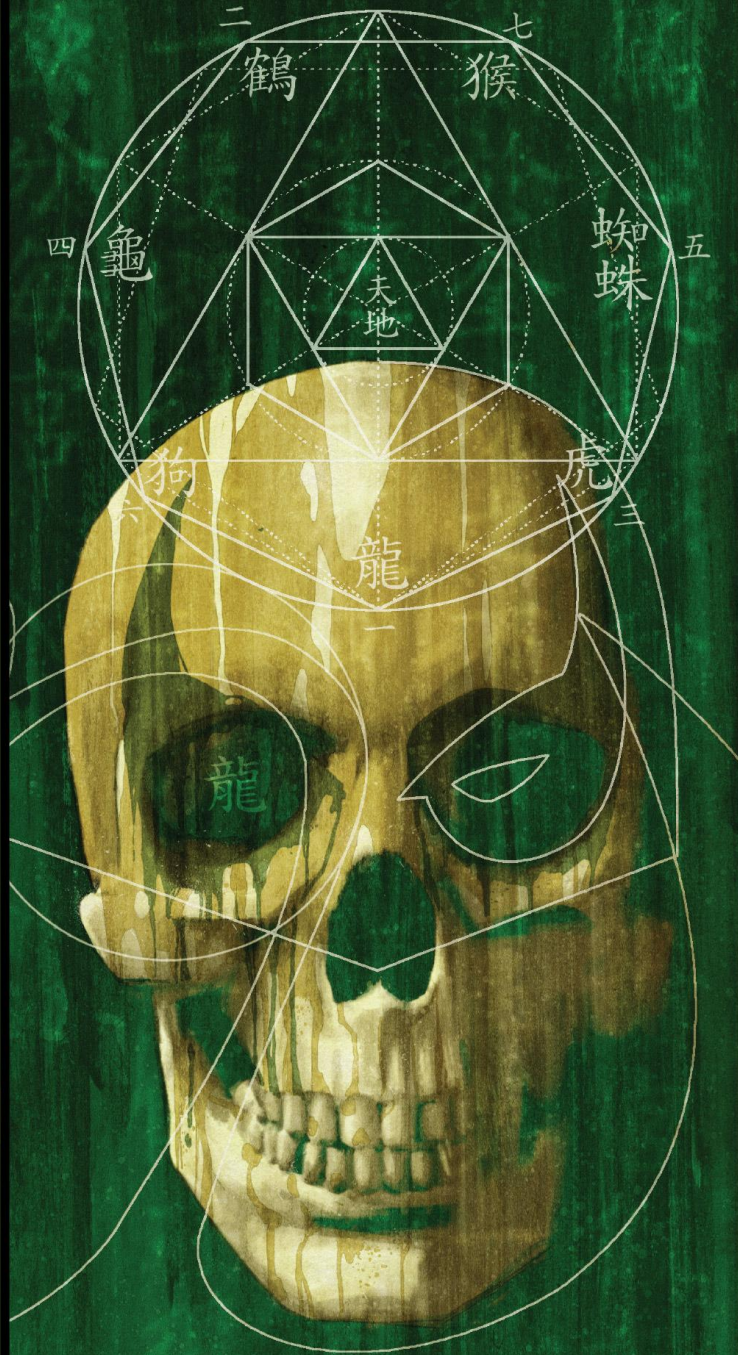
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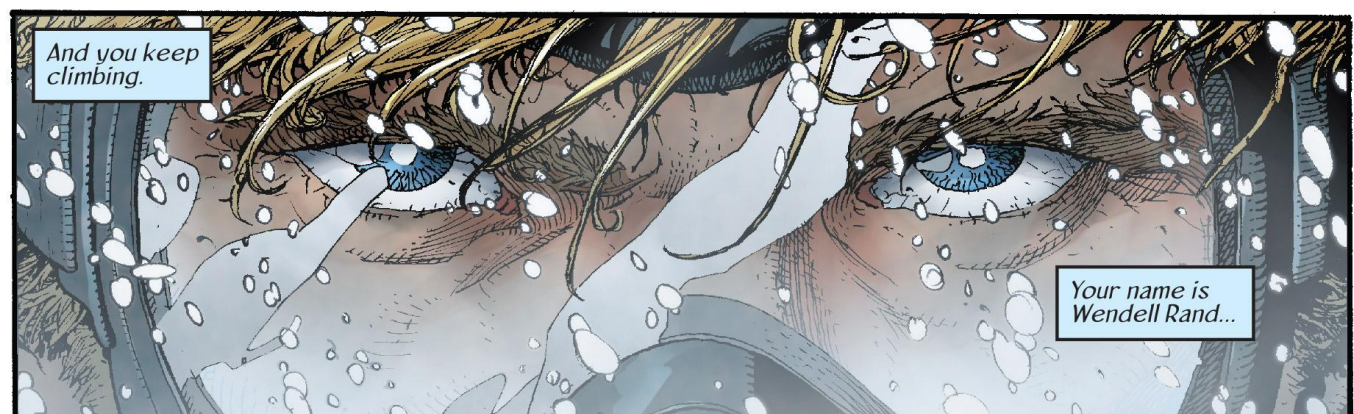
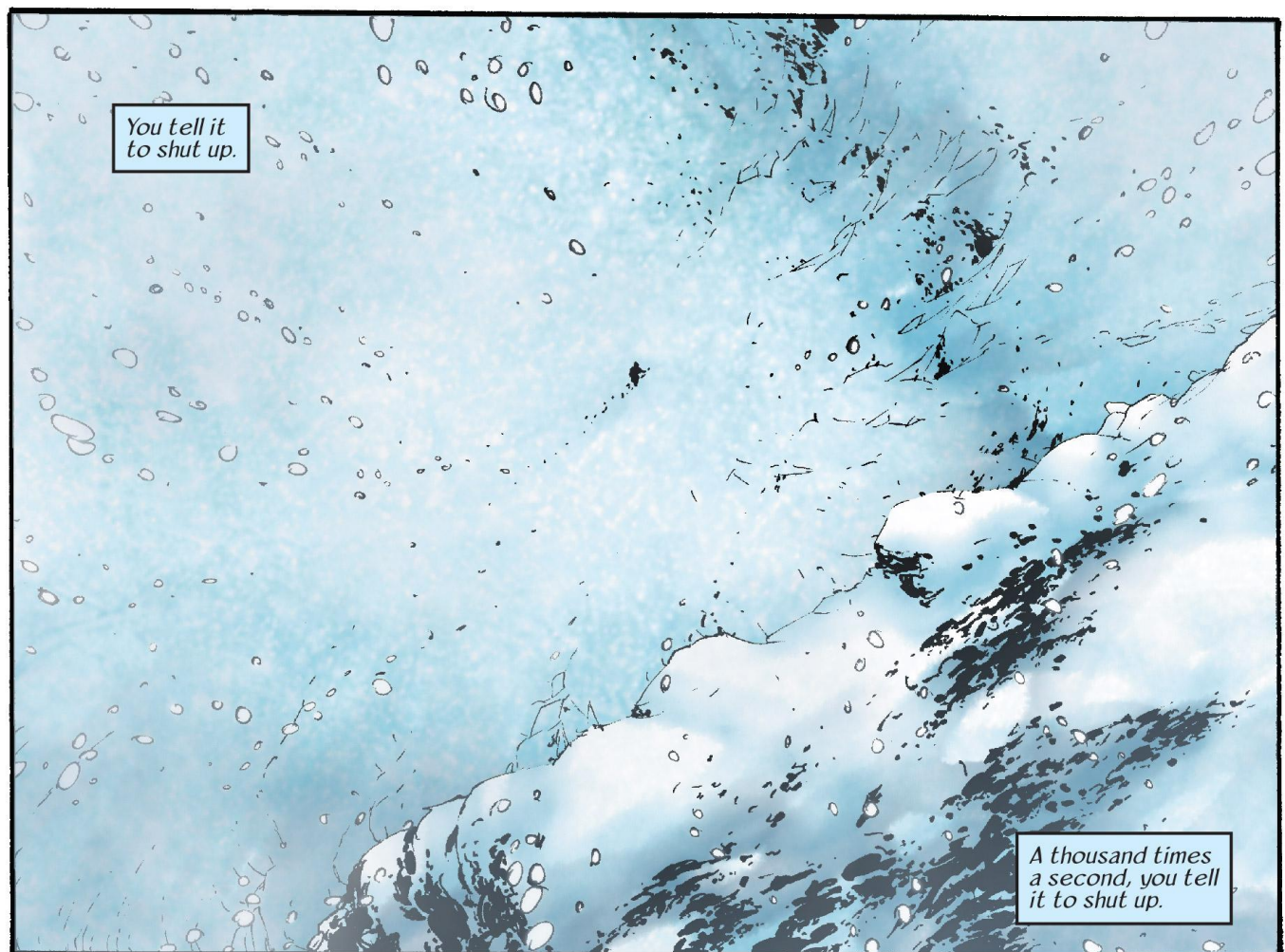
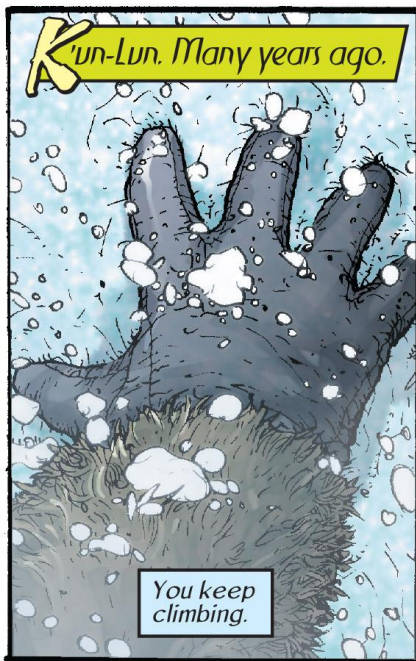
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The 7 Capital
Cities
of Heaven

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Round 1



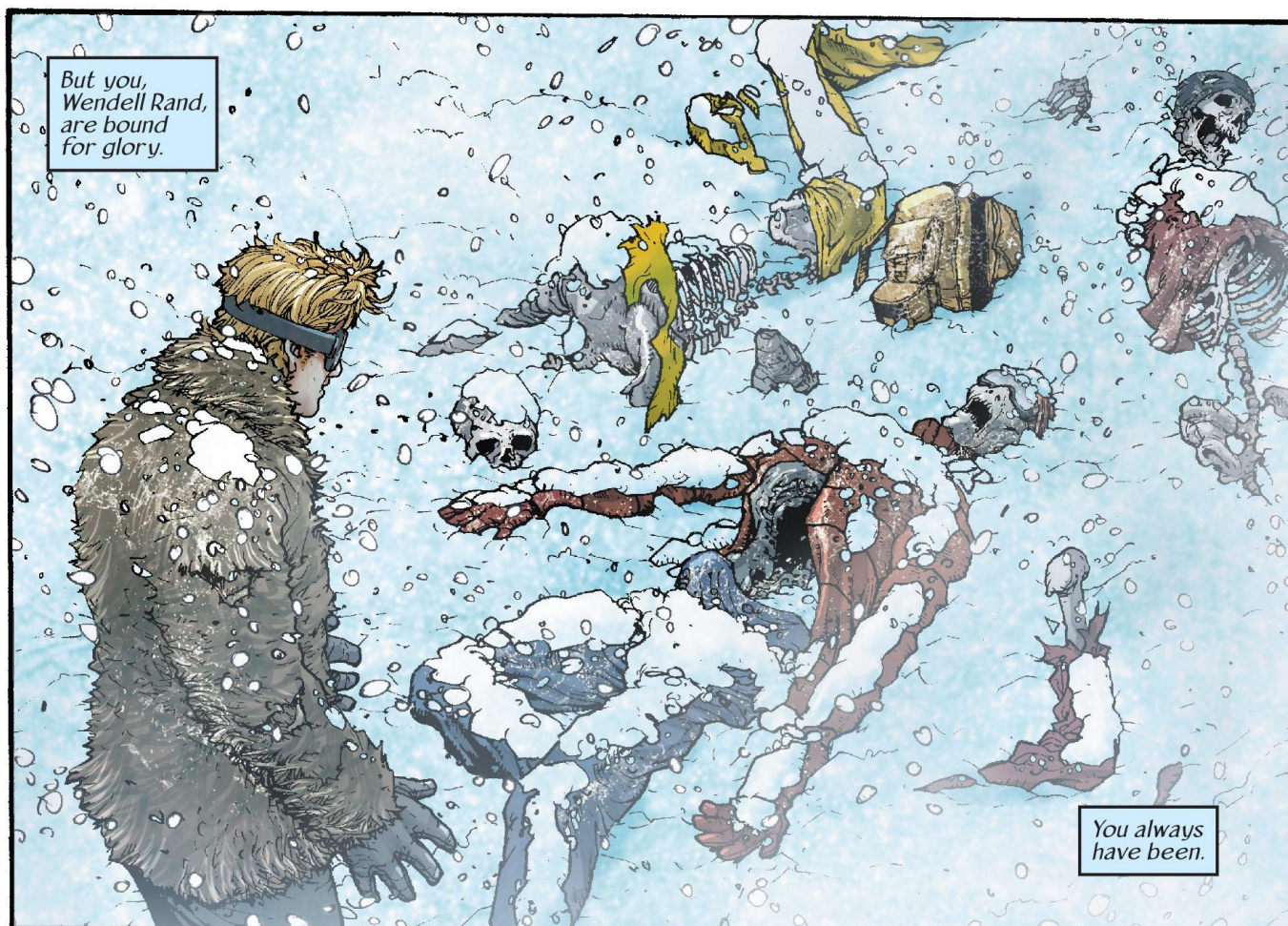


...and you are hunting
your **destiny**.



Many before you have
braved this path.

Many
have died.



But you,
Wendell Rand,
are bound
for glory.

You always
have been.



Even though you feel as if
you're crawling over your
own grave, you **hold on** to
that promise, to that hope...

Because hope
is all you have.

Hope is all you've
ever had...



Now.

K'un-Lun.

A mystical city which appears on the earthly realm only once every ten years...I wasn't expecting to return **home** so soon.

I wasn't **born** here, but I think of it as home all the same.

Time moves strangely in K'un-Lun. Have I been here a week? A day? I'm not sure.

I take advantage of that shifting time to study **The Book of the Iron Fist**.

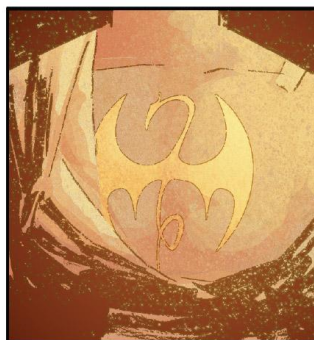
Between its covers are the unheard-of secrets and techniques of all the Iron Fists that came before me.

Secrets of combat... philosophy...and the spirit...

...ways of using the chi of Shou-Lao the Undying...

...in ways I hadn't even dreamed of.

Of using it almost unconsciously.



DANIEL?

HUNH...

I HEALED WITHOUT EVEN THINKING OF IT. AND I DON'T FEEL DRAINED AT ALL.



YU-TI HAS
SUMMONED YOU.
IT'S TIME, SON.

LEI-KUNG,
MASTER. OF
COURSE. I--

I WAS JUST
TESTING SOME OF
THE TECHNIQUES IN
THE BOOK.



*THE BOOK OF
THE IRON FIST* WAS
LONG THOUGHT
LOST TO US.

ITS SCRIPTURES
ARE RECORDED IN A TEXT
ONLY DECIPHERABLE TO YOU...
AND ITS AUTHORS.



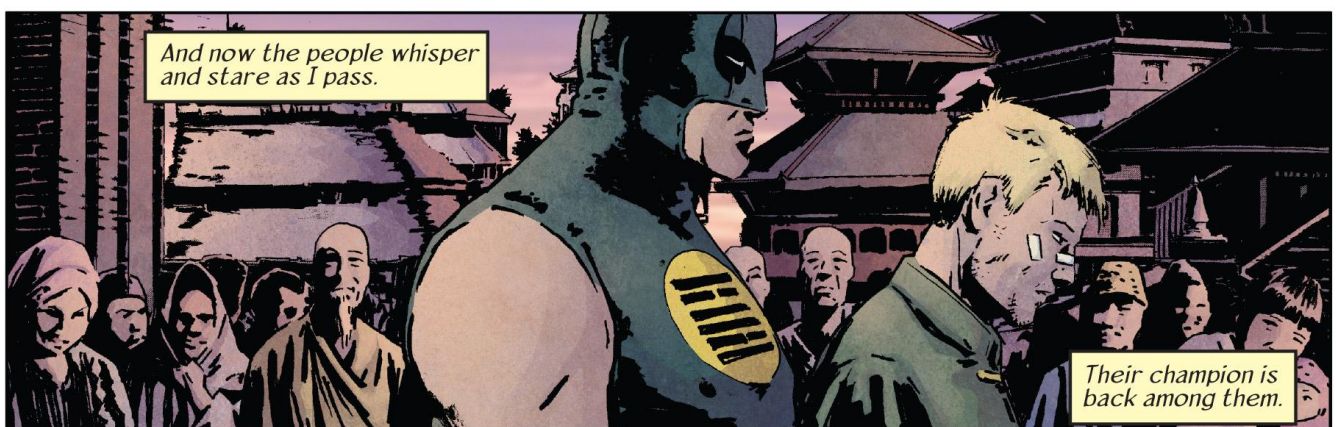
MIRACLE
OF MIRACLES.

I'D ALMOST
FORGOTTEN HOW
DIFFERENT K'UN-LUN
COULD BE...

Yet it's all I could think of as a
child running through these alleys.

How magical it was. How the spires reached
higher to the heavens than seemed possible.

How anything seemed within
reach here...to me, at least.



And now the people whisper
and stare as I pass.

Their champion is
back among them.



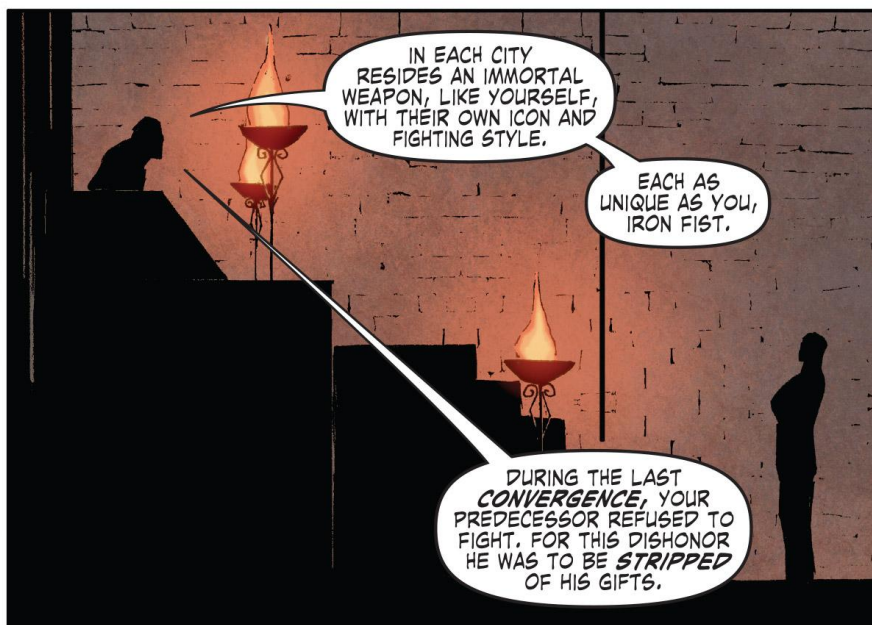
K'UN-LUN IS ONE OF **SEVEN** CAPITAL CITIES OF HEAVEN. EACH APPEARING ON THE MORTAL PLANE ACCORDING TO TIMETABLES CHARTED AMONGST THE STARS.

BUT ONCE EVERY EIGHTY-EIGHT YEARS, THESE APPEARANCES ALIGN IN THE **HEAVENLY CONVERGENCE** AND WE CELEBRATE THIS WITH A **MIGHTY TOURNAMENT**.



SECTIONS OF EACH CITY JOIN TOGETHER, CREATING THE **HEART OF HEAVEN**, A PALACE WHERE OUR CONTESTS TAKE PLACE.

ASPECTS OF EACH CITY, AS WELL AS OF EARTH ITSELF, WILL BE FOUND HERE. IT IS UNLIKE ANYWHERE YOU HAVE BEEN, WITH RULES AND LAWS ONLY UNTO ITSELF.



IN EACH CITY RESIDES AN IMMORTAL WEAPON, LIKE YOURSELF, WITH THEIR OWN ICON AND FIGHTING STYLE.

EACH AS UNIQUE AS YOU, IRON FIST.

DURING THE LAST **CONVERGENCE**, YOUR PREDECESSOR REFUSED TO FIGHT. FOR THIS DISHONOR HE WAS TO BE **STRIPPED** OF HIS GIFTS.



HE RESISTED, AND ANOTHER CITY'S CHAMPION WAS **KILLED**. HE THEN FLED, AND THE CELEBRATION ENDED IN DISGRACE FOR US ALL.



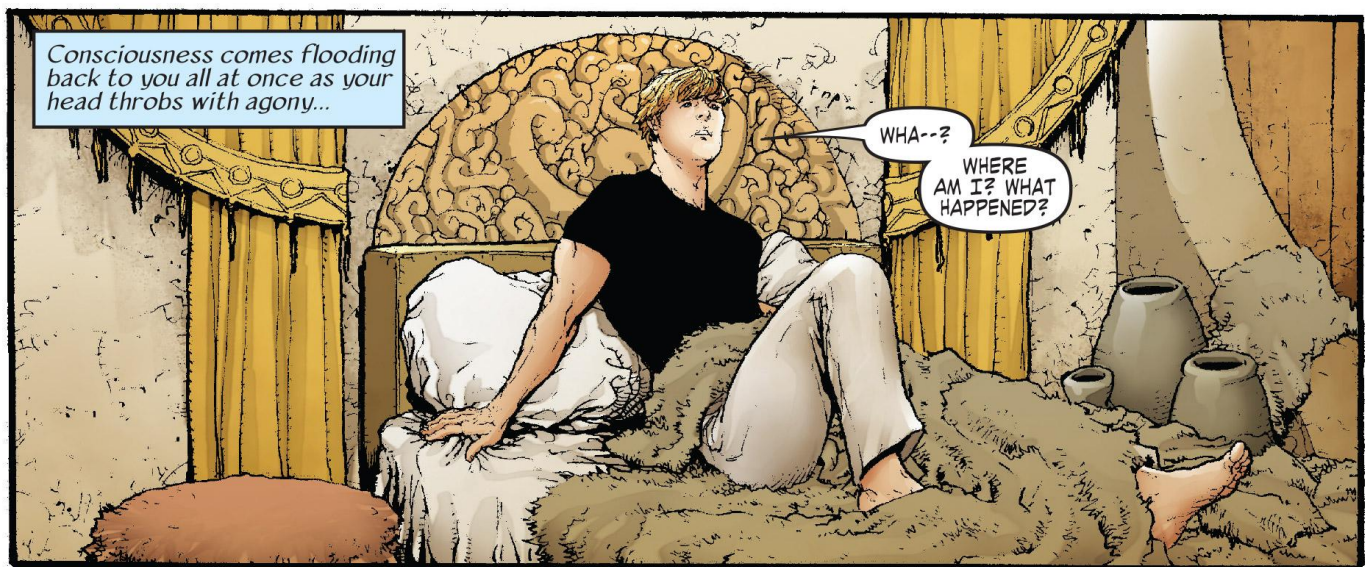
THAT WILL **NOT** COME TO PASS THIS TIME.

NOW...DO YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS?



YES, MASTER.

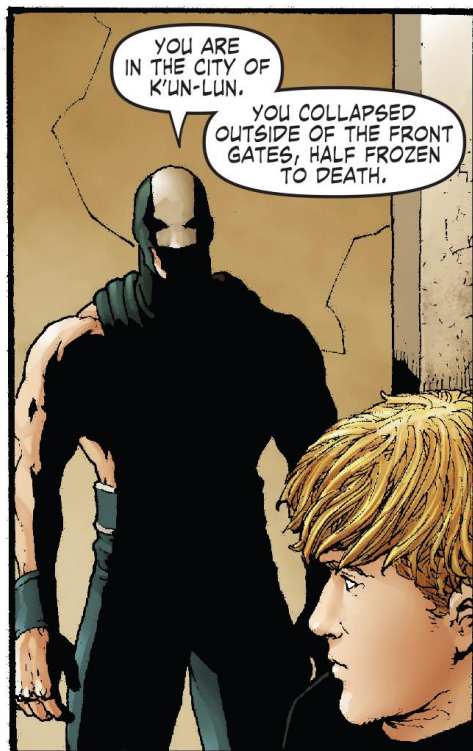
WHY DIDN'T MY FATHER BECOME THE IRON FIST?



Consciousness comes flooding back to you all at once as your head throbs with agony...

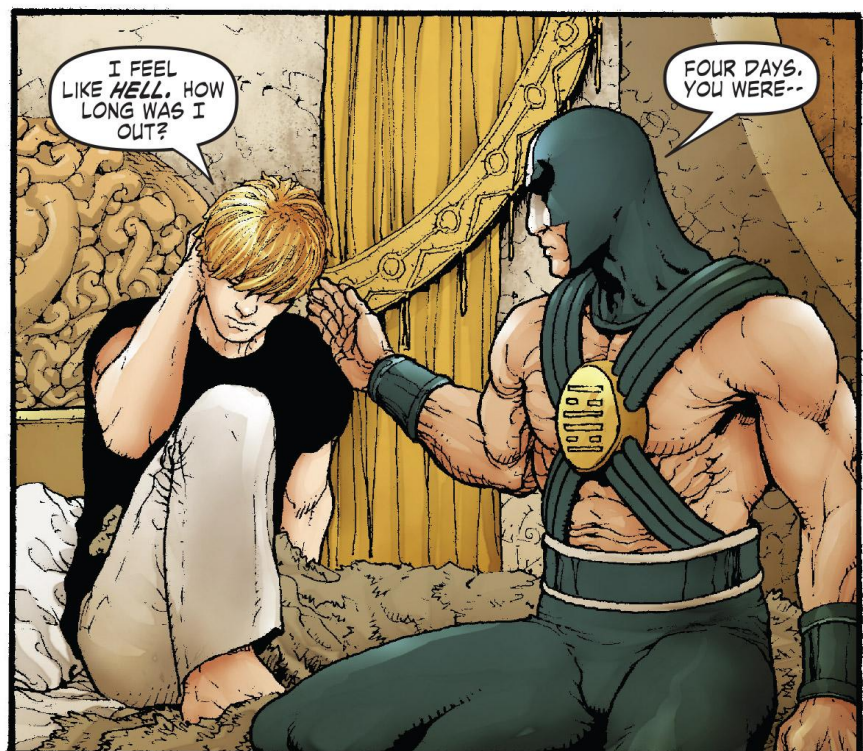
WHA--?

WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED?



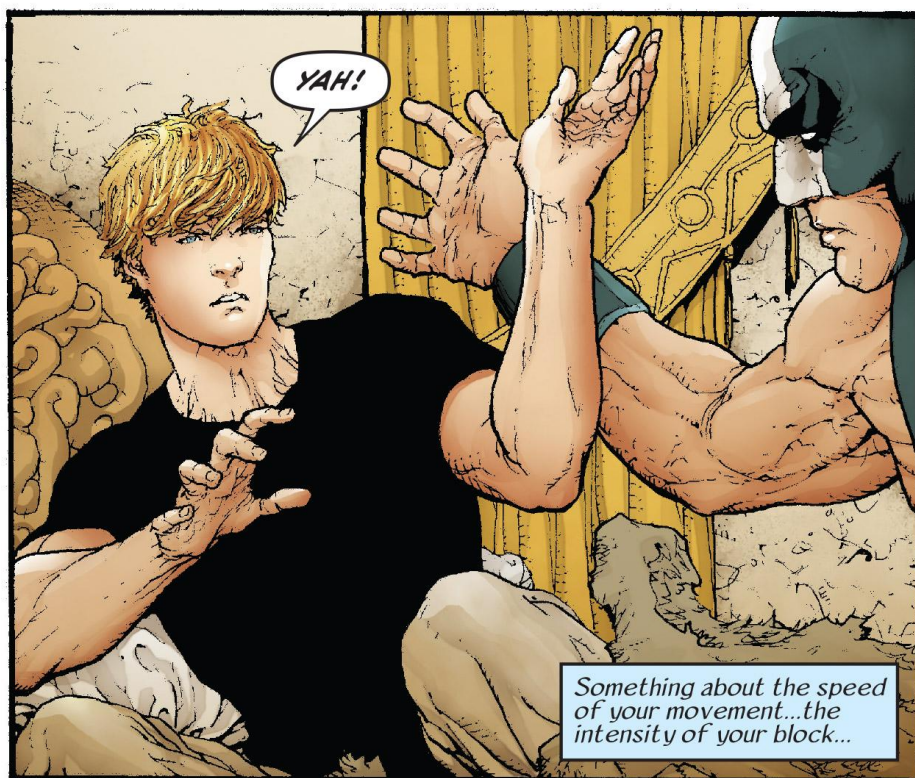
YOU ARE IN THE CITY OF K'UN-LUN.

YOU COLLAPSED OUTSIDE OF THE FRONT GATES, HALF FROZEN TO DEATH.



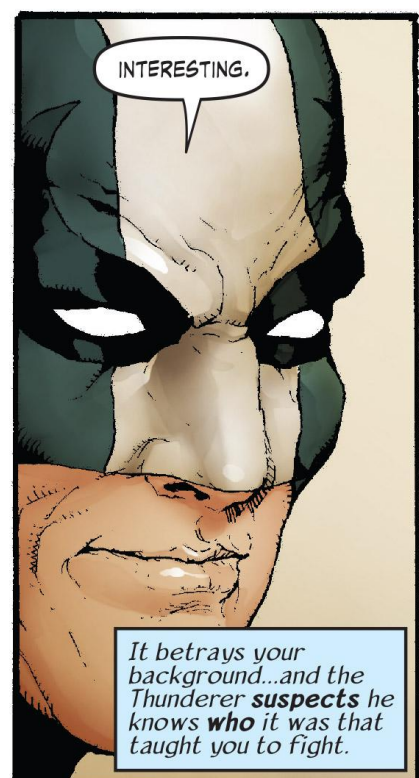
I FEEL LIKE HELL. HOW LONG WAS I OUT?

FOUR DAYS, YOU WERE--



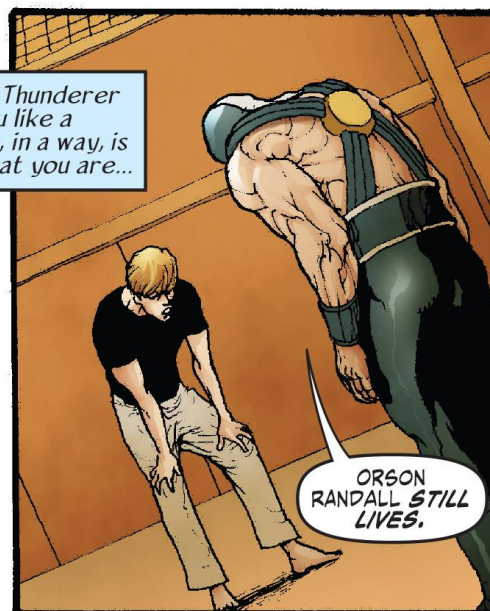
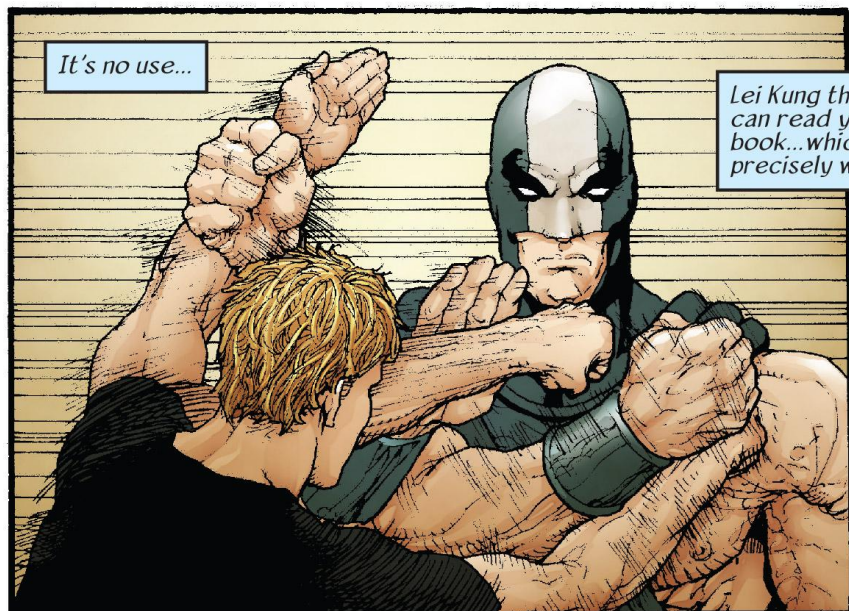
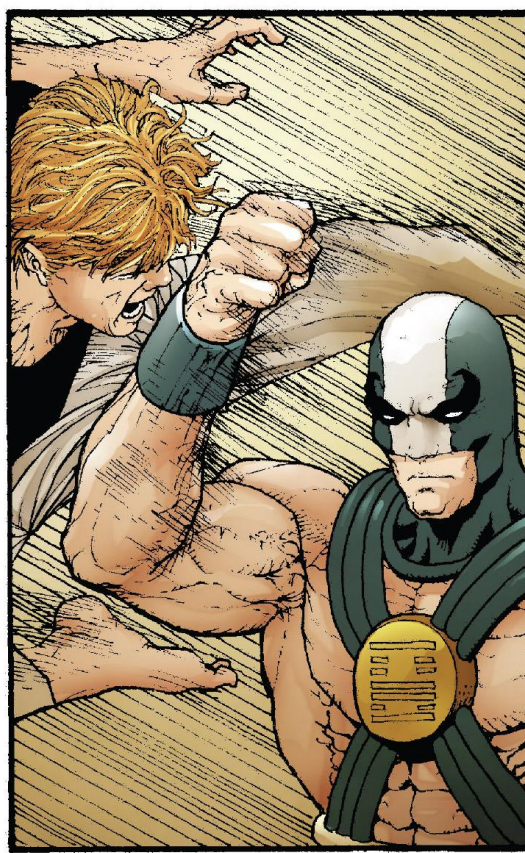
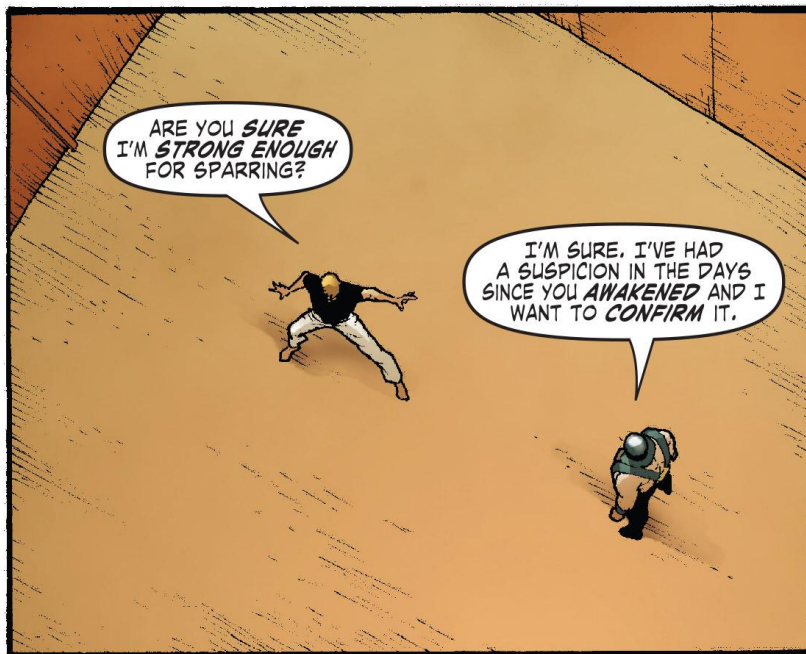
YAH!

Something about the speed of your movement...the intensity of your block...



INTERESTING.

It betrays your background...and the Thunderer *suspects* he knows *who* it was that taught you to fight.





...a book the Thunderer himself had written.

I AM GLAD TO KNOW IT...BUT I WILL BE THE ONLY ONE YOU MEET WHO FEELS THE SAME.



DO YOU UNDERSTAND? WHATEVER IT WAS THAT CAUSED YOU TO **FLEE** HIS TUTELAGE AND RISK YOUR LIFE TO FIND OUR CITY...

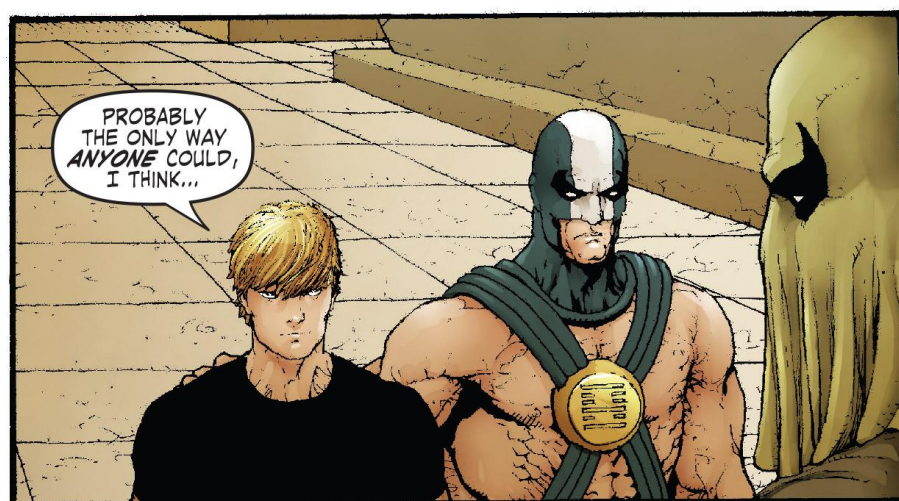
YOU MUST PUSH IT FROM YOUR HEART. FOR IF OUR **MASTER** LEARNS ORSON IS NOT **LONG DEAD**, ROTTING IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE ON THE MUNDANE REALM...



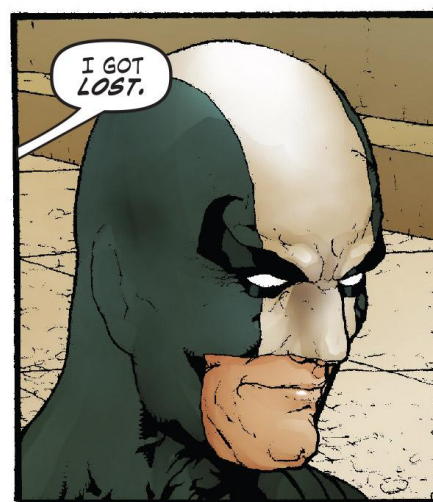
"...THEN THERE WILL BE TROUBLE...DARK TROUBLE...FOR US BOTH."

YOU HAVE COME A LONG WAY, YOUNG MAN, AND FOUND A PLACE THAT DOES NOT EXIST ON ANY MAP.

HOW DID YOU **KNOW**? HOW DID YOU FIND US?



PROBABLY THE ONLY WAY **ANYONE** COULD, I THINK...



I GOT **LOST**.

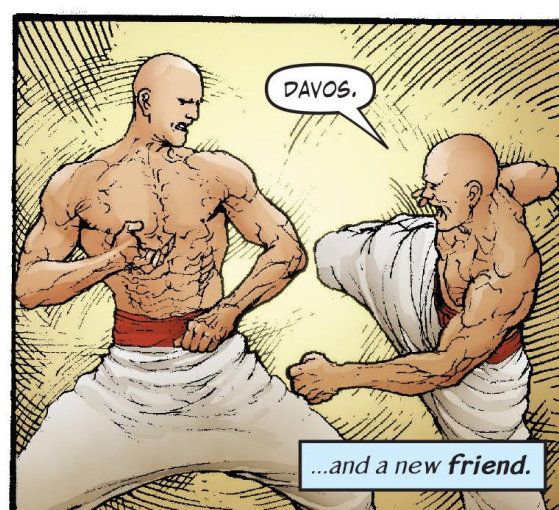
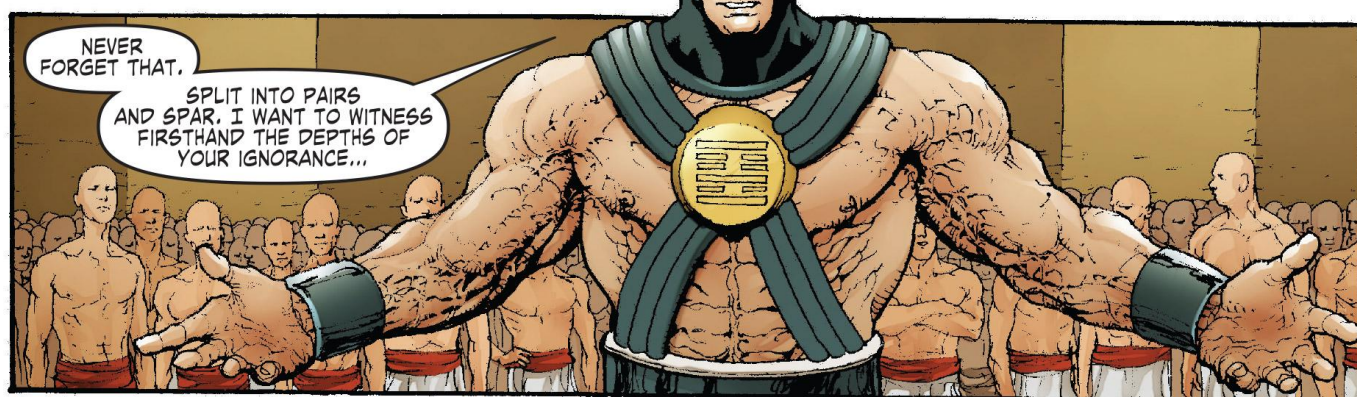
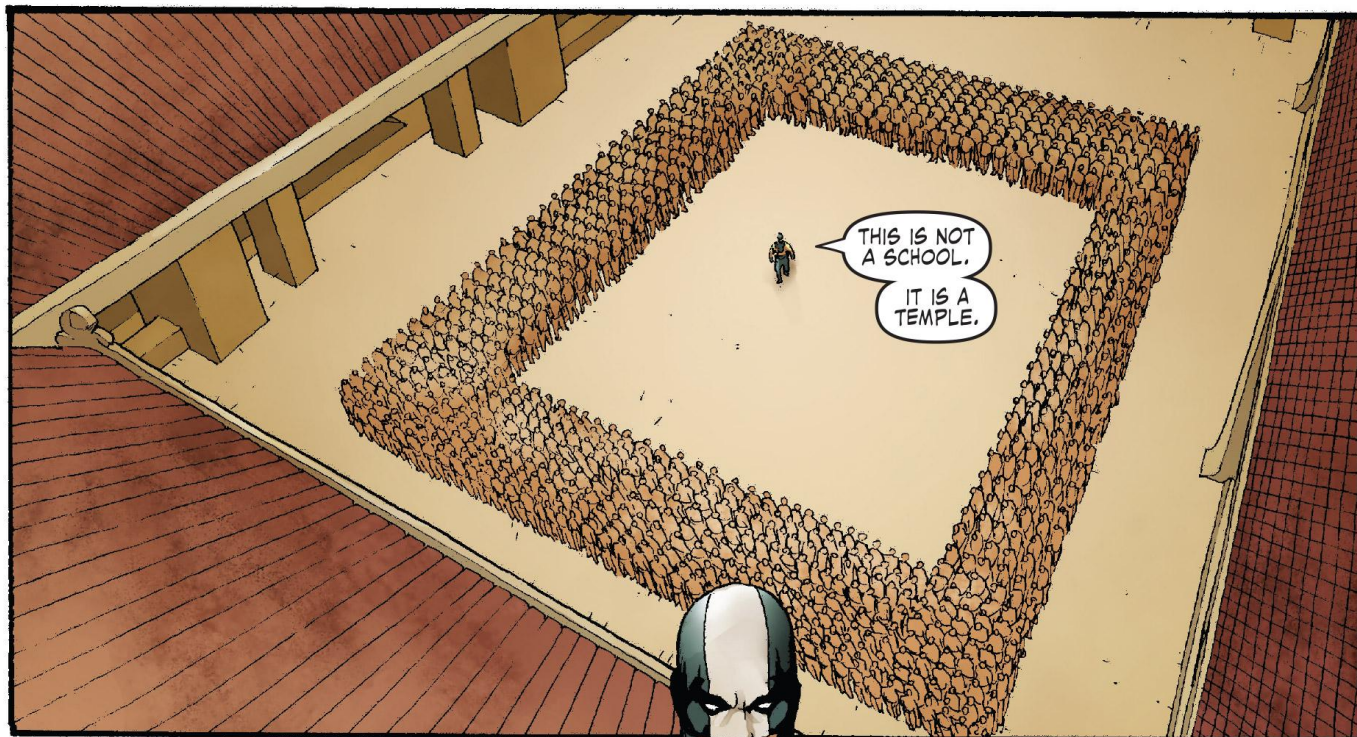
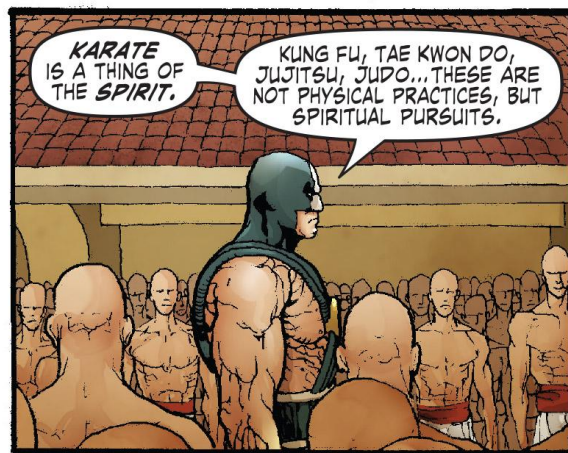
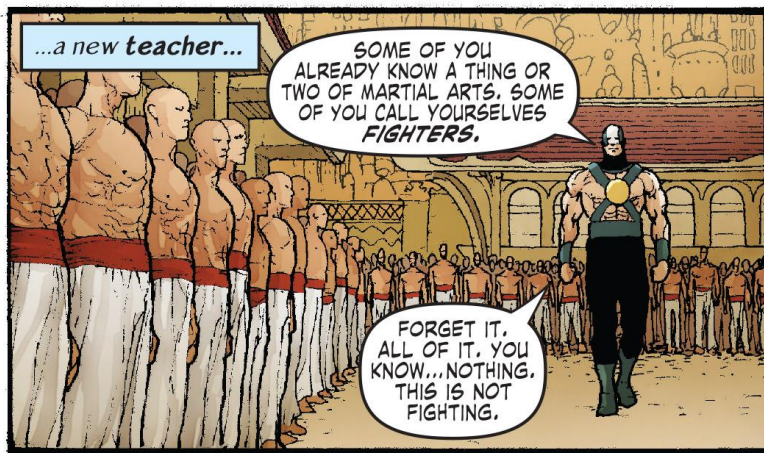


INDEED, AND NOW YOU ARE FOUND.

WELCOME TO K'UN-LUN.

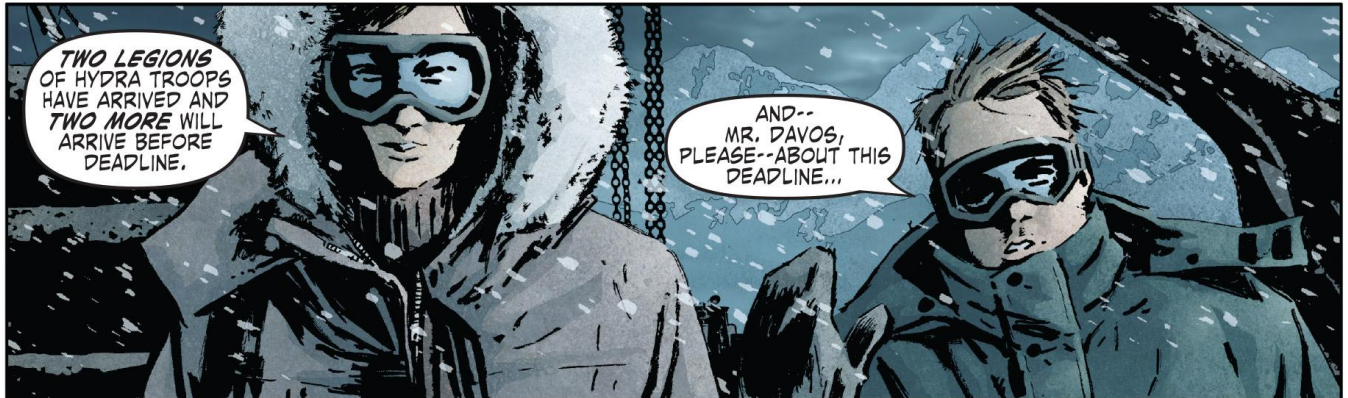
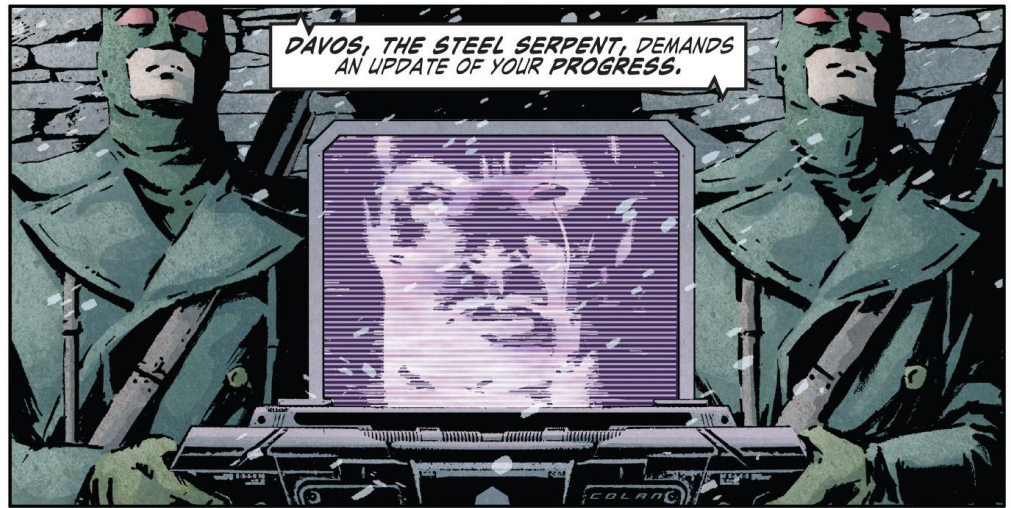
That was the day that you, the orphan who took the name Wendell Rand, found three things:

A home...





MR. XAO.
MR. HOGARTH.



TWO LEGIONS
OF HYDRA TROOPS
HAVE ARRIVED AND
TWO MORE WILL
ARRIVE BEFORE
DEADLINE.

AND--
MR. DAVOS,
PLEASE--ABOUT THIS
DEADLINE...



YOU'RE ASKING ME--ONE--TO
SUPERVISE CONSTRUCTION OF A
THEORETICAL PROJECT--

--TWO--
HALFWAY UP THE DAMN
HIMALAYAS--

--THREE--
WITH A CREW OF MEN THAT
HAVE NEVER BUILT ANYTHING
LIKE THIS, AND--

--FOUR--
DON'T EVEN *SPEAK*
ENGLISH.

SO...
WE'RE A LITTLE
BEHIND.



YOU KNOW WHAT
ELSE HAS FOUR
FINGERS, MR.
HOGARTH?

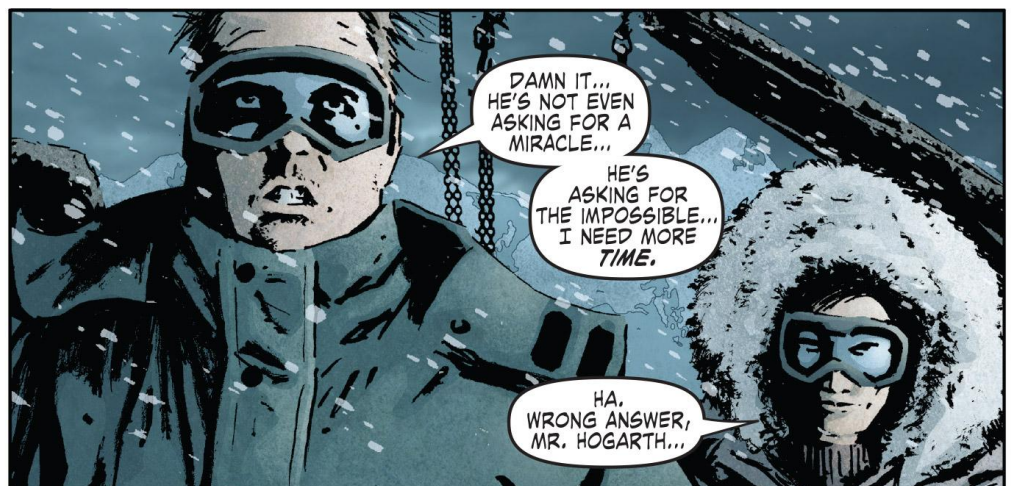


YOUR DEAR
DARLING MOTHER.
SEE TO IT, XAO.



NO--
PLEASE!
MR. DAVOS?

OPEN
IT UP. OPEN IT
BACK UP!



DAMN IT...
HE'S NOT EVEN
ASKING FOR A
MIRACLE...

HE'S
ASKING FOR
THE IMPOSSIBLE...
I NEED MORE
TIME.

HA,
WRONG ANSWER,
MR. HOGARTH...



TIME
WAITS FOR
NO MAN.
ESPECIALLY
IN THE K'UN-LUN
MOUNTAINS.



DANNY
WILL SAVE ME.
IRON FIST WILL
COME, AND...

I WOULDN'T
COUNT ON THAT.
HE'S QUITE...
INDISPOSED...

"It's a long story," he says.
"Now is not the **time**," he says.

Yu-Ti...how many times have
you lied to me in my life?

No, Danny. Not now--
clear your mind.

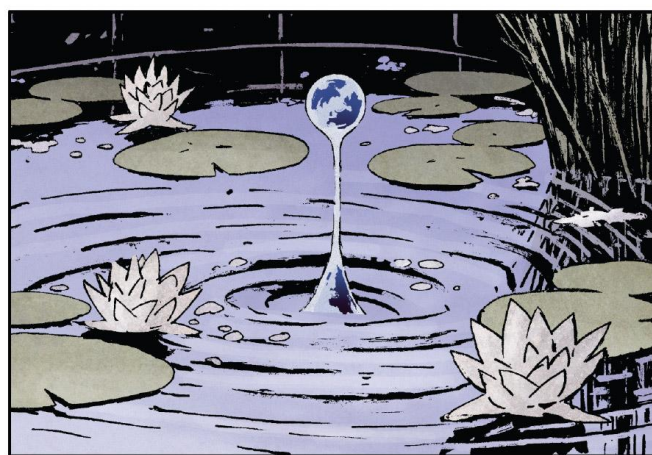


The Scrying Vessel
of Bo-Ling won't
work without **purity
of conscience.**

Focus only on
your question.



WHERE
IS JERYN
HOGARTH?



K'un-Lun? That
doesn't make sense.

Jeryn is in K'un-Lun?







IT IS ONE CITY
MADE OF *MANY*
CITIES.

A PLACE THAT
IS EVERYWHERE
AND NOWHERE.

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FLITTING
ACROSS EARTH;
WE FIGHT FOR
HONOR AND
GLORY.



WE
FIGHT FOR
K'UN-LUN.



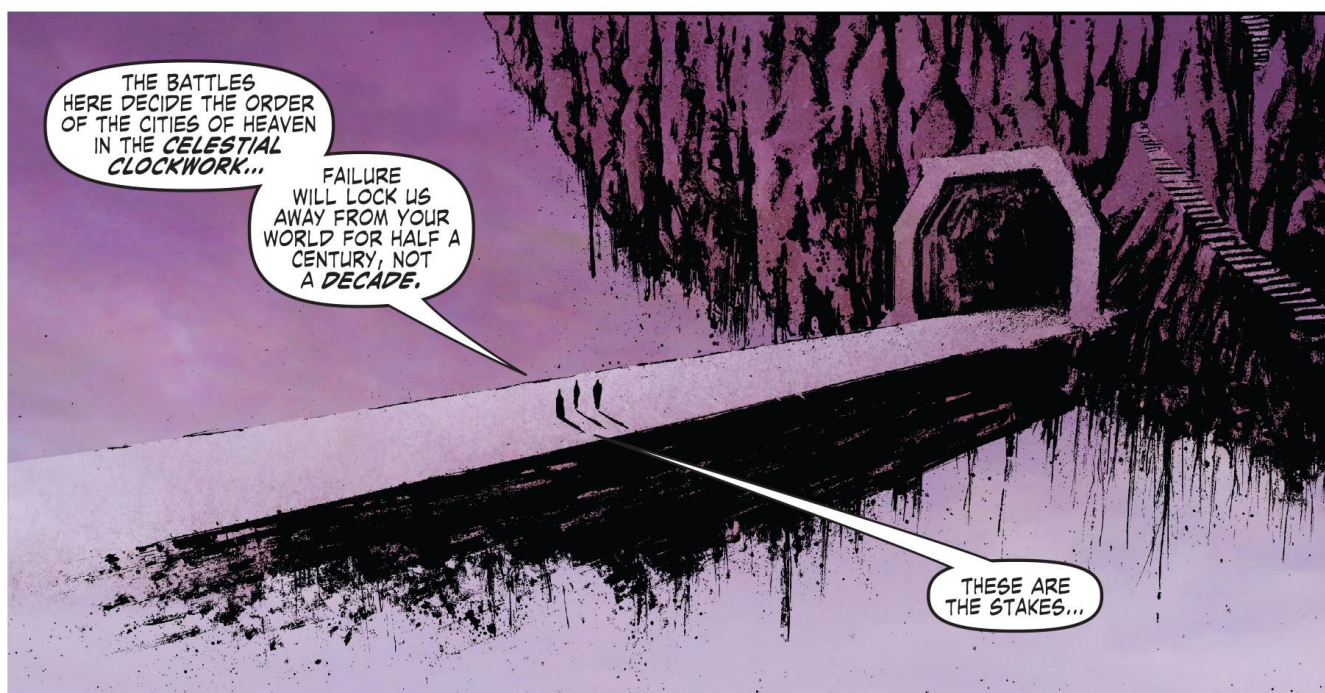
AND FOR
THE RIGHT TO
OUR PLACE ON
THE EARTHLY
REALM.

FOR YOU
SEE...EARTH IS
THE *PRIZE.*



WHAT DOES
THAT *MEAN*
EXACTLY,
MASTER?

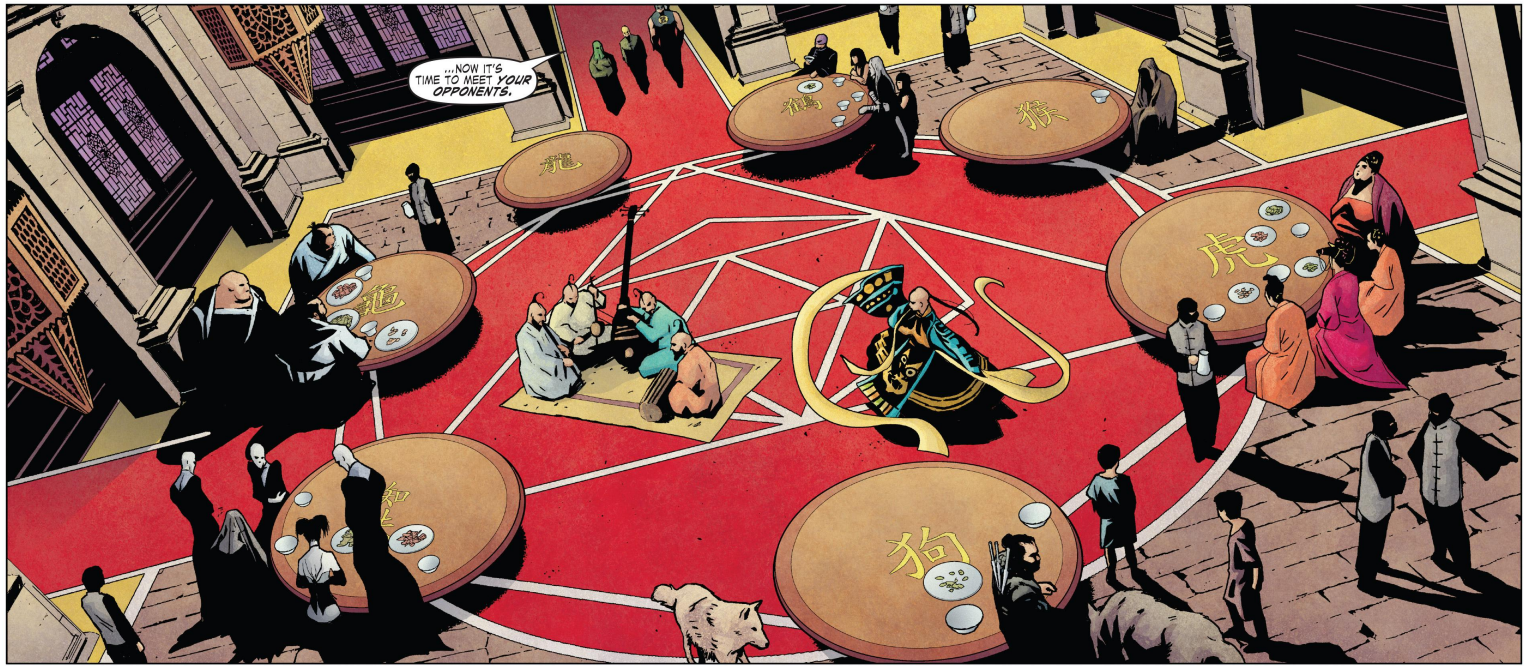
PRECISELY
WHAT IT SOUNDS
LIKE, DANIEL
RAND.



THE BATTLES
HERE DECIDE THE ORDER
OF THE CITIES OF HEAVEN
IN THE *CELESTIAL*
CLOCKWORK...

FAILURE
WILL LOCK US
AWAY FROM YOUR
WORLD FOR HALF A
CENTURY, NOT
A *DECADE.*

THESE ARE
THE STAKES...



"FAT COBRA..."
HIS SIZE AND STRENGTH
ARE ONLY OUTCLASSSED
BY HIS SPEED.

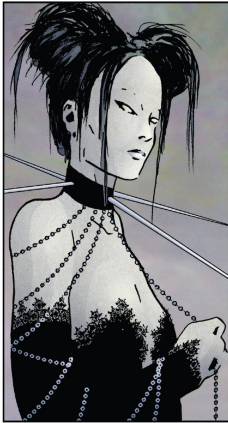
"THE BRIDE OF NINE SPIDERS..."
HER HEART PUMPS THE COLDEST
BLOOD IMAGINABLE...AND HORRORS
INCONCEIVABLE TO MORTAL MEN.

"DOG BROTHER #1..."
HERO TO ALL THE STRAYS ON ALL THE
STREETS OF THE WORLD...A PRANKSTER-
ASSASSIN WHO RULES THE UNDER-CITY...

**"TIGER'S BEAUTIFUL
DAUGHTER..."** MANY A MAN
HAS FOUND HIS DOOM AT
HER HAND OR IN HER BED.

**"THE PRINCE OF
ORPHANS..."** MYSTERIOUS,
EVEN TO WE WHO CULTIVATE
UNENDING MYSTERY.

**"AND THE NEW WEAPON
OF K'UN-ZI..."** DAVOS,
THE STEEL SERPENT...
MASTER OF THE CRANES."





DAVOS!

YOU SON
OF A--!



WHERE'S
JERYN?

IRON FIST,
NOW IS NOT
THE--

WHERE?!

DANIEL!



YU-TI!
CONFLICT BETWEEN
IMMORTAL WEAPONS BEFORE
THE TOURNAMENT IS
FORBIDDEN--

CAN YOU
NOT **CONTROL**
YOUR WARRIOR,
YET AGAIN?



SAYS ONE WHO
HAD TO PURCHASE THEIRS...
CRANE MOTHER.

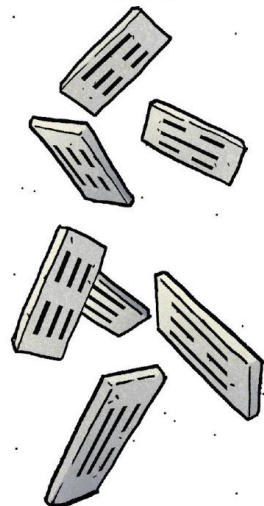
MY
WARRIOR'S
ANGER IS **JUST**, IF
INAPPROPRIATE AT
THIS TIME.



YES...WE HAVE
ALL SET ASIDE
OUR BLOOD FEUDS
FOR THIS NIGHT,
YU-TI.

ALLOW ME
NOW TO CAST THE
HOLY TILES TO SEE
WHICH CHAMPION SHALL
ENTERTAIN US AS
WE BEGIN THE FIRST
NIGHT'S FEAST...

ONE HUNDRED
OF THE FINEST
SHAOLIN TERROR
PRIESTS FROM AROUND
THE WORLD HAVE BEEN
ASSEMBLED HERE
TONIGHT.

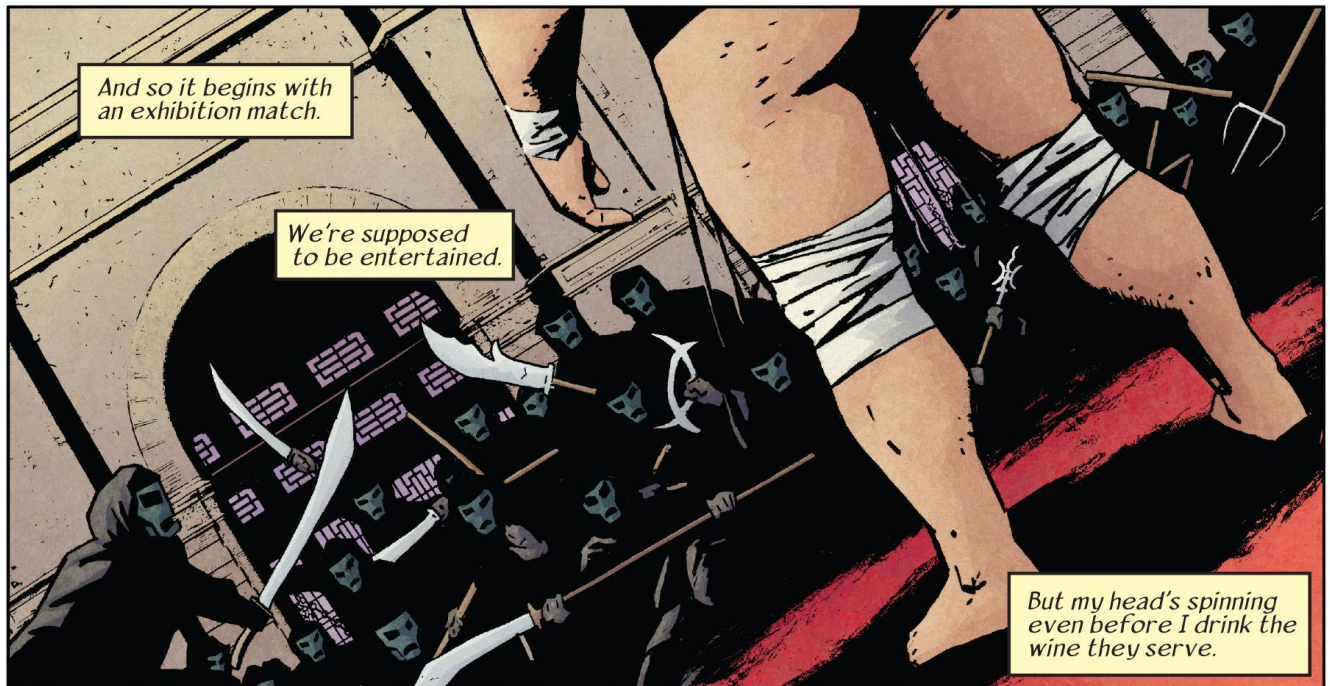


ALL
PREPARED TO
FACE...



"...FAT COBRA! THE TILES SAY FAT COBRA!"

TEN THOUSAND
THANK-YOUS, MY FRIENDS!
IT IS MY HONOR AND GRATITUDE
TO DESTROY THESE *FIELD MICE*
FOR YOUR PLEASURE THIS
EVENING!



And so it begins with
an exhibition match.

We're supposed
to be entertained.

But my head's spinning
even before I drink the
wine they serve.



WATCH
HIM CLOSELY,
IRON FIST.

TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF THIS
DEMONSTRATION OF
HIS TECHNIQUE.



I see the hints of combat forms I
recognize. Twenty-Two Harmony Strike
bleeds into Long Punch of Enlightened
Buddha...but from there, I lose it.

And I know I've never fought anyone like him.



NO, THANK
YOU, I--

Whoa.

ONE
HUNDRED
APOLOGIES,
MASTER IRON
FIST.

THUNDERER!
THAT GIRL
HAD--

IT IS UNSEEMLY
TO FOCUS ON *GIRLS*
IN THE MIDST OF THIS
DISPLAY, DANIEL.

"INSTEAD, FOCUS
ON FAT COBRA'S
DEFENSES..."

"...HIS OFFENSES..."

"...AND HIS *WEAKNESSES...*"

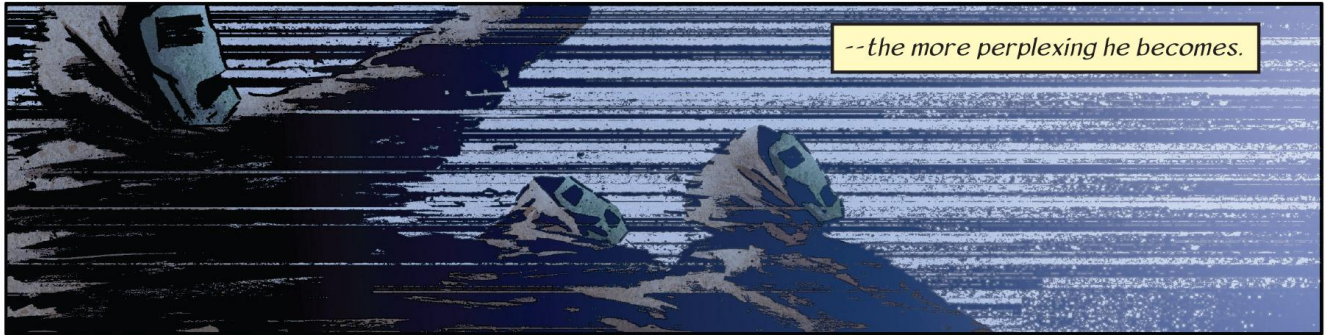
**SUMO
THUNDER
STOMP!**

"IF HE *HAS* ANY."

The Thunderer is right--
the more I study Fat Cobra--



--the more perplexing he becomes.



He's big--okay. His
totem is the tortoise...

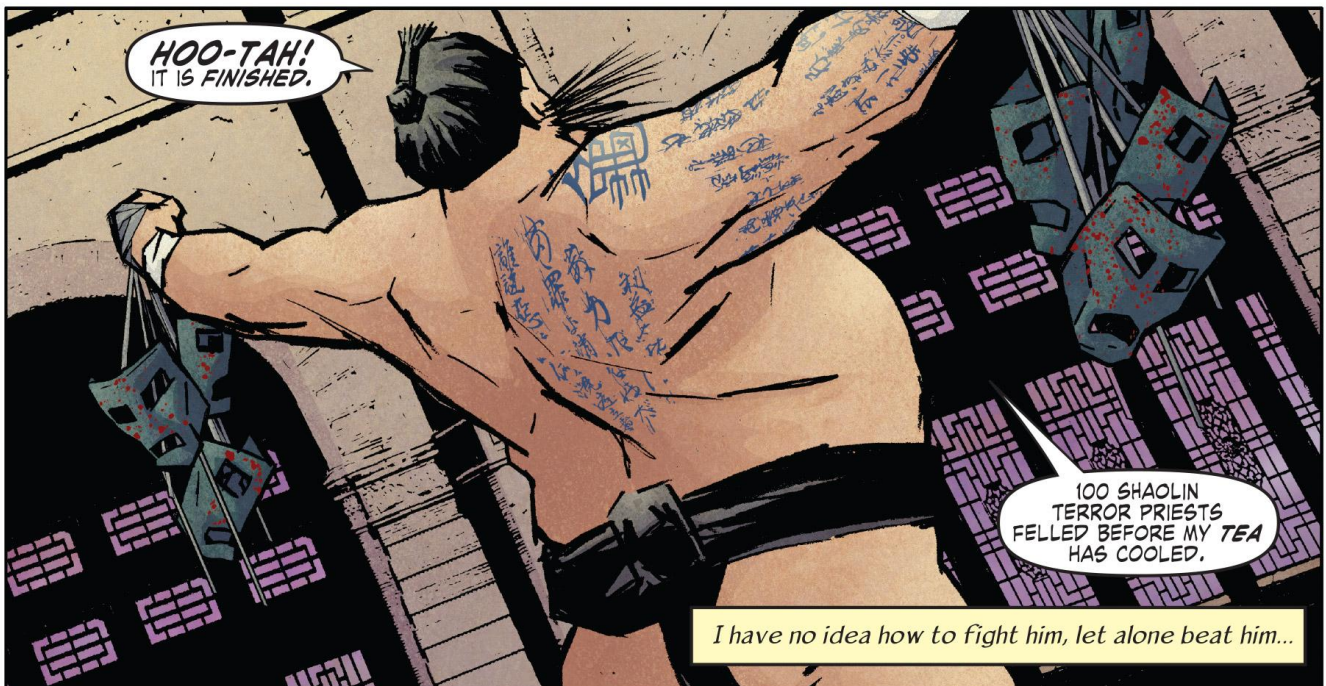


But he's strong like an ox...



And he's not slow at all.

HOO-TAH!
IT IS FINISHED.



100 SHAOLIN
TERROR PRIESTS
FELLED BEFORE MY TEA
HAS COOLED.

I have no idea how to fight him, let alone beat him...



IRON FIST

FAT COBRA

BRIDE OF NINE SPIDERS

DOG BROTHER # 1



VS.



VS.



WINNER 1
VS.
WINNER 2

TO BE CONTINUED

WINNER 1
VS.
PRINCE OF ORPHANS



VS.



TIGER'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER

STEEL SERPENT

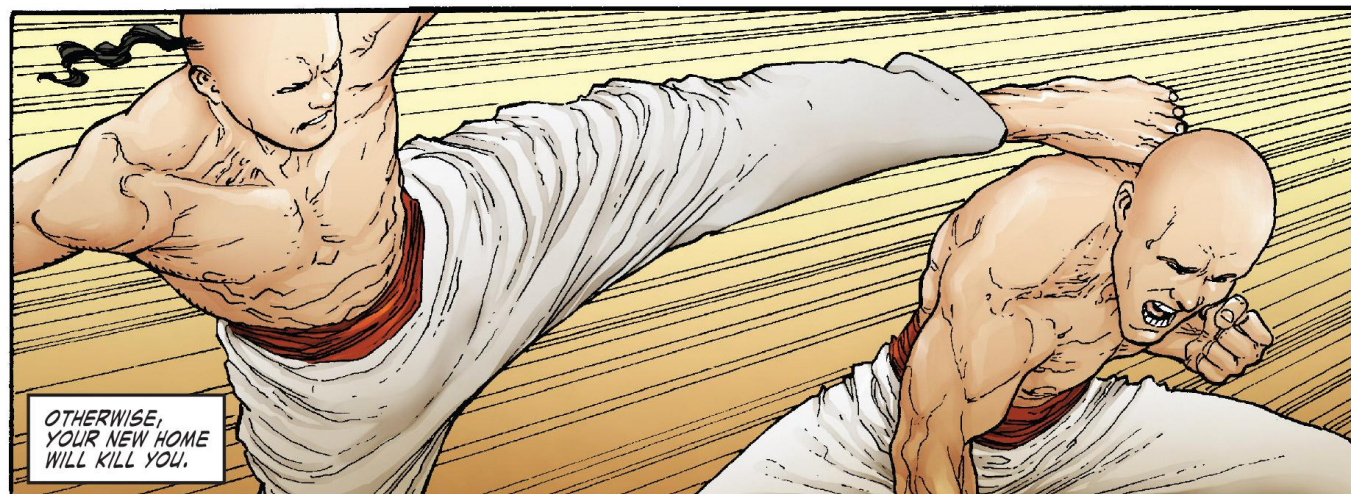
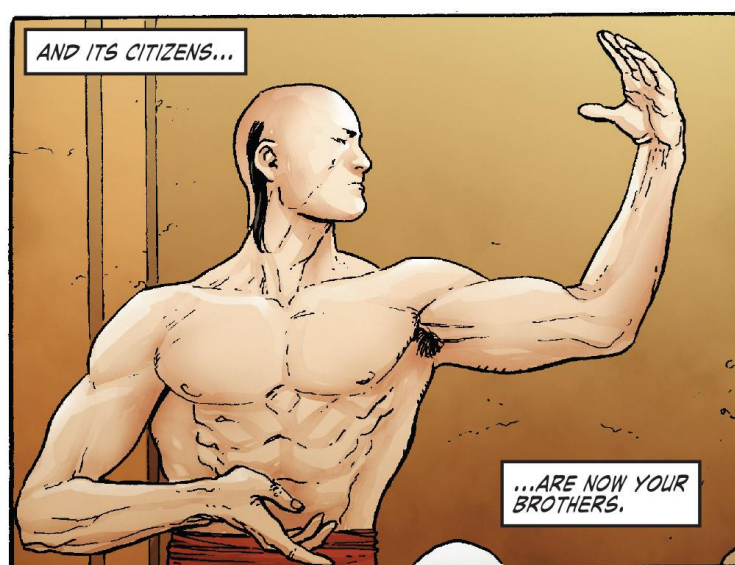
PRINCE OF ORPHANS

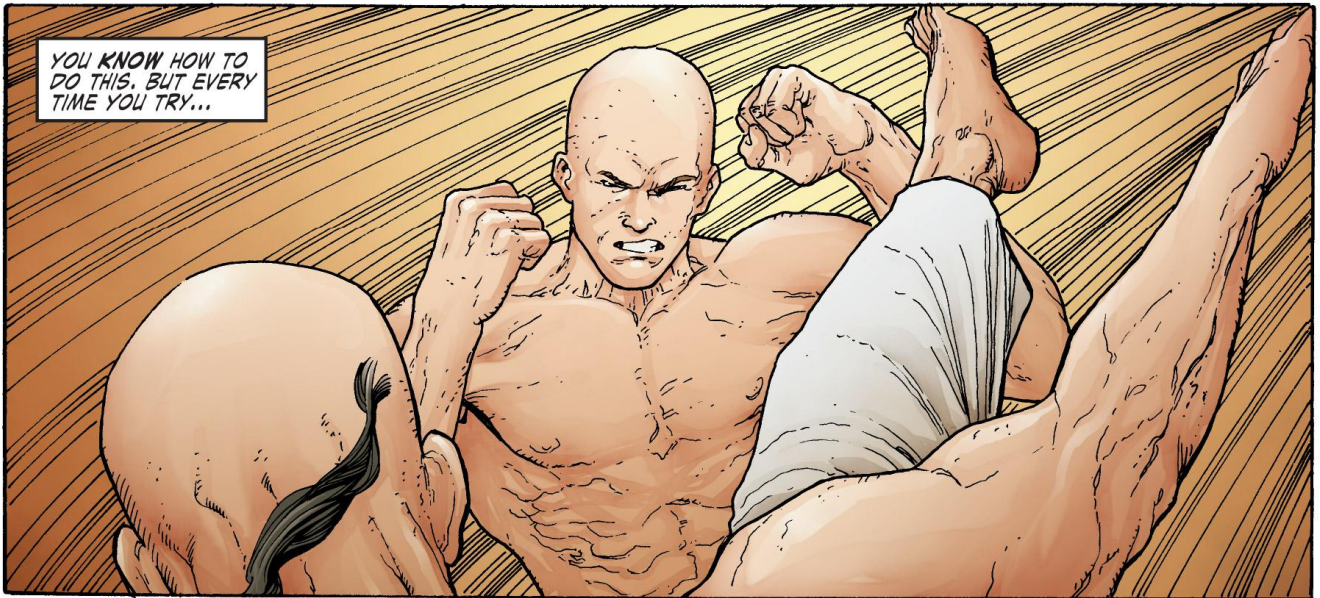
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The 7 Capital
Cities
of Heaven

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Round 2

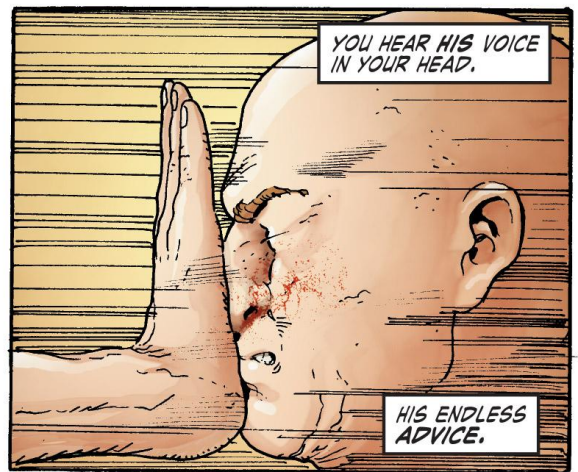




YOU KNOW HOW TO
DO THIS. BUT EVERY
TIME YOU TRY...

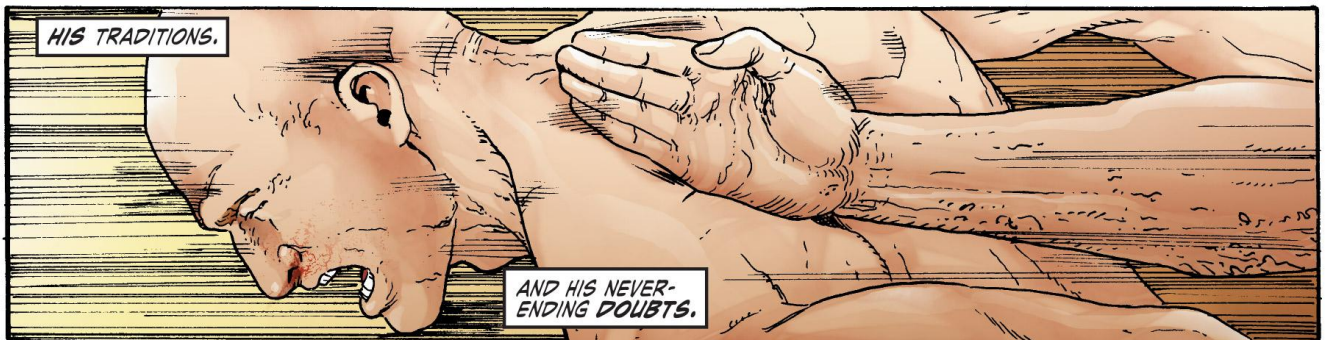


NOW, SEE? YOU MOVE
THE OPPOSITE ARM LIKE THIS,
AND YOU'VE STILL GOT YOUR
RIGHT HAND READY--



YOU HEAR HIS VOICE
IN YOUR HEAD.

HIS ENDLESS
ADVICE.



HIS TRADITIONS.

AND HIS NEVER-
ENDING DOUBTS.

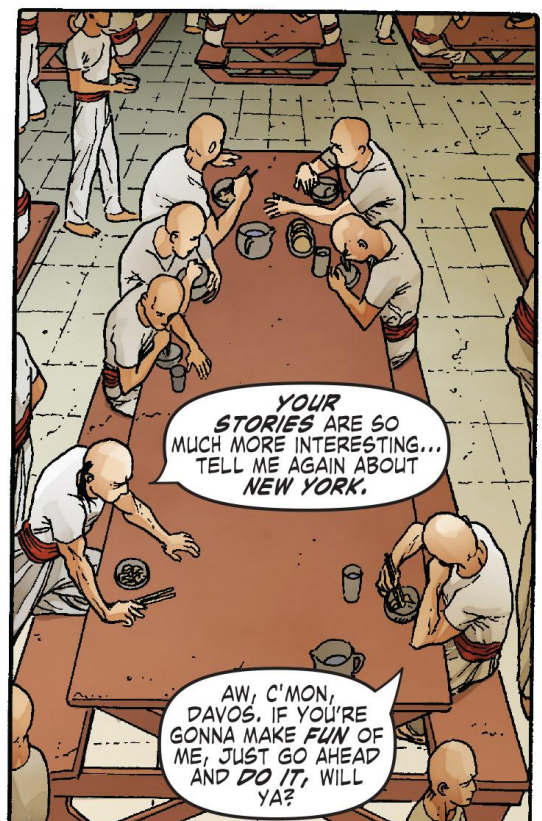
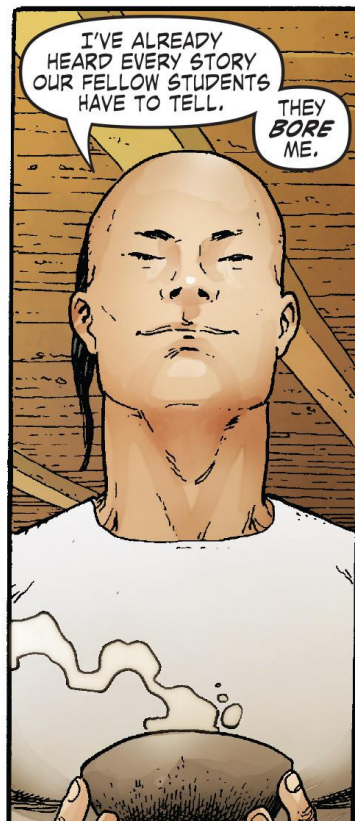
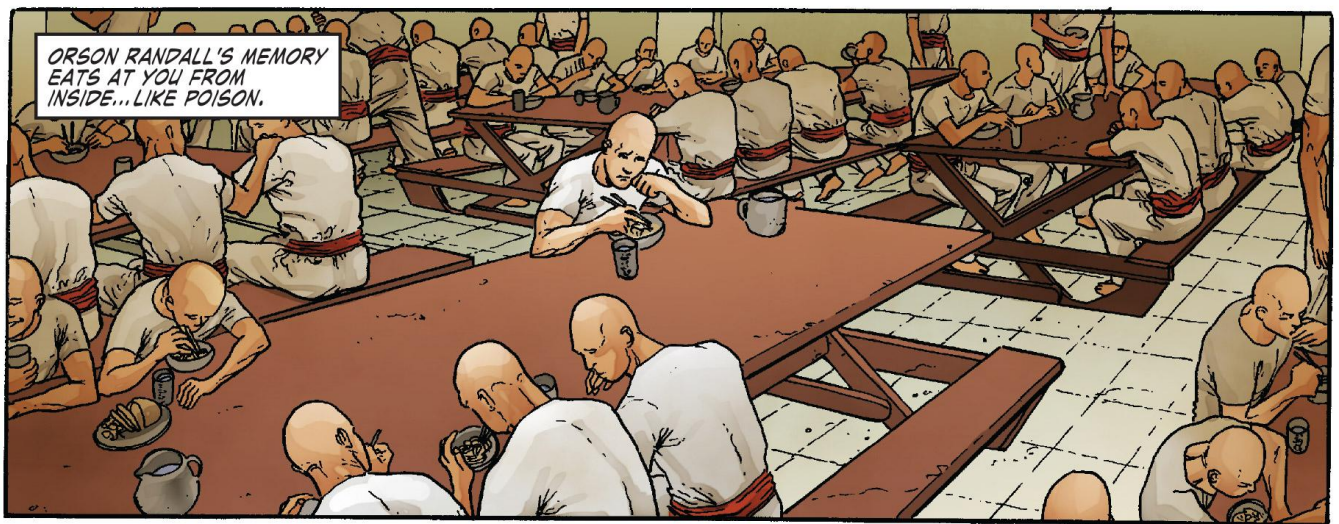


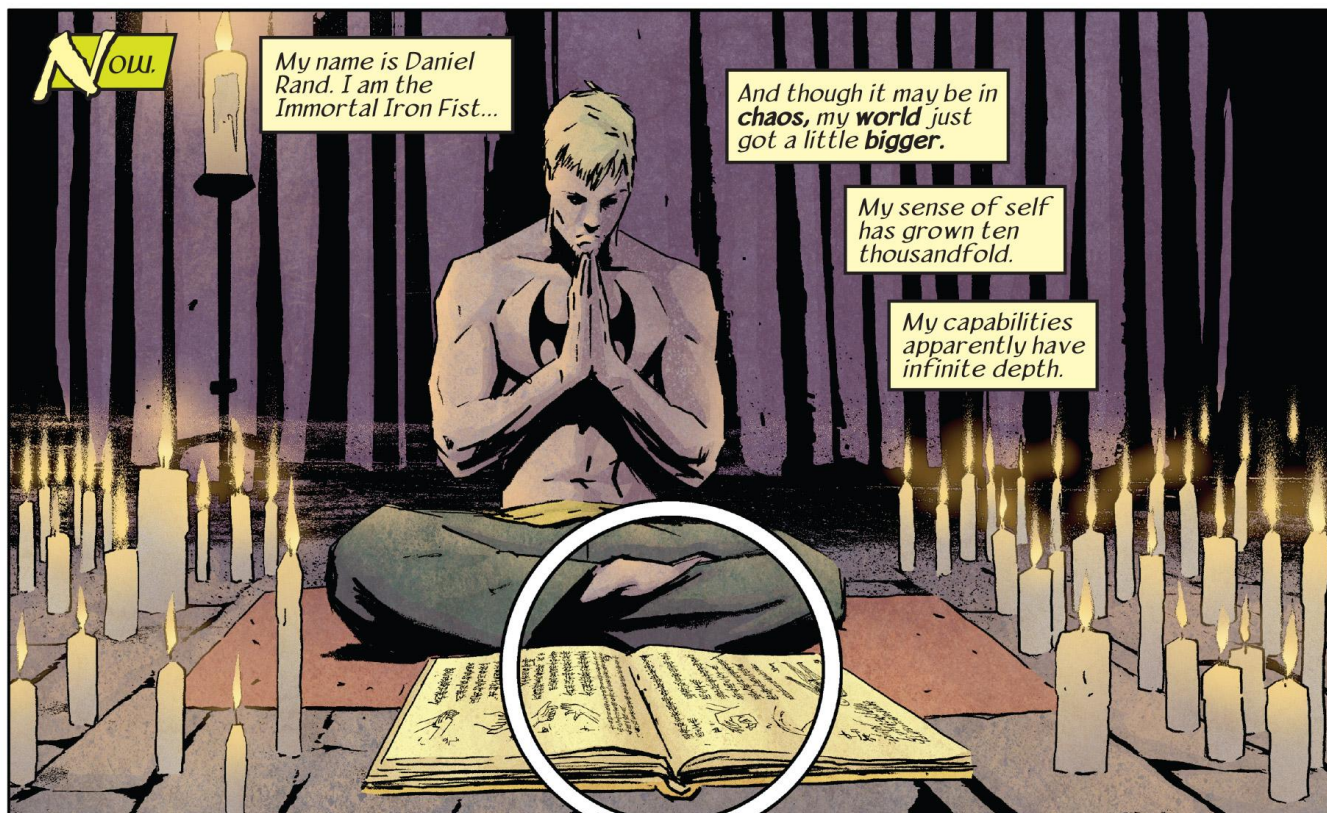
YIELD,
YOUNG
TIGER.



HIS DOUBTS...
ABOUT YOU.

YIELD!
I
YIELD.





Now.

My name is Daniel Rand. I am the Immortal Iron Fist...

And though it may be in **chaos**, my **world** just got a little **bigger**.

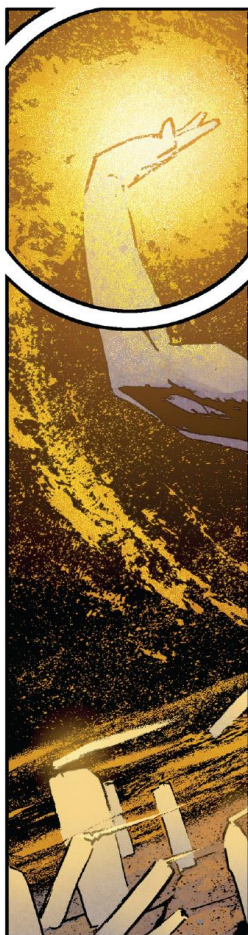
My sense of self has grown ten thousandfold.

My capabilities apparently have infinite depth.

And infinite ways to kill men.



Like this one-- the Black-Black Poison Touch.



Awesome.



Heightened powers, heightened skills...



...and heightened awareness.



BLUE-EYED SERVANT GIRL.

I KNOW IT'S YOU. I CAN HEAR THE **SWEAT** RUNNING DOWN YOUR CHEEK.



I'M NOT
AFRAID OF YOU,
DANIEL RAND.

YOU WILL
NOT CATCH
ME.



Ah, K'un-Lun... With
your endless
mysteries and
alien intrigues...



How I
missed you.

KEEE!

FLUT



WHO
ARE YOU,
ASSASSIN?

AND WHO IS
YOUR MASTER, THAT
WOULD TEACH A *WOMAN*
THE FORBIDDEN WAYS OF
MARTIAL ARTS IN
K'UN-LUN?



ASSASSIN?

MY CRIME WAS
BEING CAUGHT
SPYING...





WHAT SECRETS?



THERE ARE **LARGER THINGS** AT WORK...AND MISSING PIECES TO WHAT TROUBLES YOU.

AND I'VE BEEN SENT TO TELL YOU WHERE THE ANSWERS LIE.



ALL YOU MUST DO TO FIND THEM...IS **LOSE** YOUR UPCOMING MATCH.

DO WHAT? ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?



YOU MUST LEAVE THE **HEART OF HEAVEN** AND JOURNEY TO THE **WORLD OF MEN**.

YOU WON'T BE MISSED IF YOU'VE **LOST** AND AREN'T TO FIGHT AGAIN UNTIL THE **BATTLE ROYALE...**



...YOU MUST LET **FAT COBRA** DEFEAT YOU.

Nuts.

The girl is nuts.



I've never deliberately lost anything in my entire life.

That's not the way we **do things** in my line of work.



She's nuts.

Right?

The *thought* haunts
me as night turns to
day and day turns
into...

TOURNAMENT ROUND ONE:

THIS HOLY
FESTIVAL OF COMBAT
FIRST REVEALS TO US AN
UNDEFEATED CONTENDER.
THOSE WHO **LOSE** WILL
FIGHT ONE MORE TIME TO
DECIDE THE **DEFEATED**
CONTENDER.

THESE TWO
WEAPONS FIGHT TO
DETERMINE THE **CHAMPION**
AND THEIR CITY'S PLACE
AMONG **THE WORLD**
OF MEN.

NOW--FAT
COBRA VERSUS
IRON FIST!
GO!

Watch him, Danny.

Fight *smart* and get
out of your head.

He'll lead with that *long*
punch from last night--

龜

龍

FIVE
HUNDRED ON
THE **LITTLE**
ONE.

DEAL.

Or not.

CUDGEL
OF
MISFORTUNE

WHIRLWIND
OF
IMPENDING
DOOM

EXCELLENT SPEED,
MY MOST VENERATED
OPPONENT!

BUT
ALREADY MY **EXPLOSIVE
STRATEGIST MIND**
COMPENSATES FOR SUCH
REFLEXES.

Get out of your
head, Danny--

YOU NEED
TO GET OUT OF
YOUR HEAD, MY
FRIEND!

It's like getting punched in the heart by a hurricane.

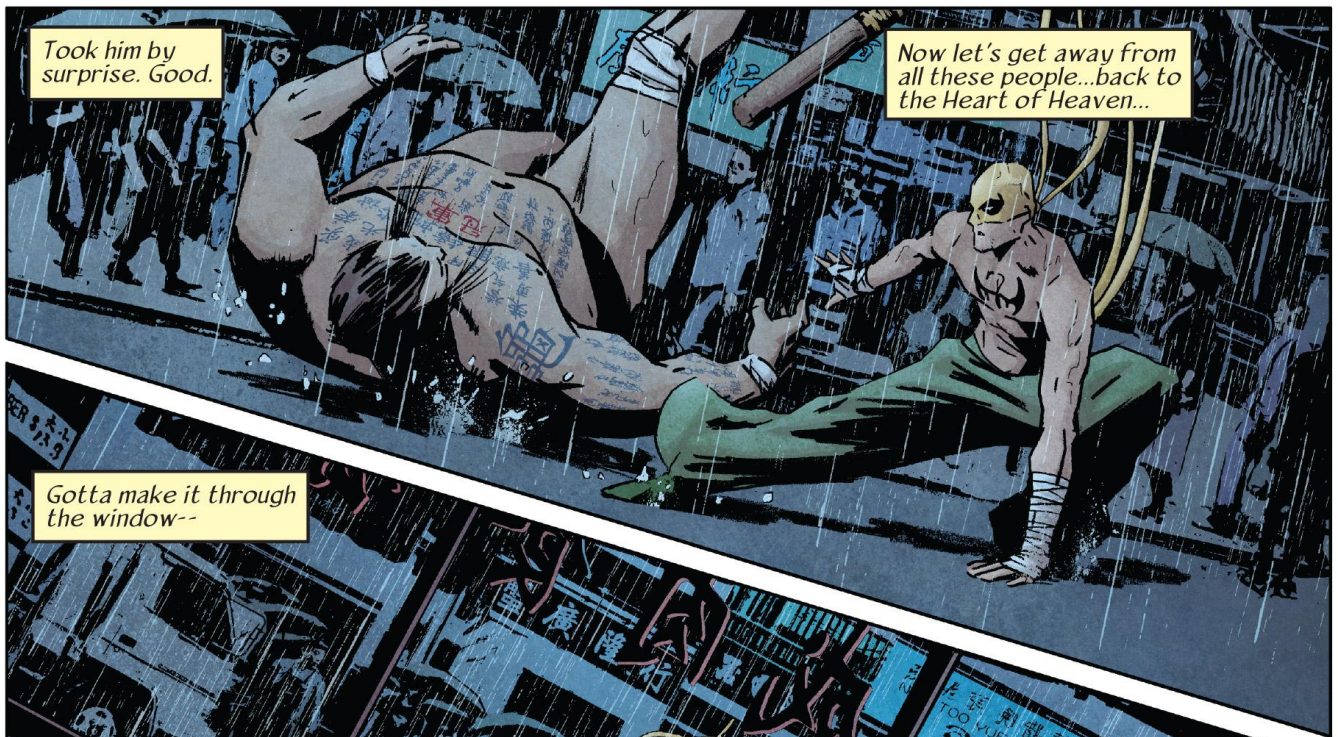
But nothing prepares me for what comes next...

The Heart of Heaven is indeed just as **strange** a place as Yu-ti said it was.

One moment we're in the heavenly realms, the next in...what is this--Hong Kong?

BURNING CHI
THUNDERFOOT

WOOPH--!

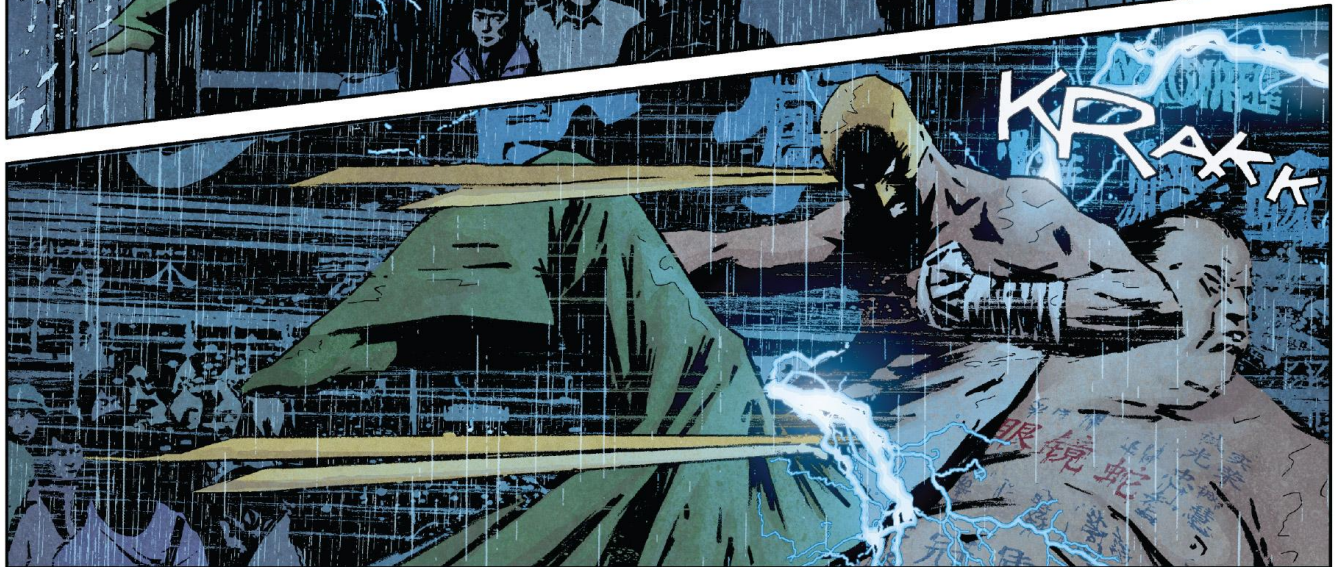
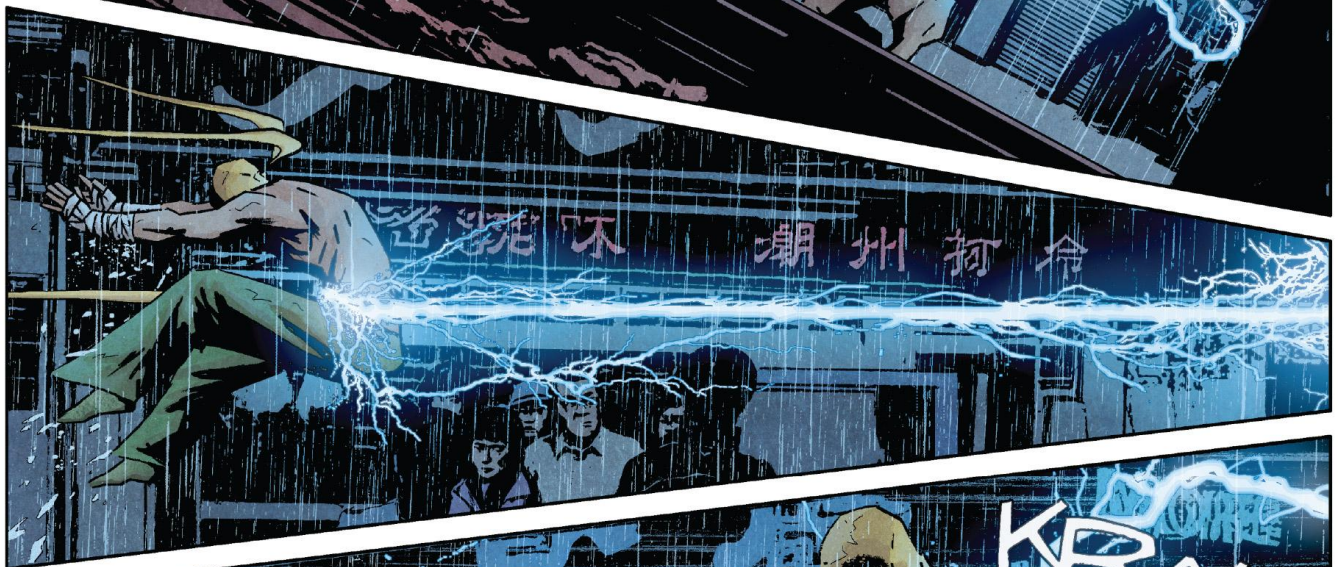


Took him by surprise. Good.

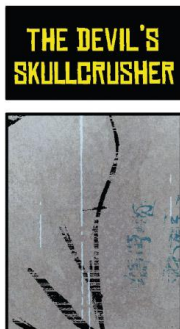
Now let's get away from all these people...back to the Heart of Heaven...

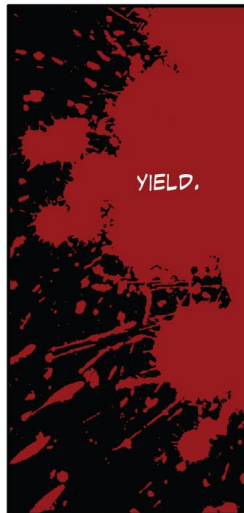


Gotta make it through the window--



KRAKK







WHEN YOU NEXT MEET DAVOS,
YOU WAIT FOR THE VOICE OF
YOUR MENTOR TO ONCE AGAIN
FLOOD YOUR THOUGHTS.

YIELD!



INSTEAD OF THE VOICE
OF ORSON RANDALL,
THOUGH...

GO TO
HELL.



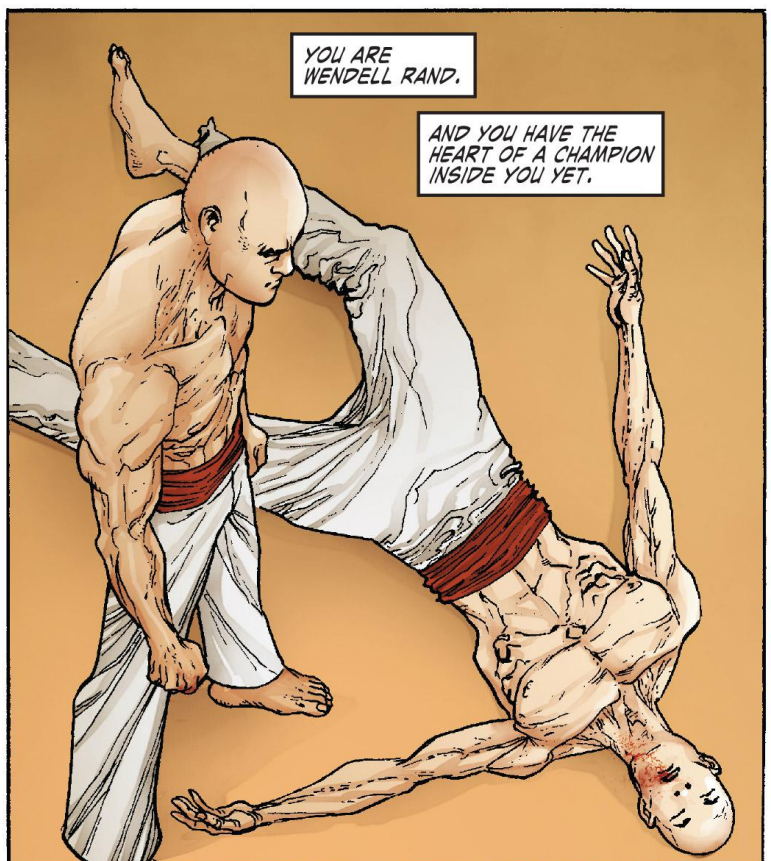
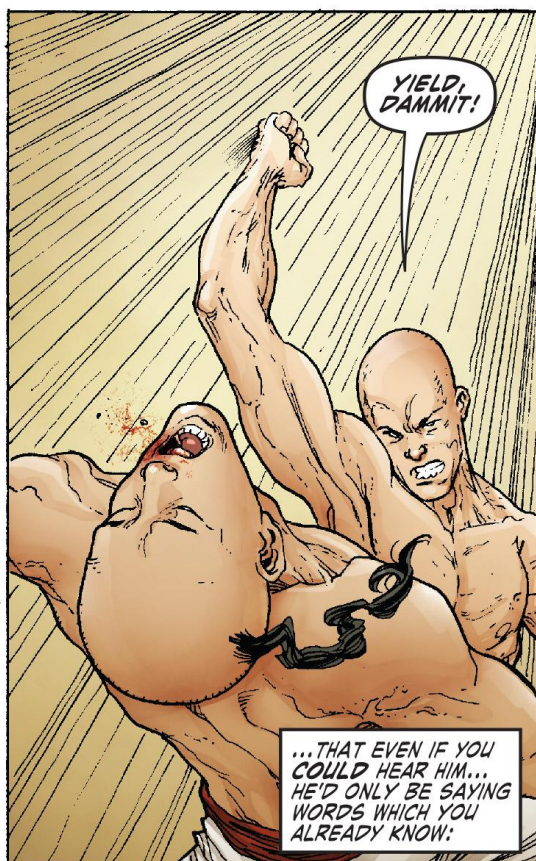
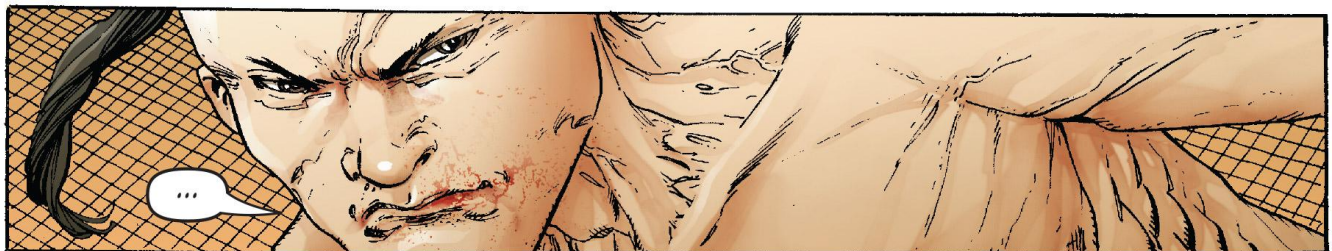
...ALL
YOU
HEAR--

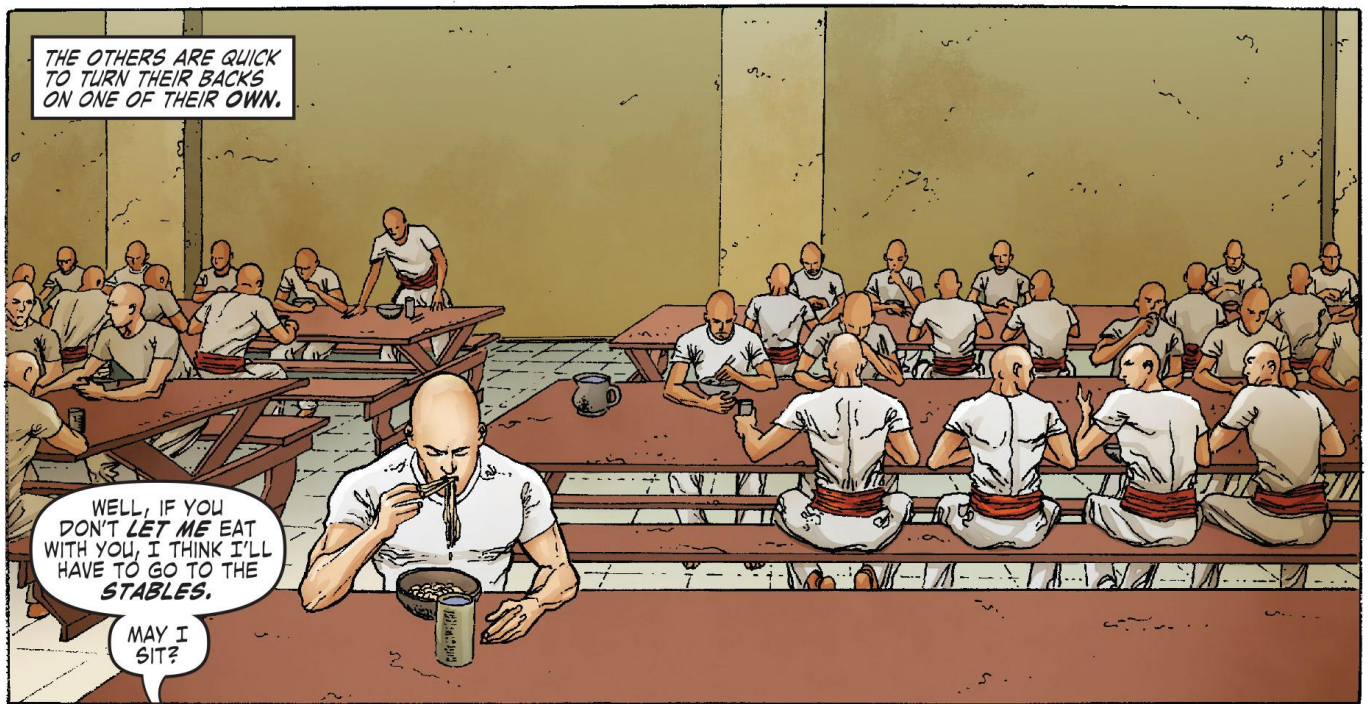
I
SAID...



--IS YOUR OWN
MERCILESSNESS.

YIELD!





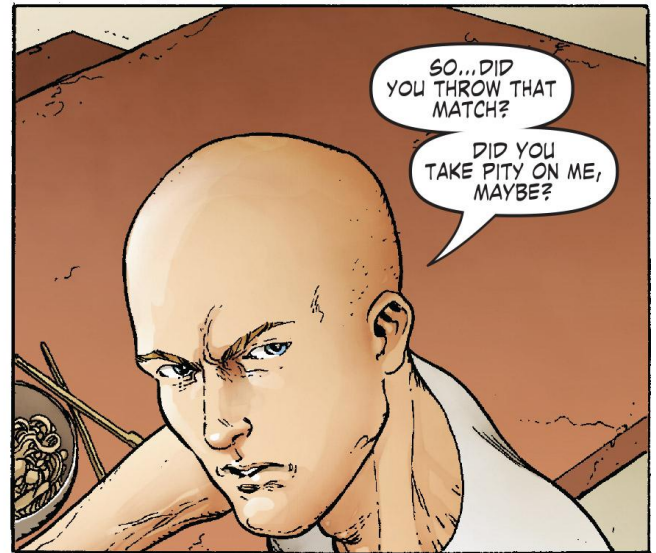
THE OTHERS ARE QUICK TO TURN THEIR BACKS ON ONE OF THEIR OWN.

WELL, IF YOU DON'T LET ME EAT WITH YOU, I THINK I'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE STABLES.

MAY I SIT?



ONLY THING WORSE THAN EATING WITH THE OUTWORLDER IS GETTING BEATEN BY HIM, HUNH?



SO...DID YOU THROW THAT MATCH?

DID YOU TAKE PITY ON ME, MAYBE?



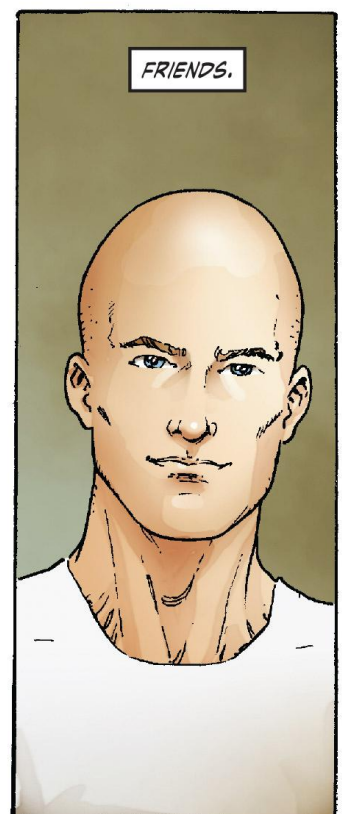
...



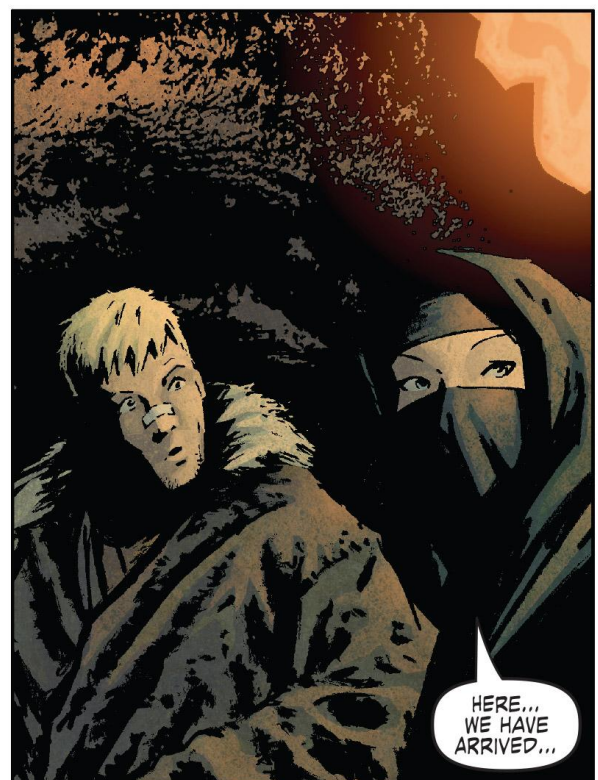
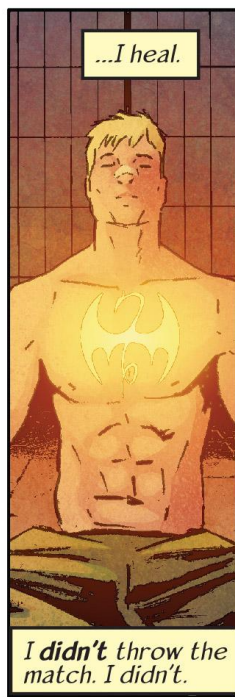
I DIDN'T AND I NEVER WILL... I DEMAND THE BEST OF YOU, AND YOU SHALL KNOW ONLY THE BEST OF ME.

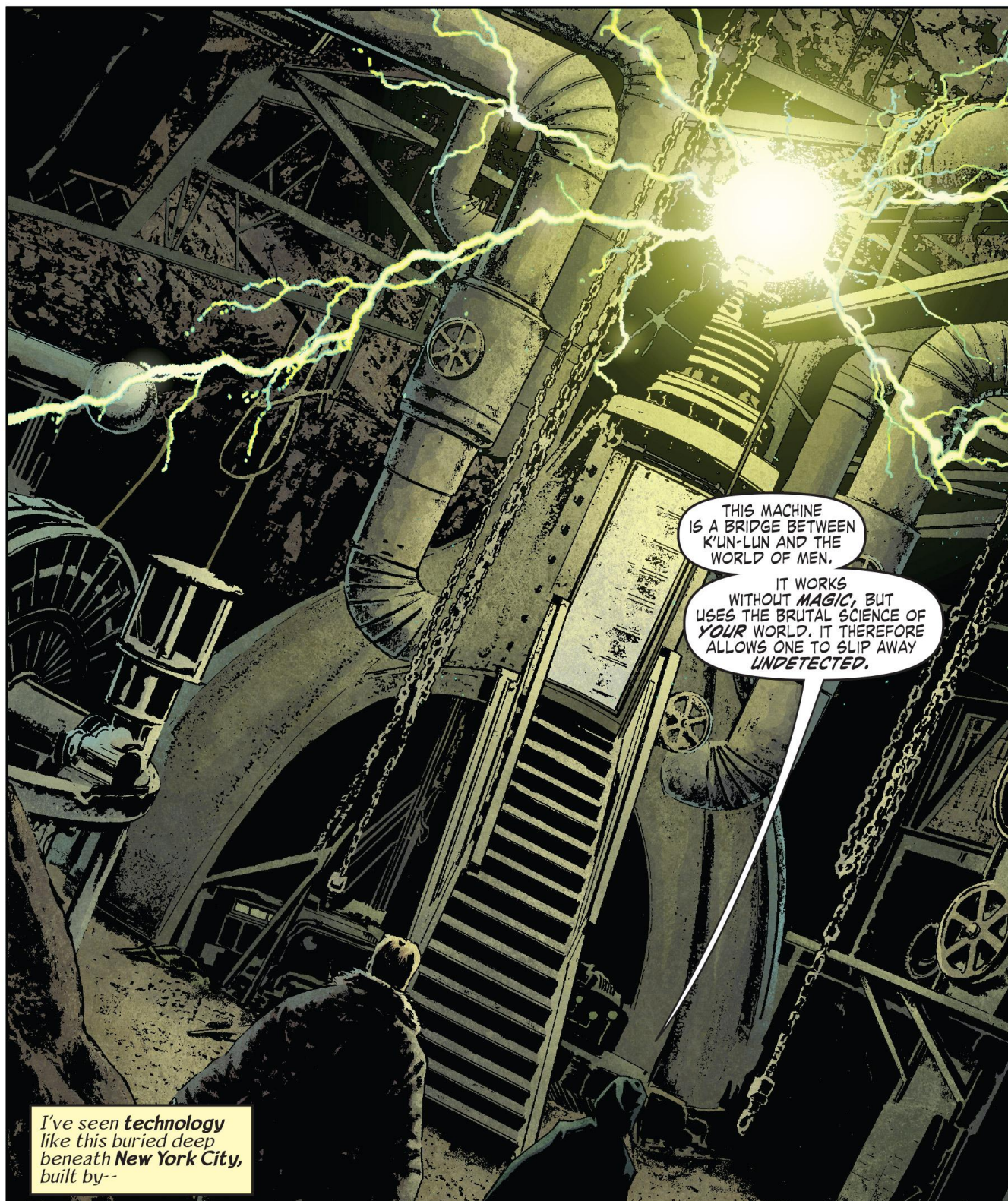
THE OTHER STUDENTS WILL TALK, OF COURSE. THE WAY STUDENTS OFTEN DO.

THE SON OF THE THUNDERER AND THE OUTWORLDER.



FRIENDS.





THIS MACHINE
IS A BRIDGE BETWEEN
K'UN-LUN AND THE
WORLD OF MEN.

IT WORKS
WITHOUT *MAGIC*, BUT
USES THE BRUTAL SCIENCE OF
YOUR WORLD. IT THEREFORE
ALLOWS ONE TO SLIP AWAY
UNDETECTED.

I've seen *technology*
like this buried deep
beneath **New York City**,
built by--



IT WAS BUILT BY
MY GRANDFATHER,
PHINEAS RANDALL.

I HAVE BEEN SENTENCED
TO MAN IT SILENTLY, HERE IN
THIS ENDLESS SPACE, FOR THE
CRIMES OF MY FATHER.



WHAT? DID
ORSON *KNOW*
YOU--

MY
FATHER NEVER
KNEW ME. I WAS
BORN AFTER THE
WAR. AFTER *HIS*
WAR...

IT DOESN'T
MATTER NOW.



THERE WAS A MAN MY FATHER CALLED **LUCKY PIERRE**. HIS NAME WAS REALLY **ERNST ERSKINE**. REPEAT IT.

ERNST ERSKINE.

HE'S IN A VILLA IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE NOW. HE WAS MY FATHER'S **BIOGRAPHER**.



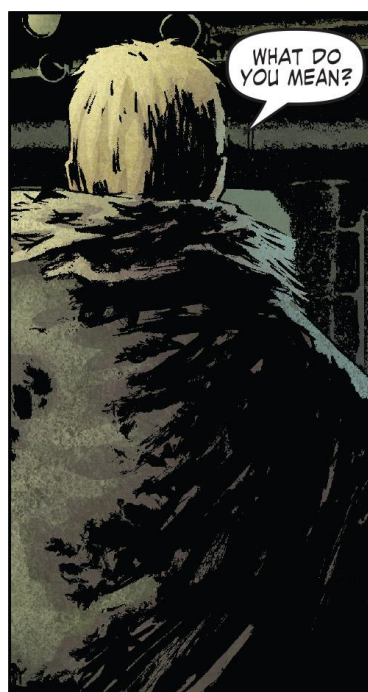
HE KNOWS THE WHOLE OF ORSON'S LIFE STORY. WHO HE WAS, WHERE HE CAME FROM... AND WHOM HE FOUGHT.



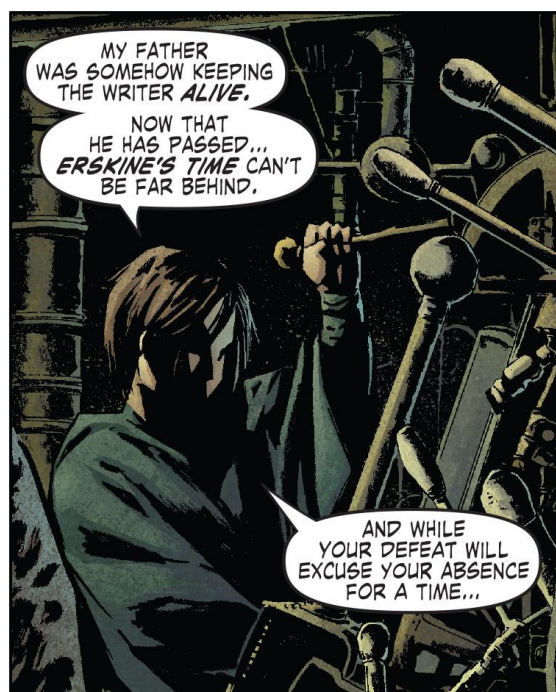
EVERYONE YOU'LL FACE IN THE TOURNAMENT--EVERY SECRET YU-TI HAS KEPT FROM YOU--THIS MAN KNOWS.



BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY--HE IS **VERY OLD**, AND IF ORSON RANDALL NO LONGER WALKS IN THE **WORLD OF MEN**, THEN ERNST ERSKINE ISN'T FAR BEHIND.



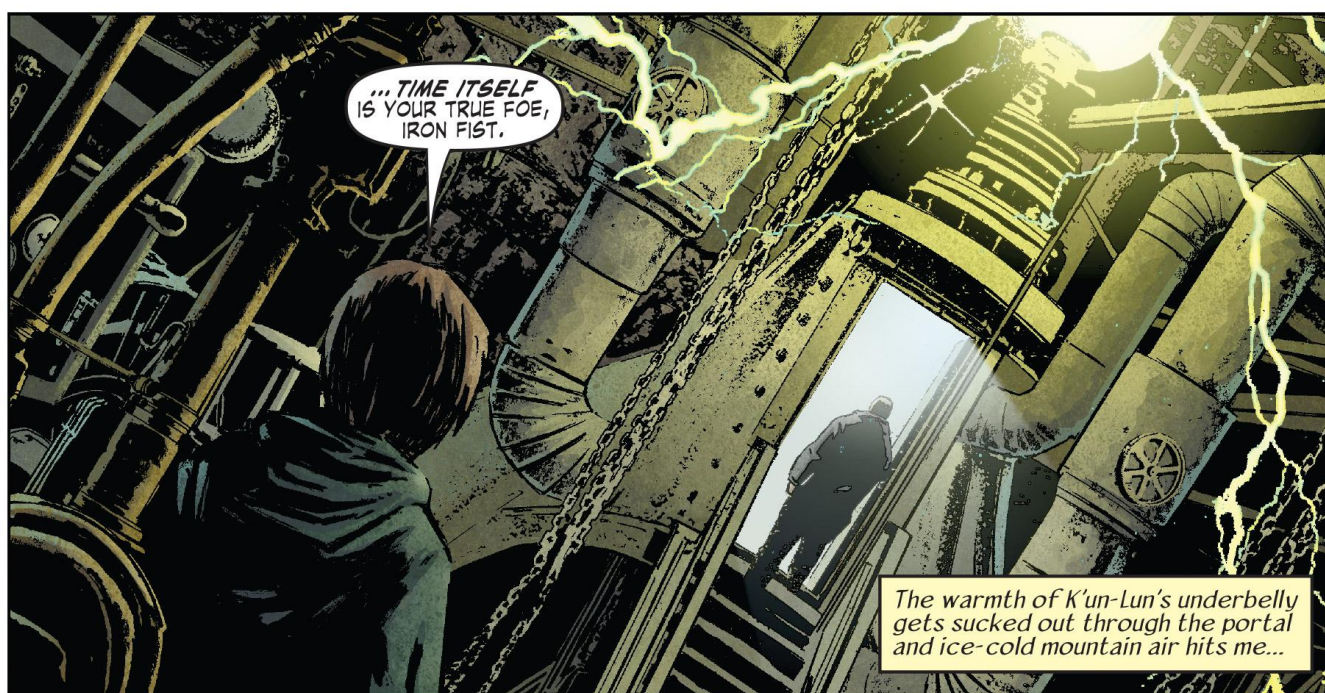
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



MY FATHER WAS SOMEHOW KEEPING THE WRITER **ALIVE**.

NOW THAT HE HAS PASSED... **ERSKINE'S TIME** CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND.

AND WHILE YOUR DEFEAT WILL EXCUSE YOUR ABSENCE FOR A TIME...



... **TIME ITSELF** IS YOUR TRUE FOE, IRON FIST.

The warmth of K'un-Lun's underbelly gets sucked out through the portal and ice-cold mountain air hits me...

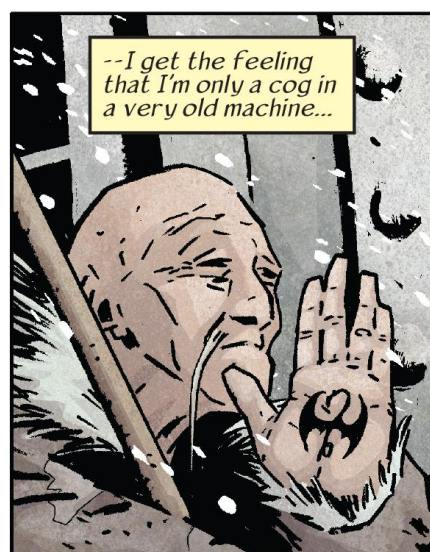


...and I'm gone.

No longer in K'un-Lun, and
without the aid of magic.



And just as I wonder how
I'm supposed to get **back--**

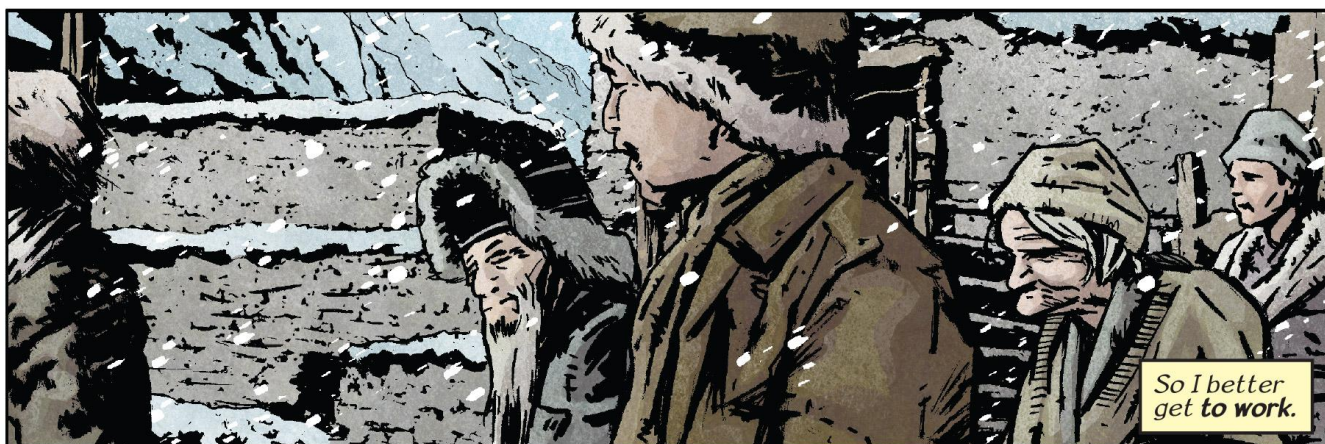


--I get the feeling
that I'm only a cog in
a very old machine...



...one that's been in motion
for a very long time...

...and one that I have no
control over anyway.



So I better
get to work.



SWEET
&@&#&@
CHRISTMAS,
IT'S COLD!



LUKE, FOR A
GIANT MAN WITH
TITANIUM SKIN, YOU
SURE DO *BITCH*
A LOT.



MISTY'S RIGHT.
YOU WHINE LIKE
A SENIOR CITIZEN
LOOKING FOR A
SWEATER.

IT'S JUST *COLD*,
LUKE. DIDN'T IT EVER
GET *COLD* UP IN
HARLEM?

AND
THAT'S ABOUT AS
ACCURATE AS I THINK
WE'RE GONNA
GET...

COLLEEN,
WE'RE HALF A
WORLD *AWAY* FROM
HARLEM RIGHT
NOW...



WE KNOW
JERYN WAS ABDUCTED
BY XAO AND HIS HYDRA
BUDDIES, AND THAT XAO
HAD BEEN DEALING WITH
RANDCORP TO BUILD
SOME KINDA
TRAINS...

AND
THIS WAS ONE
OF THE PROPOSED
CONSTRUCTION
SITES.

SO
TELL
ME--

ANYTHING
LOOK PARTICULARLY
REMARKABLE ABOUT
THIS *ICEBERG*
DUMP?



What the hell?

ANYBODY?



ANYBODY
SEE *ANYTHING*
AT ALL?

Sometimes I forget how *good*
we used to be at our jobs...



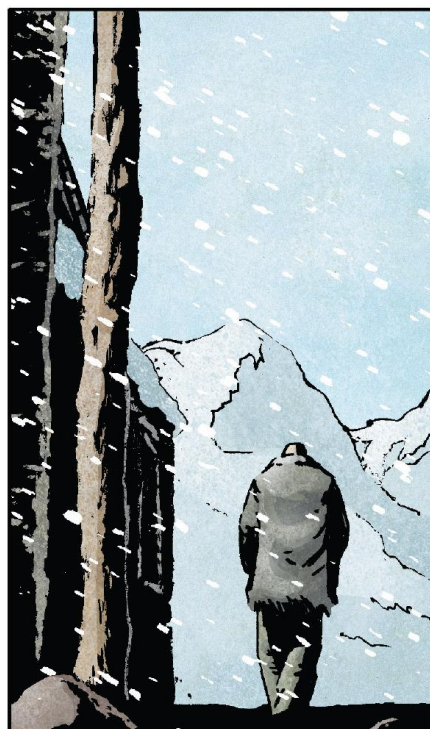
ALL
THESE VILLAGES
ARE INTERLINKED,
THOUGH...

WE SHOULD
ASK AROUND, SEE IF
ANY LOCALS KNOW
ANYTHING...

Sorry, guys.

No time.

...I've got *two* worlds to save...



And a dying old man to
find...If I'm not too *late*.



鐵拳
ANNUAL
1





My name is Daniel Rand. I am...

Incredibly rich.



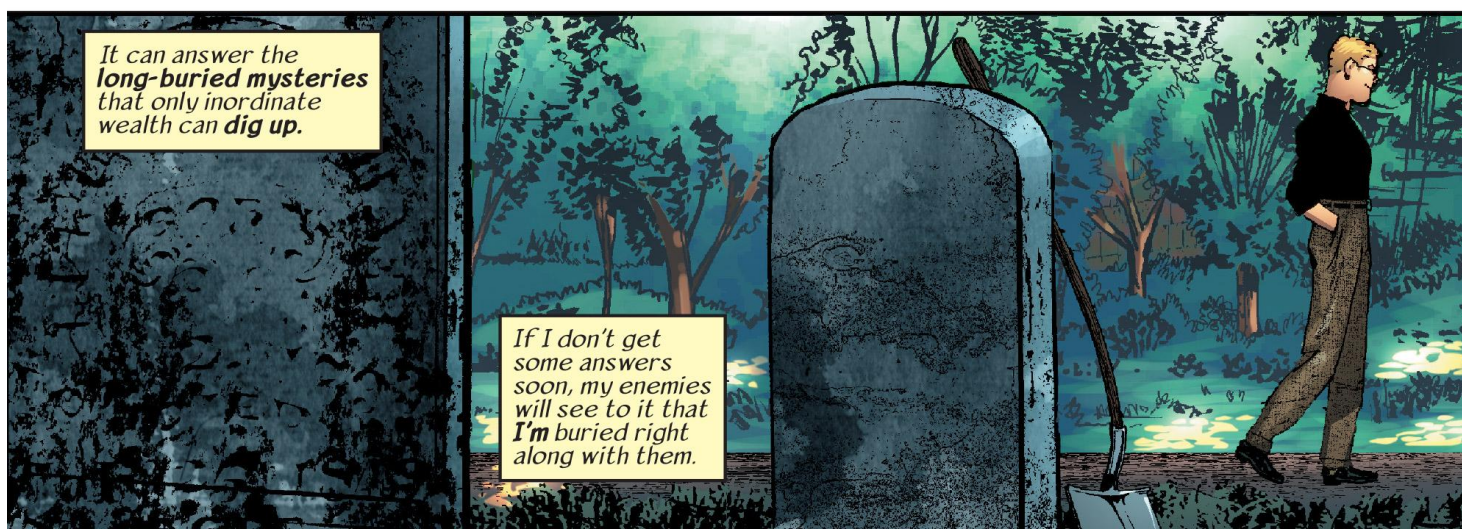
It's pretty great. The resources absurd wealth provides are as much a part of what makes me **the Iron Fist** as anything else.

The doors it opens, the opportunities it can provide...



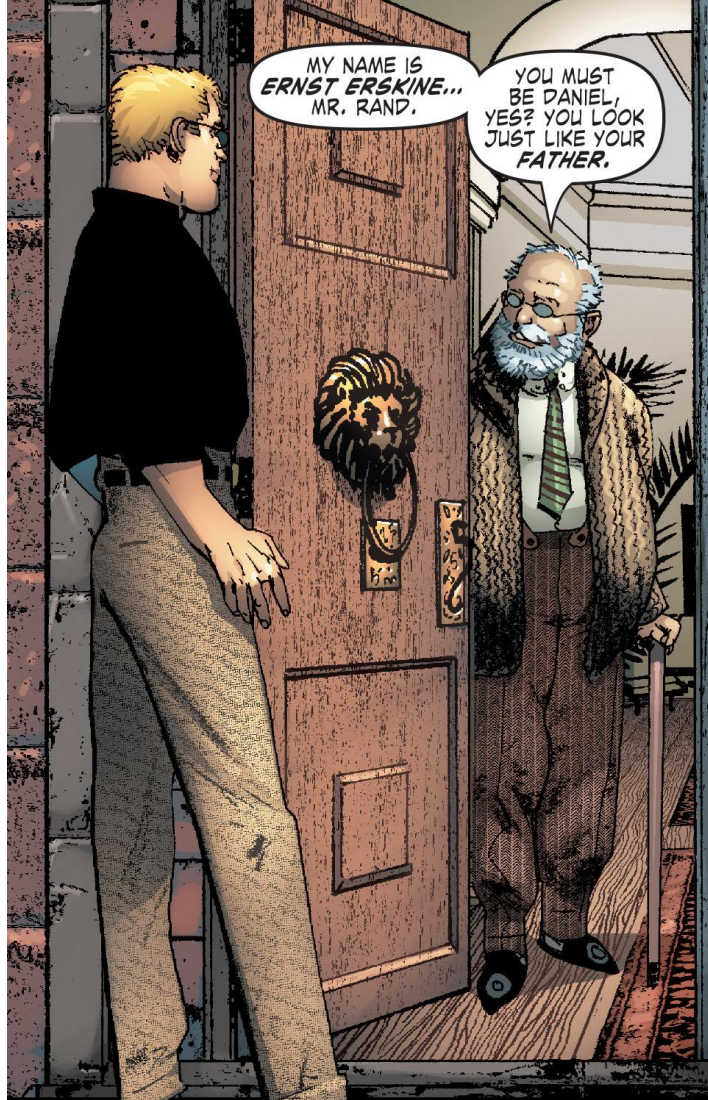
...and the people--and **places**--it can find.

Like this villa in the south of **France**, that's not on any map or in any directory.



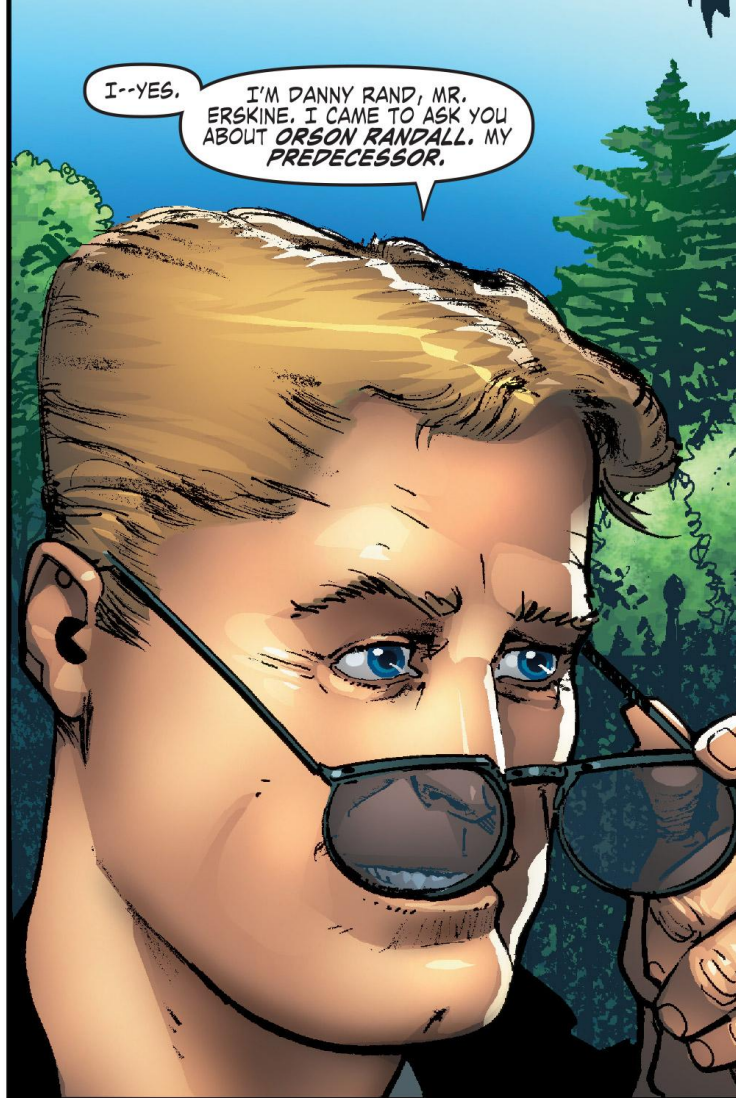
It can answer the **long-buried mysteries** that only inordinate wealth can **dig up**.

If I don't get some answers soon, my enemies will see to it that **I'm** buried right along with them.



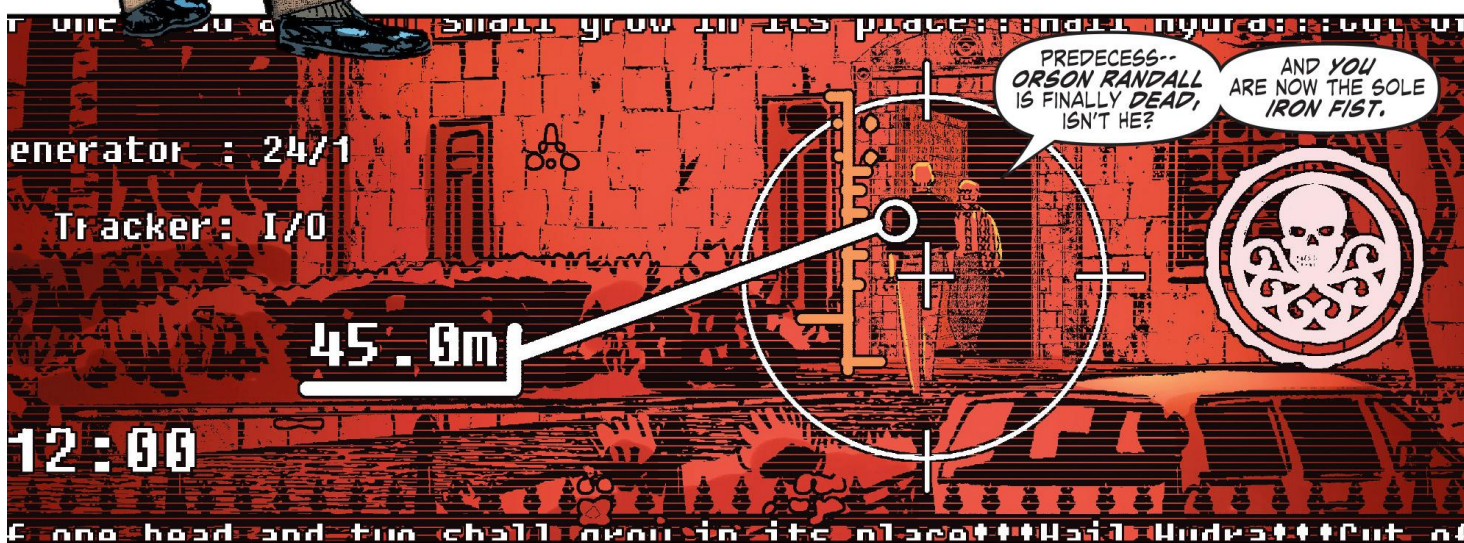
MY NAME IS
ERNST ERSKINE...
MR. RAND.

YOU MUST
BE DANIEL,
YES? YOU LOOK
JUST LIKE YOUR
FATHER.



I--YES.

I'M DANNY RAND, MR.
ERSKINE. I CAME TO ASK YOU
ABOUT **ORSON RANDALL**. MY
PREDECESSOR.



PREDECESS--
ORSON RANDALL
IS FINALLY DEAD,
ISN'T HE?

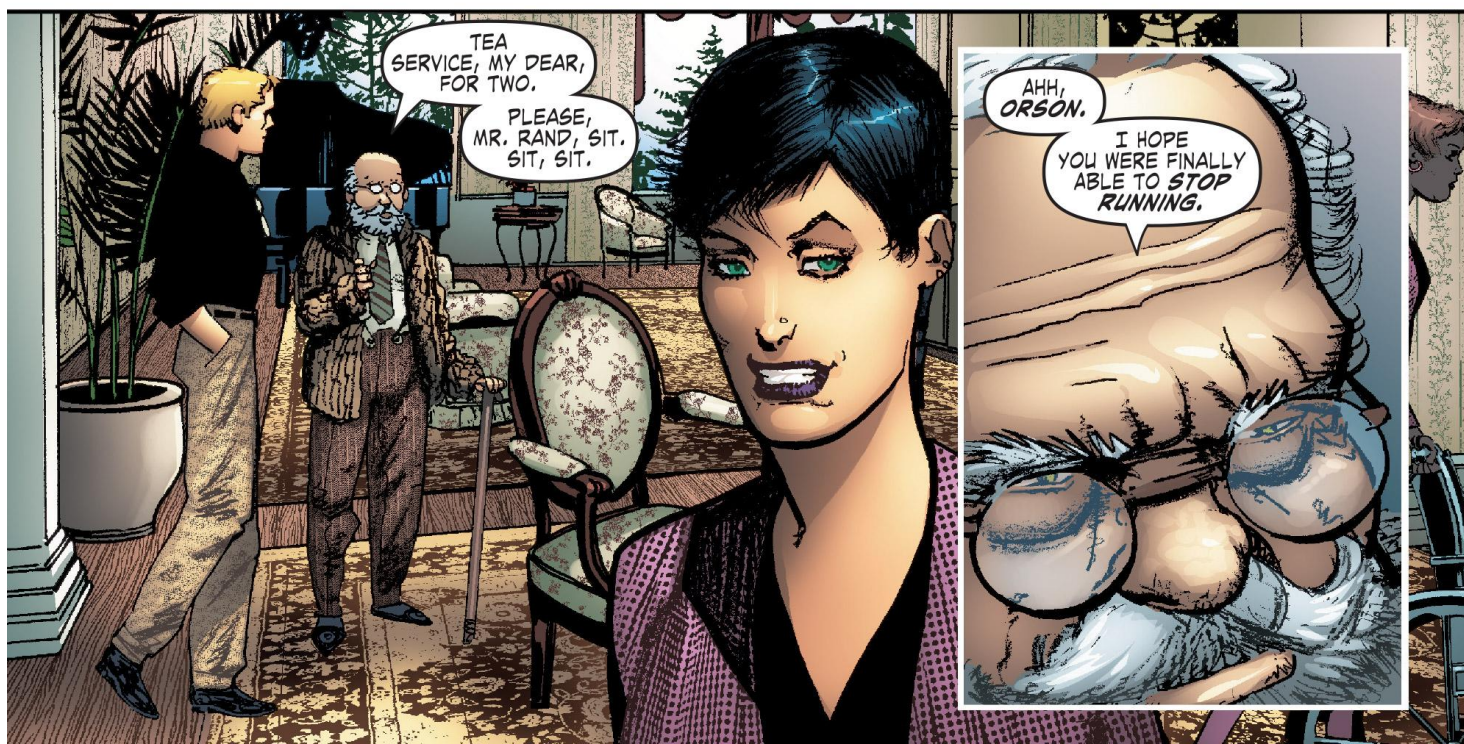
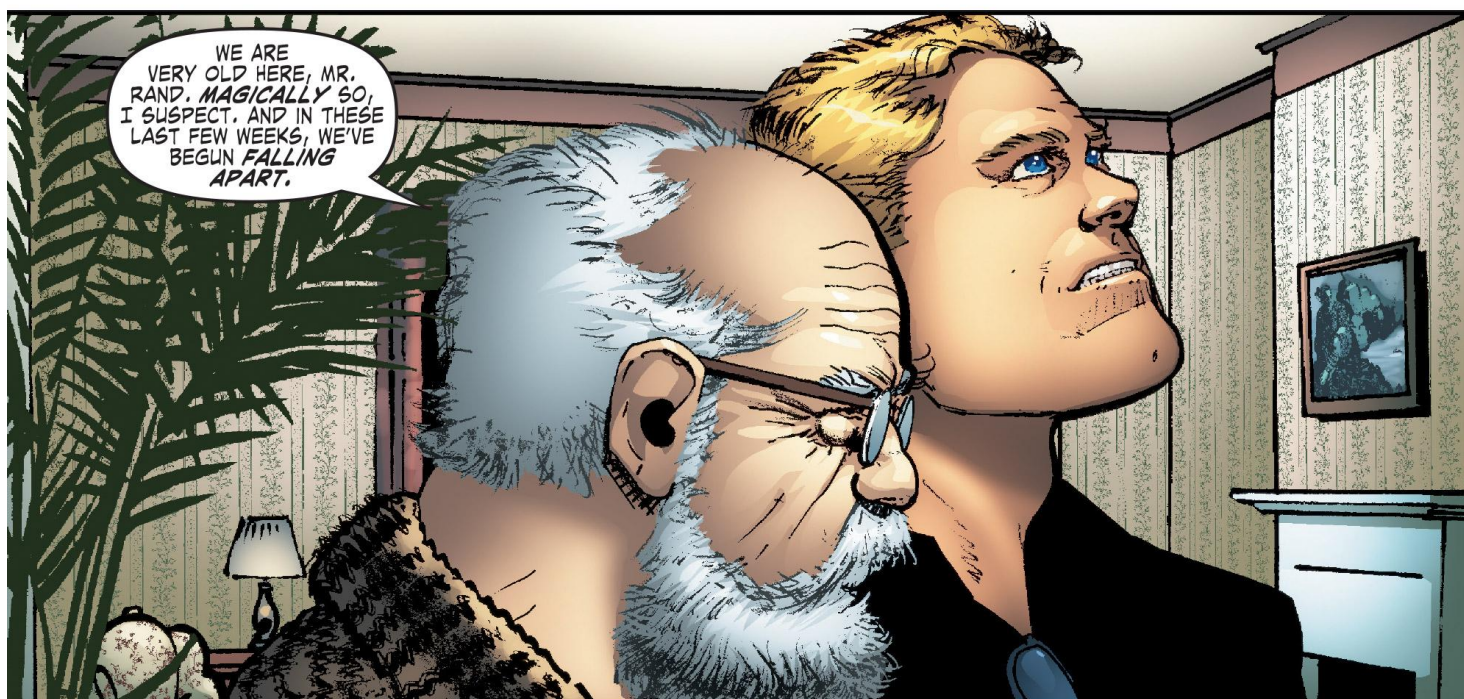
AND YOU
ARE NOW THE SOLE
IRON FIST.

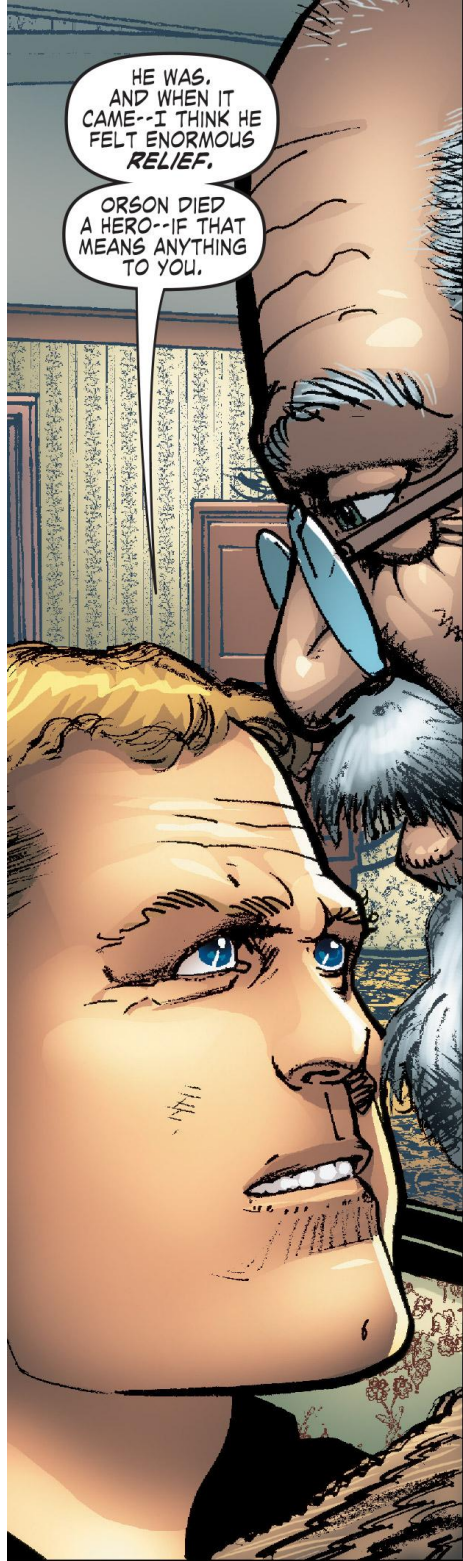


"YES, SIR--
I'M THE ONLY
IRON FIST NOW. MAY
I COME IN? I HAVE
SOME QUESTIONS
FOR YOU..."

IDENTITY
CONFIRMED. IT'S
RAND.

MOVE TO
SECOND POSITIONS.
HAIL HYDRA.





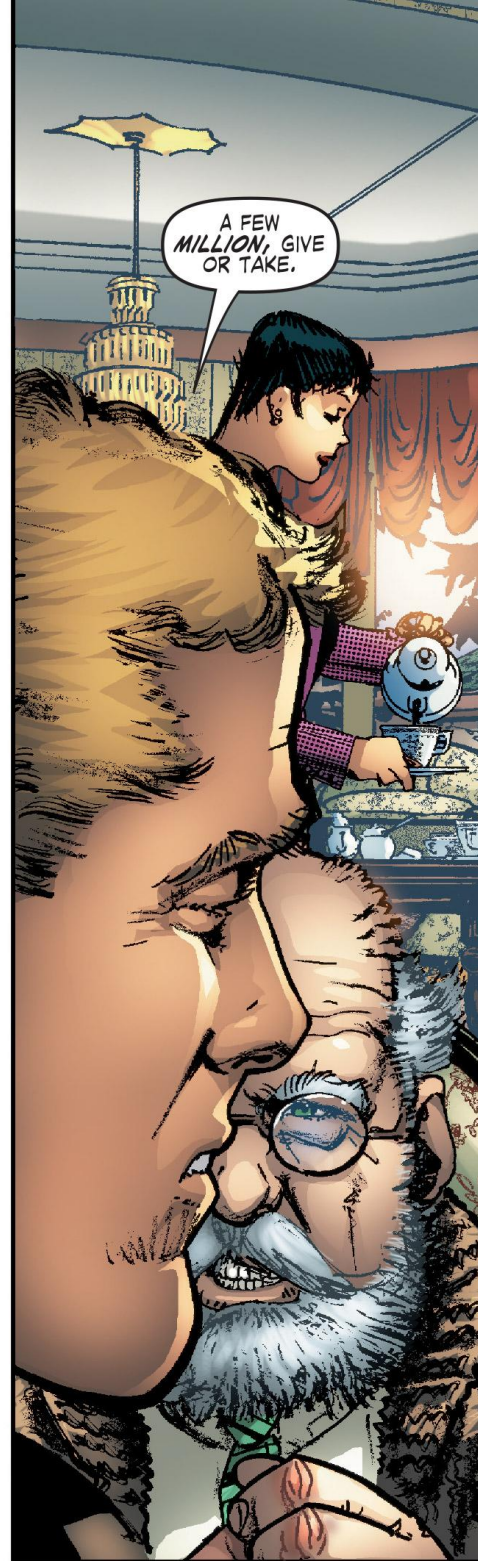
HE WAS,
AND WHEN IT
CAME--I THINK HE
FELT ENORMOUS
RELIEF.

ORSON DIED
A HERO--IF THAT
MEANS ANYTHING
TO YOU.

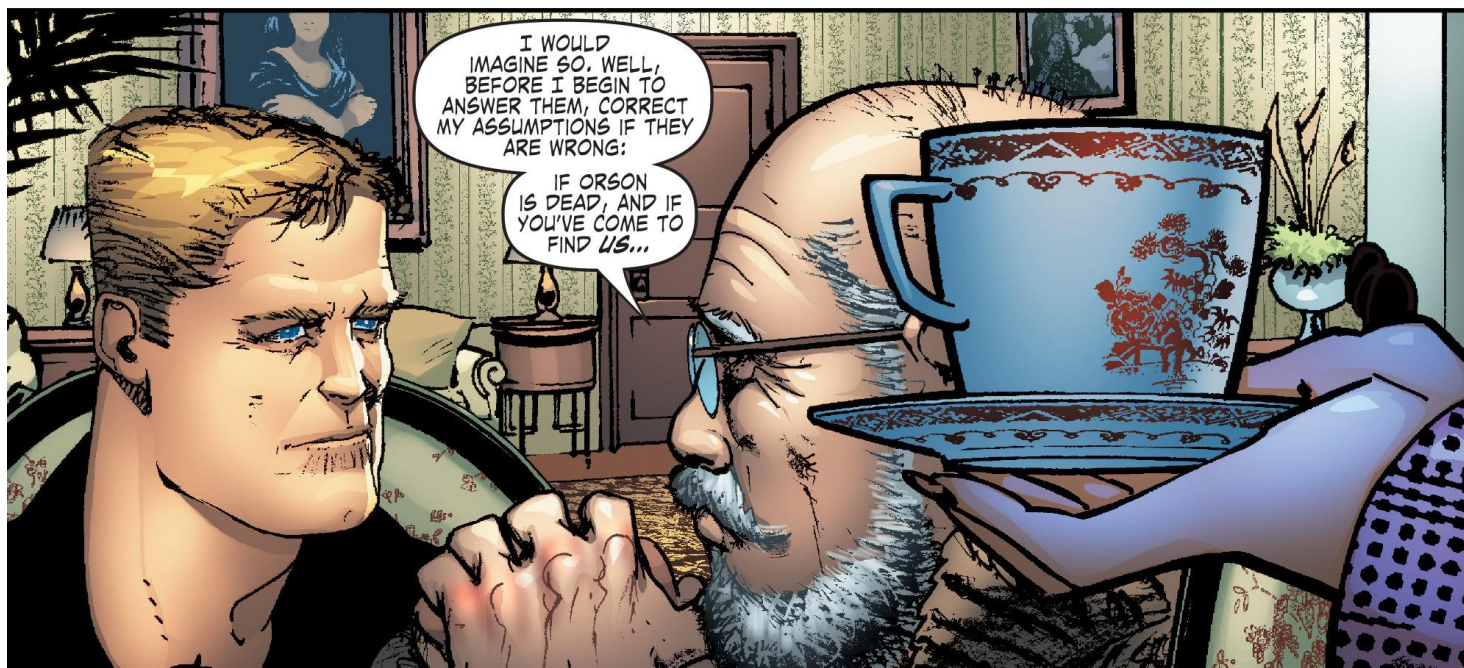


IT DOES.
HE WOULD'VE LIKED
THAT. BETTER TO DIE
ON HIS FEET THAN FLAT
ON HIS BACK, CHASING
THAT DAMN
DRAGON...

SO, NOW
THEN: YOU HAVE
QUESTIONS,
YES?

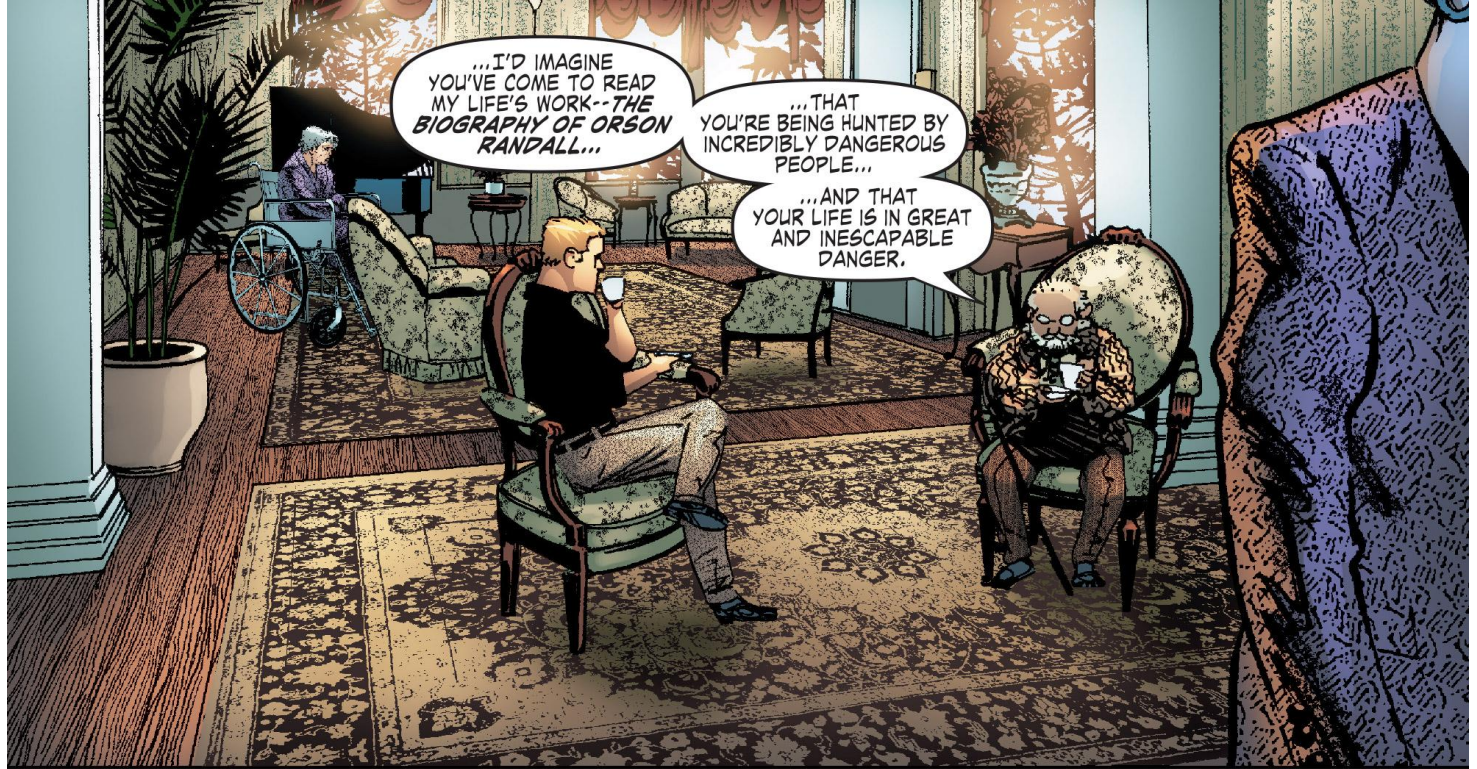


A FEW
MILLION, GIVE
OR TAKE.



I WOULD
IMAGINE SO. WELL,
BEFORE I BEGIN TO
ANSWER THEM, CORRECT
MY ASSUMPTIONS IF THEY
ARE WRONG:

IF ORSON
IS DEAD, AND IF
YOU'VE COME TO
FIND US...



...I'D IMAGINE
YOU'VE COME TO READ
MY LIFE'S WORK--**THE
BIOGRAPHY OF ORSON
RANDALL**...

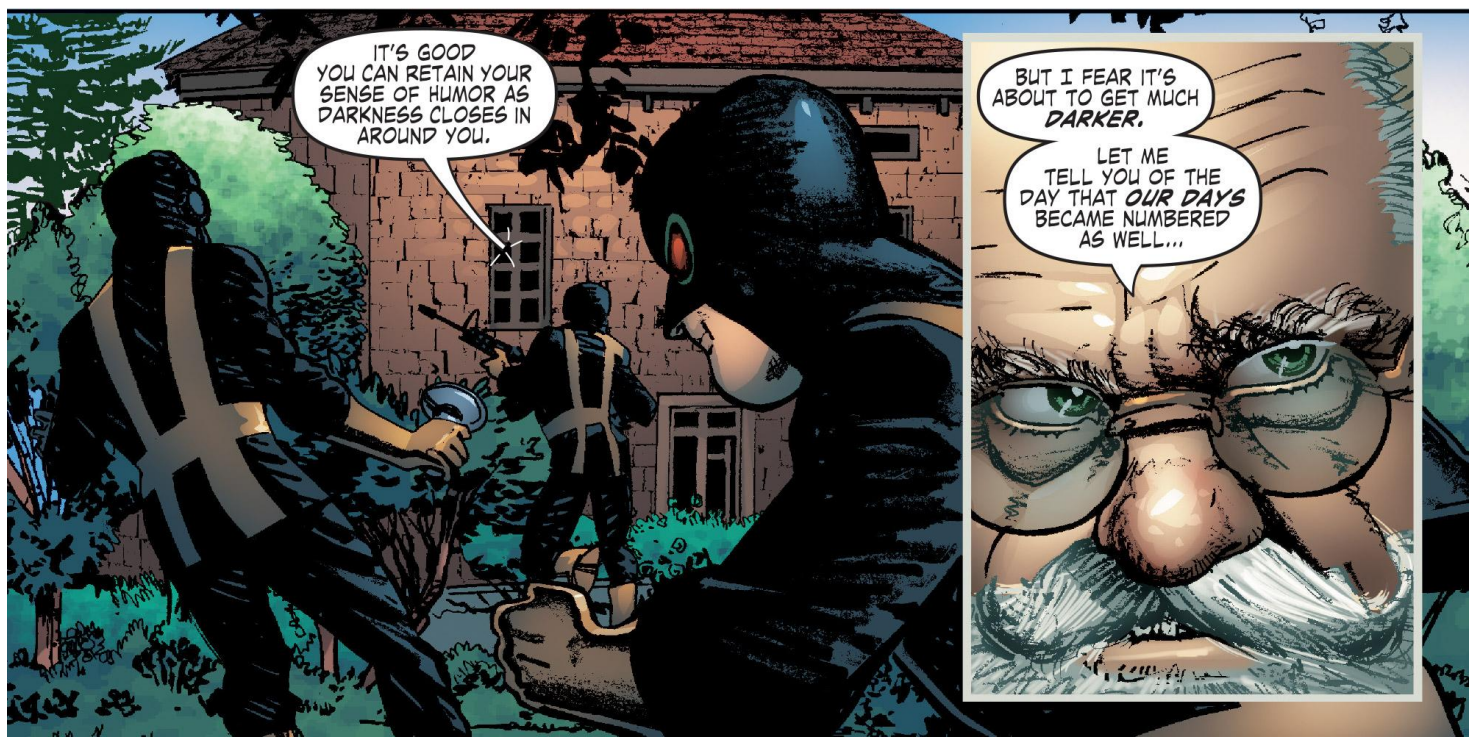
...THAT
YOU'RE BEING HUNTED BY
INCREDIBLY DANGEROUS
PEOPLE...

...AND THAT
YOUR LIFE IS IN GREAT
AND INESCAPABLE
DANGER.



WELL...

...WHEN
YOU PUT IT LIKE **THAT**,
IT SOUNDS LIKE I'M IN
TROUBLE.



IT'S GOOD
YOU CAN RETAIN YOUR
SENSE OF HUMOR AS
DARKNESS CLOSES IN
AROUND YOU.

BUT I FEAR IT'S
ABOUT TO GET MUCH
DARKER.

LET ME
TELL YOU OF THE
DAY THAT **OUR DAYS**
BECAME NUMBERED
AS WELL...

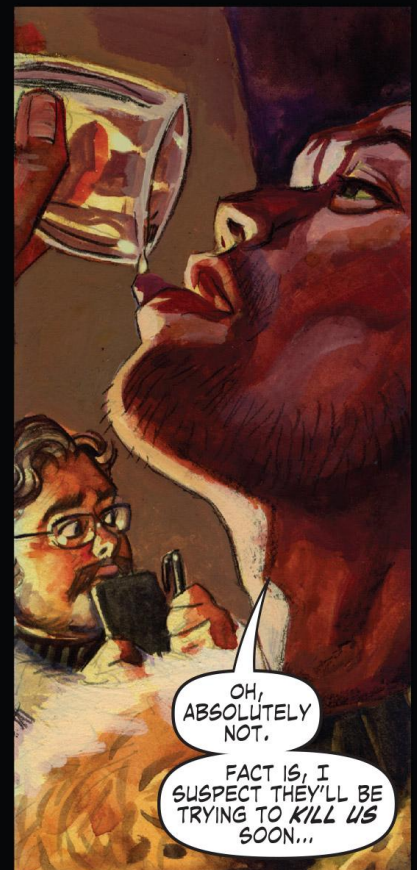
1928: Nestled deep in the hidden crevasses of Himalaya, in some godforsaken ice-hell between the East Rongbuk Glacier and Changtse, lurks the legendary ADVENTURERS' CLUB, known only to Men of a Certain Deadly Persuasion...men like Orson Randall, and the Lightning Lords of Nepal, who tonight were destined to tangle in a way most ungentlemanly...





DO YOU
THINK...

...DO YOU
THINK I COULD TALK
TO THEM? WOULD THEY
BE AMENABLE TO BEING
INTERVIEWED FOR THE
HISTORIES?



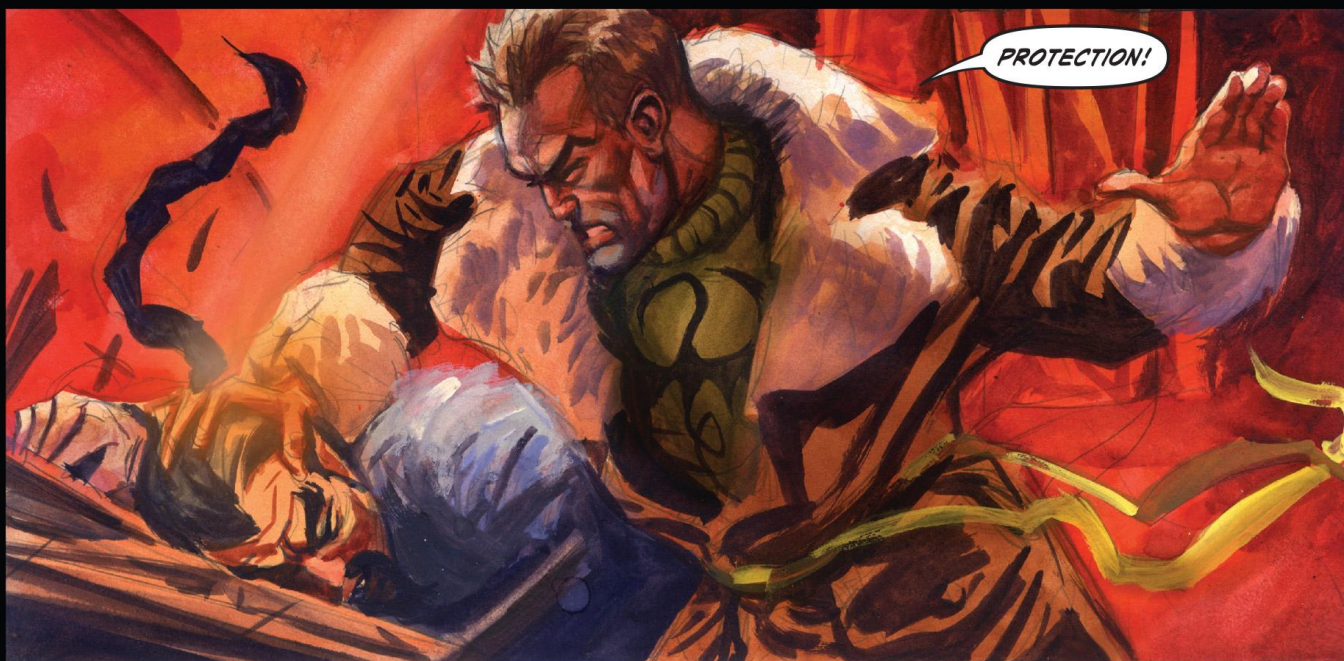
OH,
ABSOLUTELY
NOT.

FACT IS, I
SUSPECT THEY'LL BE
TRYING TO KILL US
SOON...



ORSON
RANDALL!

ALL OF
THE POWERS YOU'VE
PILFERED FROM K'UN-LUN
CANNOT PROTECT
YOU NOW...!











I KNEW
YOU WERE A
COWARD.

AND **COWARDS**
ARE UNWORTHY OF
MY MOST DIVINE
PUNISHMENTS.

LIGHTNING
LORDS! DESTROY
THIS COWARDLY
INSECT!



WORRY NOT,
MISTRESS.

KILLING
COWARDS
IS...

A BIT OF
A PASTIME
FOR...



**SUPER
LIGHTNING
LORD!**

ELECTRIC
DEMON OF
MANASLU!



MY GOD...



OWWWW.

ORSON!



NOOOOOO!

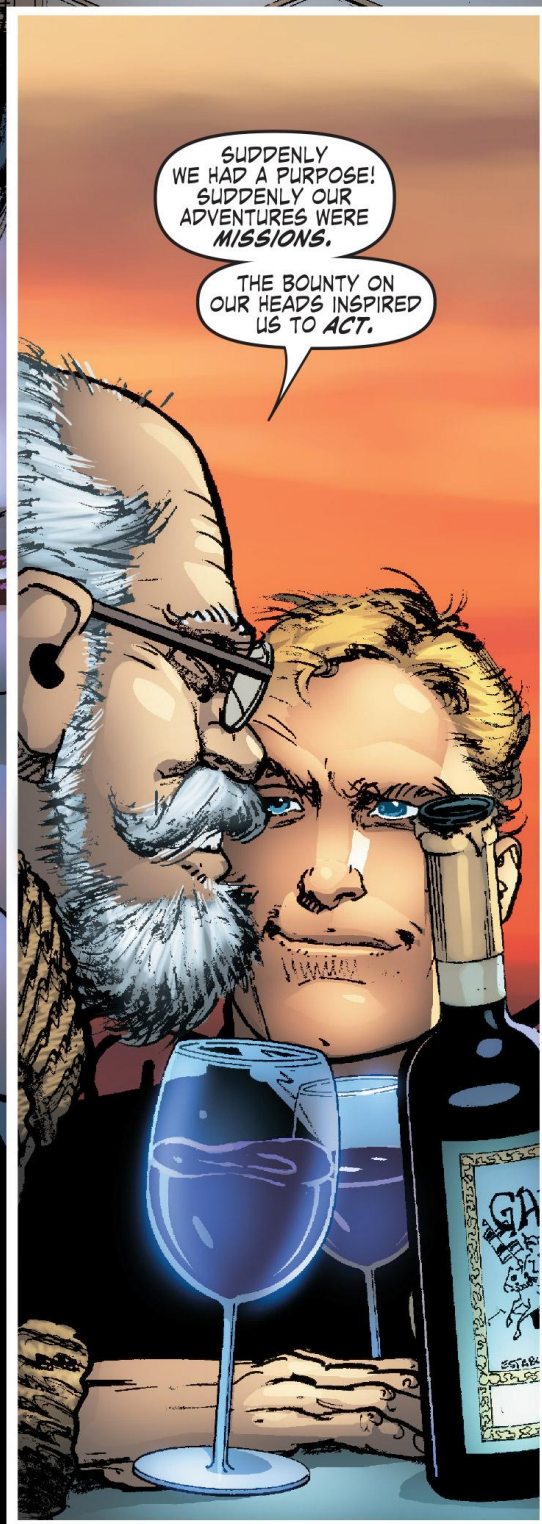
MY
HORSE!

...the last time your humble narrator would take such a dramatically active role in the life and times and adventures of Orson Randall. His body, covered with burns bright like fresh strawberries and wracked with untold agonies, would repair itself by focusing his purest chi inward on the **inner wheels of healing**. Randall first learned this technique by reading of **Bei Bang-Wen**, the first Iron Fist to travel to the **Dark Continent...**



I WAS NEVER CONVINCED ORSON HAD ANY USE FOR ME, BUT AFTER THAT, WE WERE **STUCK** TOGETHER.

ONCE WE KNEW WE WERE BEING HUNTED, WE COULDN'T GO ON GALLIVANTING ABOUT, HAVING **ADVENTURES**.

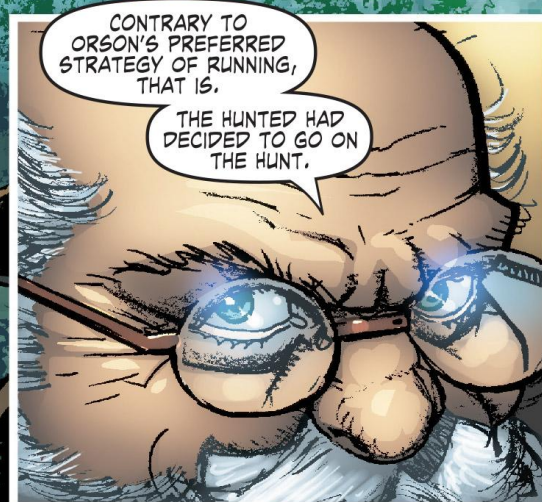


SUDDENLY WE HAD A PURPOSE! SUDDENLY OUR ADVENTURES WERE **MISSIONS**.

THE BOUNTY ON OUR HEADS INSPIRED US TO **ACT**.

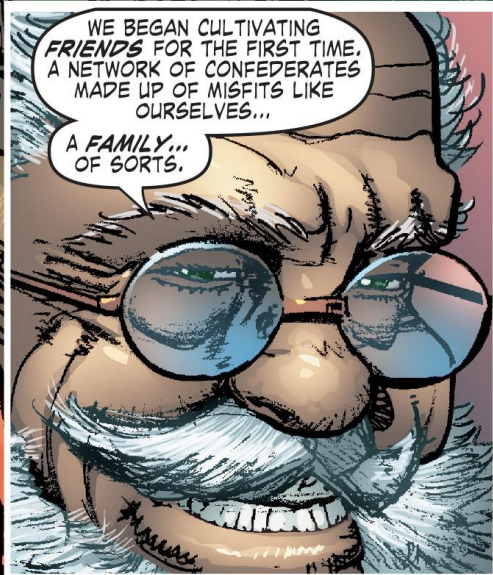


"WE WENT ON THE **OFFENSIVE** FOR THE FIRST TIME, RATHER THAN SIMPLY PLAYING **DEFENSE**."



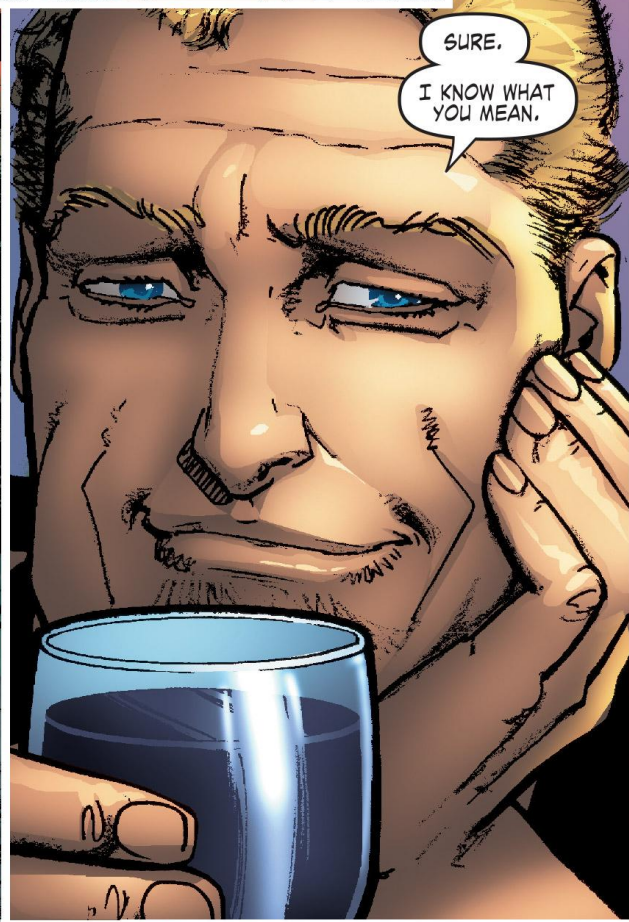
CONTRARY TO ORSON'S PREFERRED STRATEGY OF RUNNING, THAT IS.

THE HUNTED HAD DECIDED TO GO ON THE HUNT.



WE BEGAN CULTIVATING
FRIENDS FOR THE FIRST TIME.
A NETWORK OF CONFEDERATES
MADE UP OF MISFITS LIKE
OURSELVES...

A **FAMILY...**
OF SORTS.



SURE.

I KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN.



INDEED,
MR. RAND.
INDEED.

WELL,
HERE'S TO
FAMILY.



HERE'S TO
SAYING, WHEN WE
DIE, WELL, BY **GOD**,
WE WILL NOT
DIE ALONE...

New York City! A gilded city for a gilded age, and one replete with many a honey-trap for a man, let alone a man of such...exotic appetites... as Orson Randall. Pursued around the world by an ever-increasing array of wicked foes with an ever-increasing array of wicked abilities, Randall and the **Confederates of the Curious** found themselves in Harlem, where the music was hot and the women were hotter...



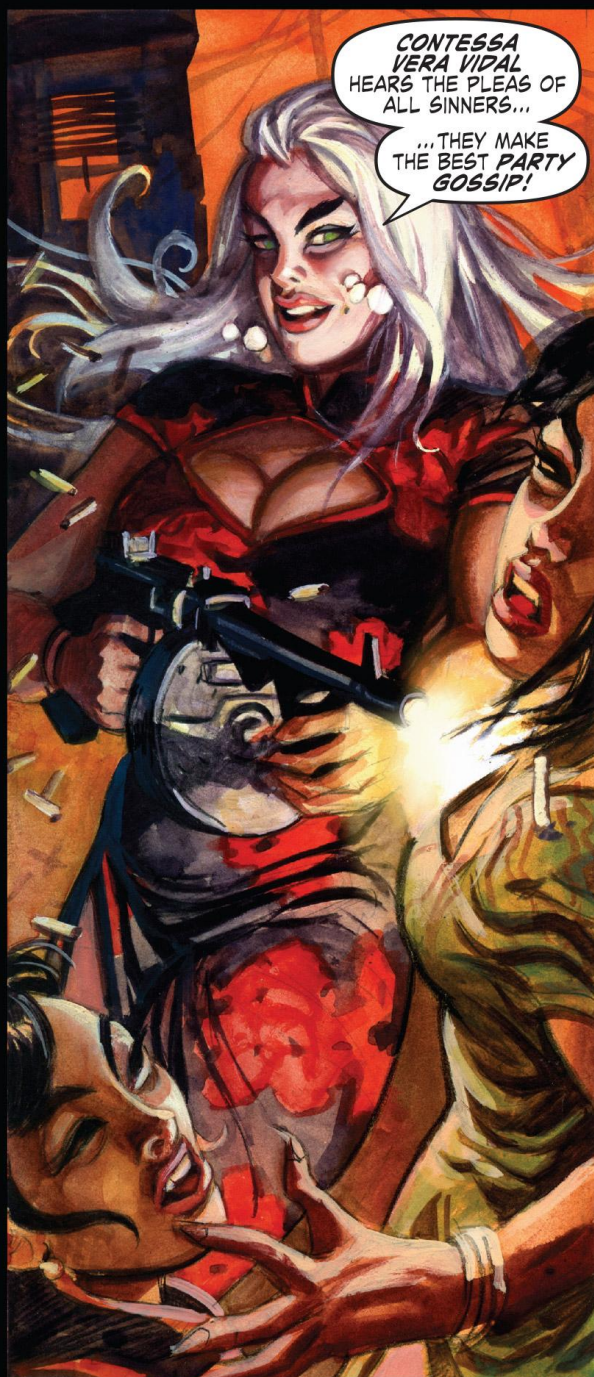


And of course--
Orson Randall loved
playing with fire...



WHAT IS THIS
MAGIC "CONTESSA"
YOU PRAY TO? SHE
CANNOT HELP
YOU NOW.

ON
THE CONTRARY,
DARLING...



CONTESSA
VERA VIDAL
HEARS THE PLEAS OF
ALL SINNERS...

...THEY MAKE
THE BEST PARTY
GOSSIP!



DRINKS AT
JACK AND CHARLIE'S 21
ARE ON ME, GANG--

IF WE
SURVIVE!



FOR MY GRANDFATHER XAO, THE LIGHTNING LORD OF NEPAL...

NOW DO YOU FALL, ORSON RANDALL.



GOOD LORD--THAT HARLOT--

ORSON DOESN'T SEE HER!



CAN'T--

CAN'T FIRE--



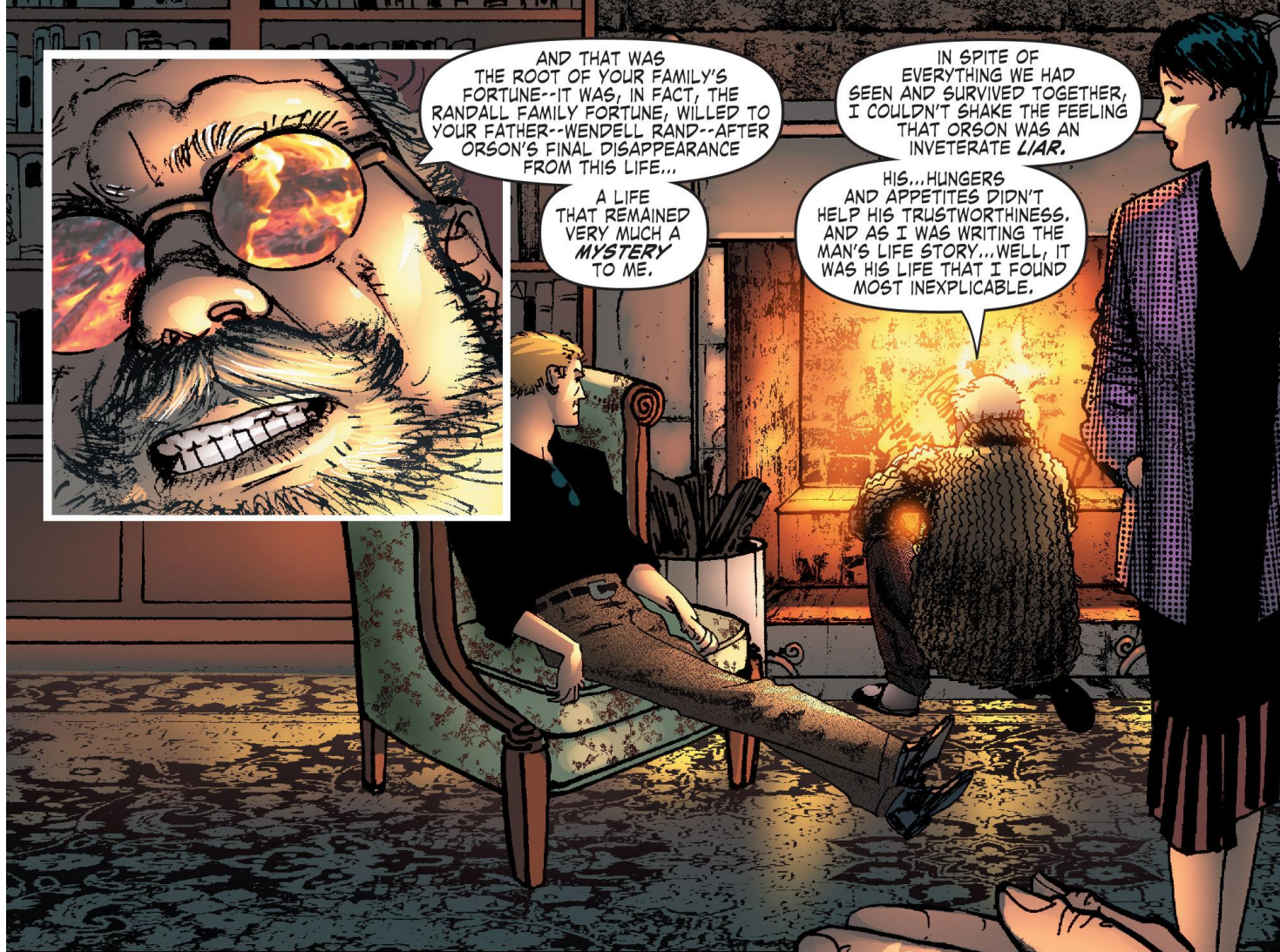
SHOOT IF YER GONNA SHOOT, ALREADY--

WATCH OUT--!

POW!





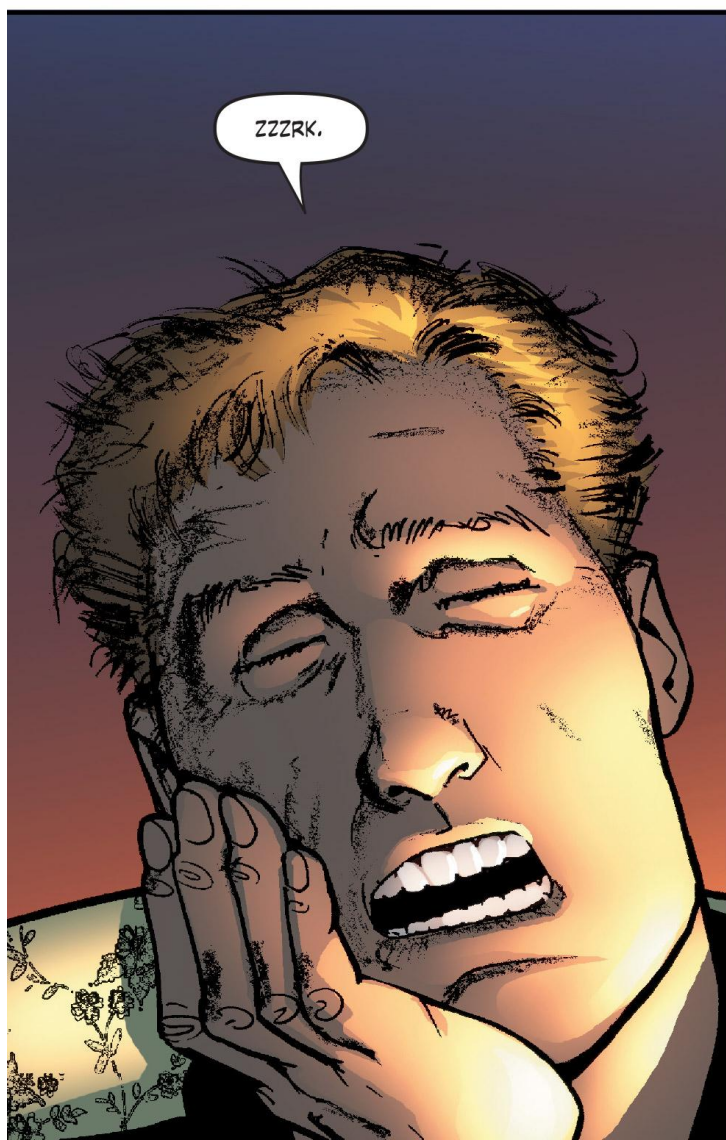


AND THAT WAS THE ROOT OF YOUR FAMILY'S FORTUNE--IT WAS, IN FACT, THE RANDALL FAMILY FORTUNE, WILLED TO YOUR FATHER--WENDELL RAND--AFTER ORSON'S FINAL DISAPPEARANCE FROM THIS LIFE...

A LIFE THAT REMAINED VERY MUCH A MYSTERY TO ME.

IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING WE HAD SEEN AND SURVIVED TOGETHER, I COULDN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT ORSON WAS AN INVETERATE LIAR.

HIS...HUNGERS AND APPETITES DIDN'T HELP HIS TRUSTWORTHINESS. AND AS I WAS WRITING THE MAN'S LIFE STORY...WELL, IT WAS HIS LIFE THAT I FOUND MOST INEXPLICABLE.



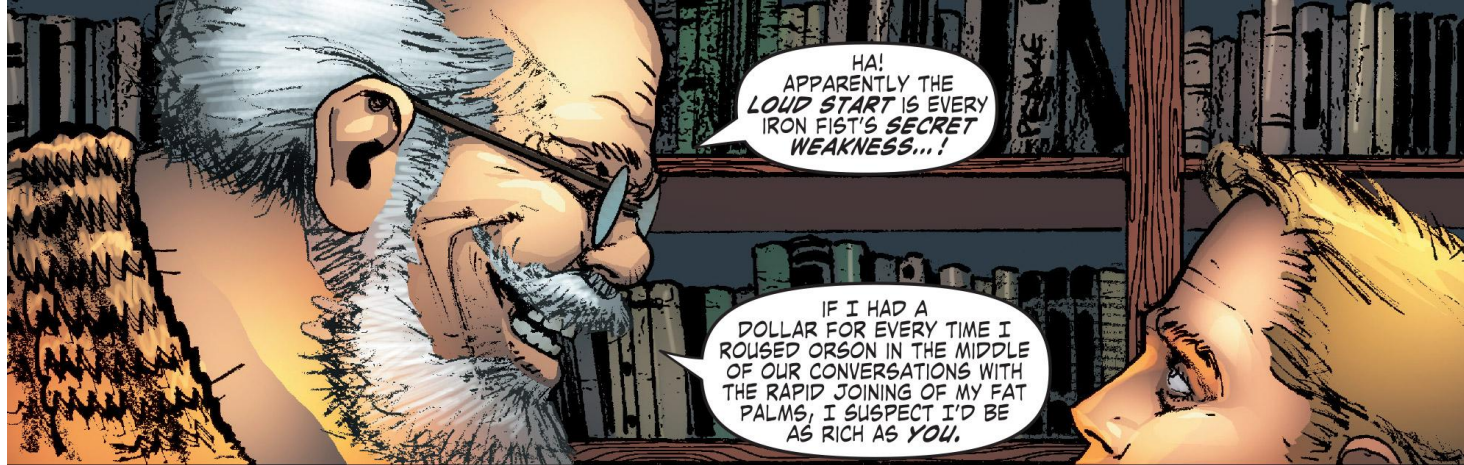
ZZZK.



DANIEL!

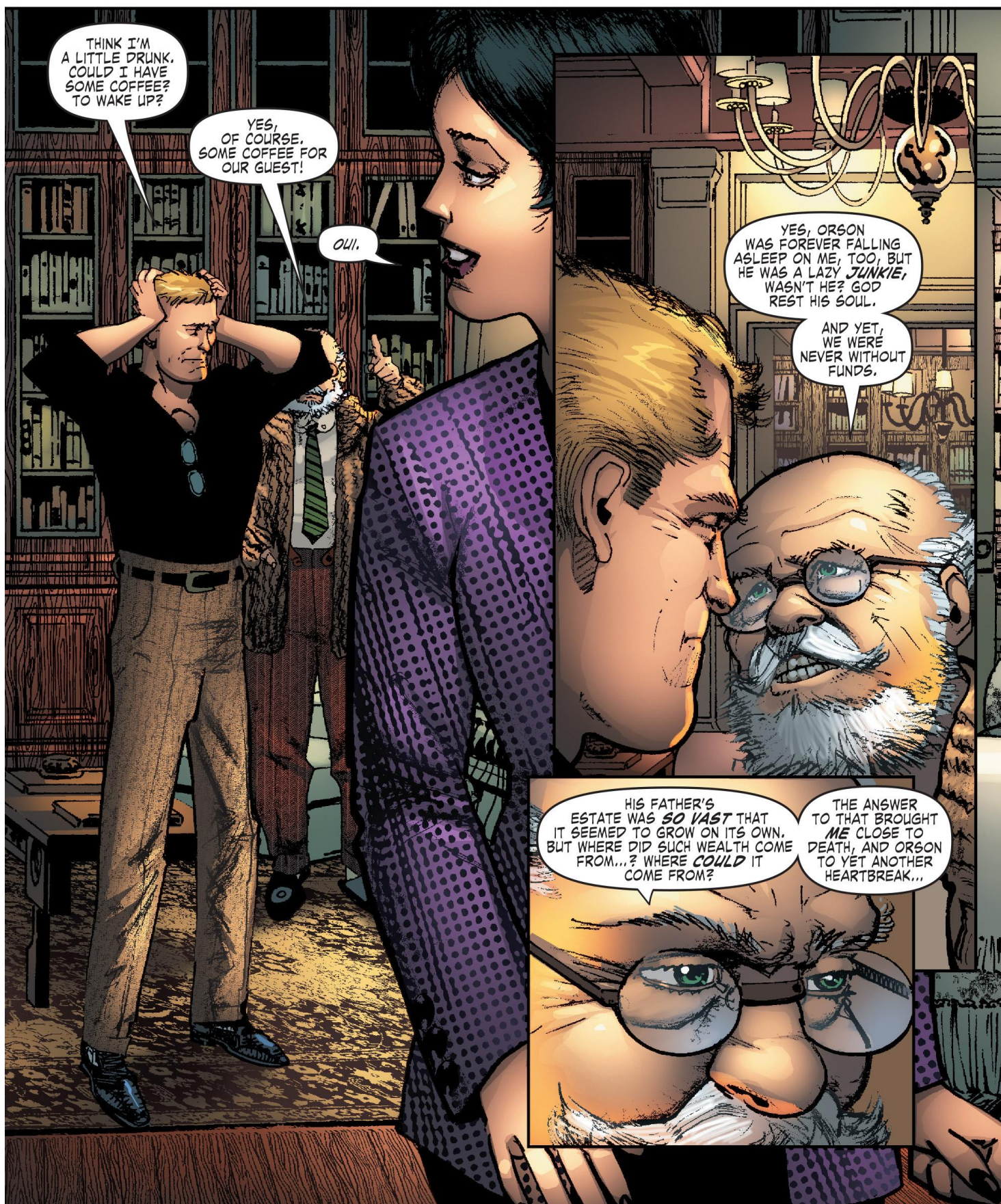
CLAP!

BWAH--!



HA!
APPARENTLY THE
LOUD START IS EVERY
IRON FIST'S **SECRET**
WEAKNESS...!

IF I HAD A
DOLLAR FOR EVERY TIME I
ROUSED ORSON IN THE MIDDLE
OF OUR CONVERSATIONS WITH
THE RAPID JOINING OF MY FAT
PALMS, I SUSPECT I'D BE
AS RICH AS **YOU**.



THINK I'M
A LITTLE DRUNK.
COULD I HAVE
SOME COFFEE?
TO WAKE UP?

YES,
OF COURSE.
SOME COFFEE FOR
OUR GUEST!

OH.

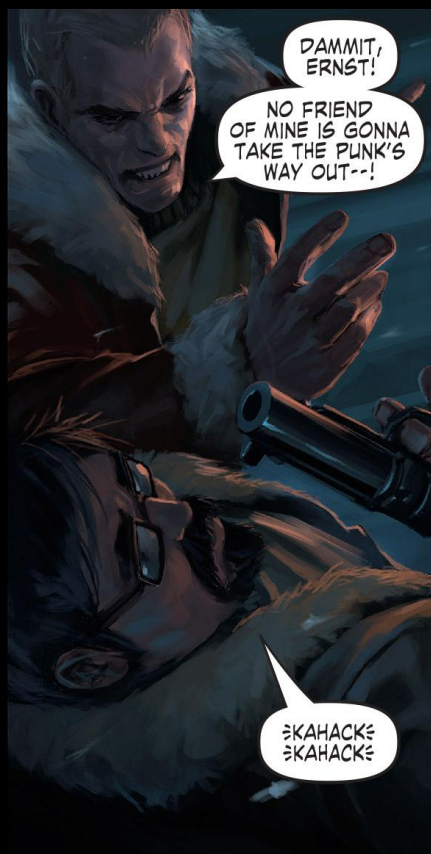
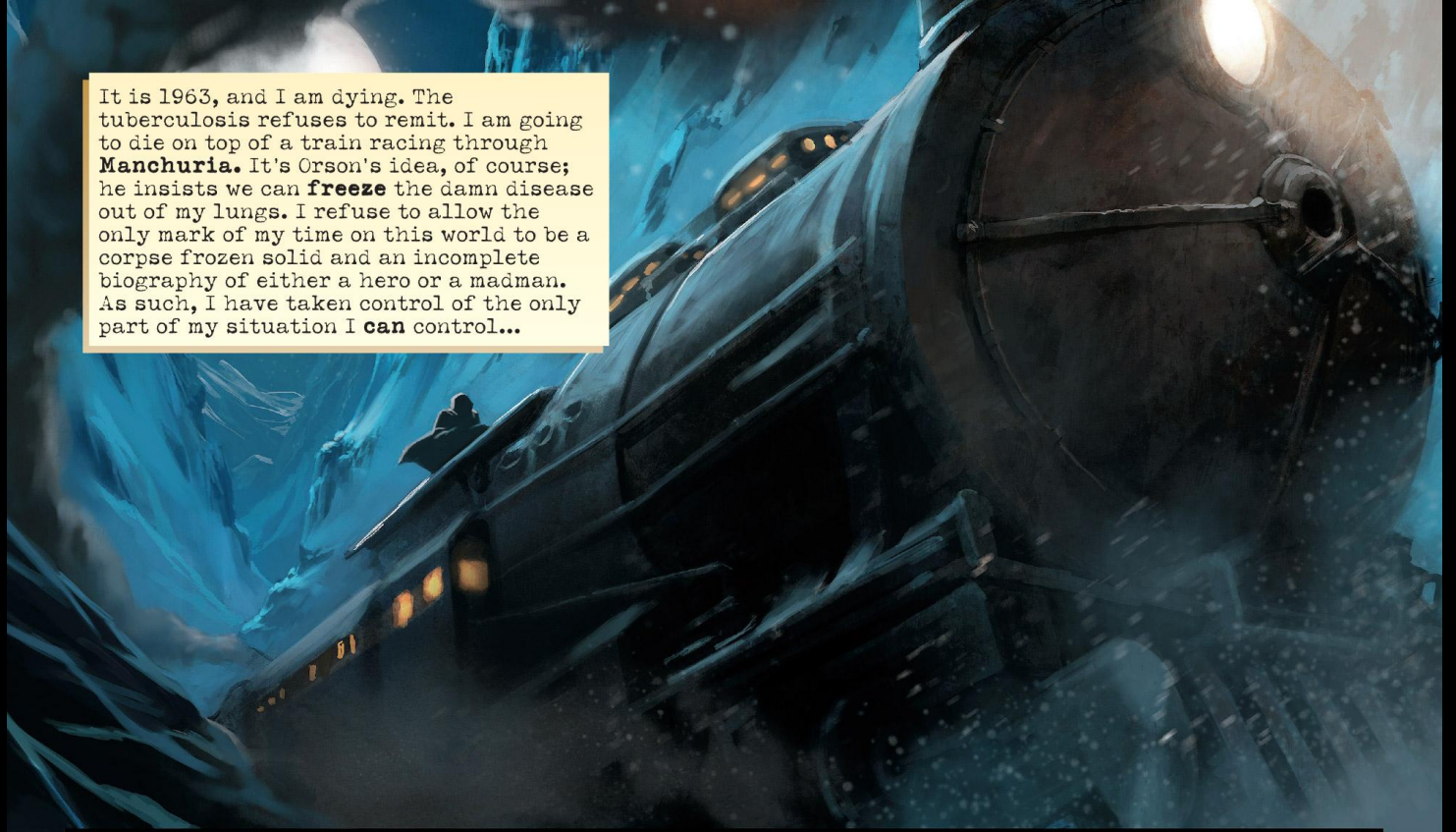
YES, ORSON
WAS FOREVER FALLING
ASLEEP ON ME, TOO, BUT
HE WAS A LAZY **JUNKIE**;
WASN'T HE? GOD
REST HIS SOUL.

AND YET,
WE WERE
NEVER WITHOUT
FUNDS.

HIS FATHER'S
ESTATE WAS **SO VAST** THAT
IT SEEMED TO GROW ON ITS OWN.
BUT WHERE DID SUCH WEALTH COME
FROM...? WHERE **COULD** IT
COME FROM?

THE ANSWER
TO THAT BROUGHT
ME CLOSE TO
DEATH, AND ORSON
TO YET ANOTHER
HEARTBREAK...

It is 1963, and I am dying. The tuberculosis refuses to remit. I am going to die on top of a train racing through **Manchuria**. It's Orson's idea, of course; he insists we can **freeze** the damn disease out of my lungs. I refuse to allow the only mark of my time on this world to be a corpse frozen solid and an incomplete biography of either a hero or a madman. As such, I have taken control of the only part of my situation I **can** control...







SEE,
PAL--

YAH!



YOU
CAN'T EVER
GIVE UP!



NO
MATTER WHAT
THE ODDS.
YOU
HEAR ME, LUCKY
PIERRE?



YOU CAN'T
STOP FIGHTING,
DAMMIT!

SOONER
OR LATER...



...YOU'LL
BE THE ONLY
GUY LEFT.



BEST AND THE WORST YEARS OF MY LIFE, FOLLOWING YOU AROUND LIKE A DAMN **PUPPY**.

AND FOR WHAT? A HORRIBLE COLLECTION OF **NOTEBOOKS**. MY LIFE'S WORK!

YEAH, YEAH.



WHAT ARE WE **DOING** HERE? WHAT **IS** THIS VILLAGE?

ONE OF THOSE LOONS FROM THE TRAIN HAD A COIN I RECOGNIZED... ONE YOU COULD ONLY FIND IN A **FEW PLACES** IN THE ENTIRE WORLD.

THIS BEING ONE OF THEM.



COIN? WHAT COIN?

THIS ONE--

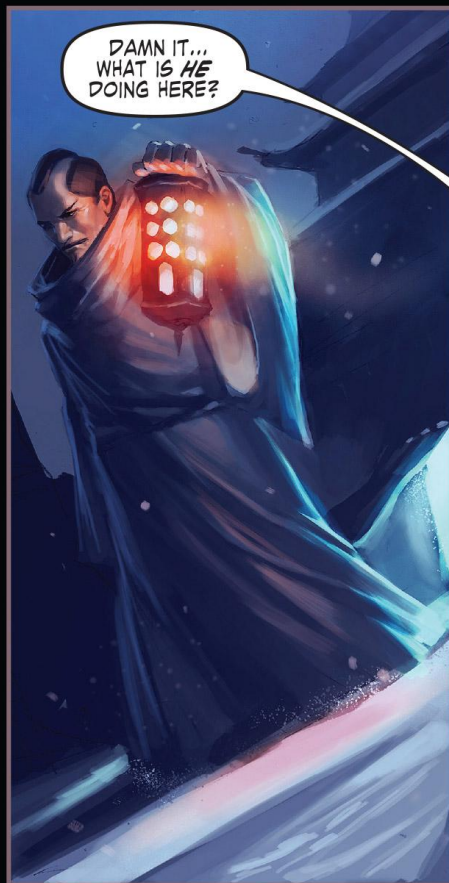


--MINTED IN K'UN-LUN A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.



THIS VILLAGE HAS ELDERS WHO DO SOME **TRADE** WITH K'UN-LUN EVERY FEW DECADES.

IF XAO'S **NEW** COSTUMED FREAKS ARE AROUND HERE, I WANT TO KNOW WHY.



DAMN IT...
WHAT IS **HE**
DOING HERE?



WHO?

THAT'S **WU-AN**.
HEIR APPARENT TO THE
THRONE OF K'UN-LUN...AND
IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE** THAT HE'S
HERE NOW, WALKING AMONG
MORTALS.



SO LET'S
GO SEE HOW
HE MANAGED
THAT.



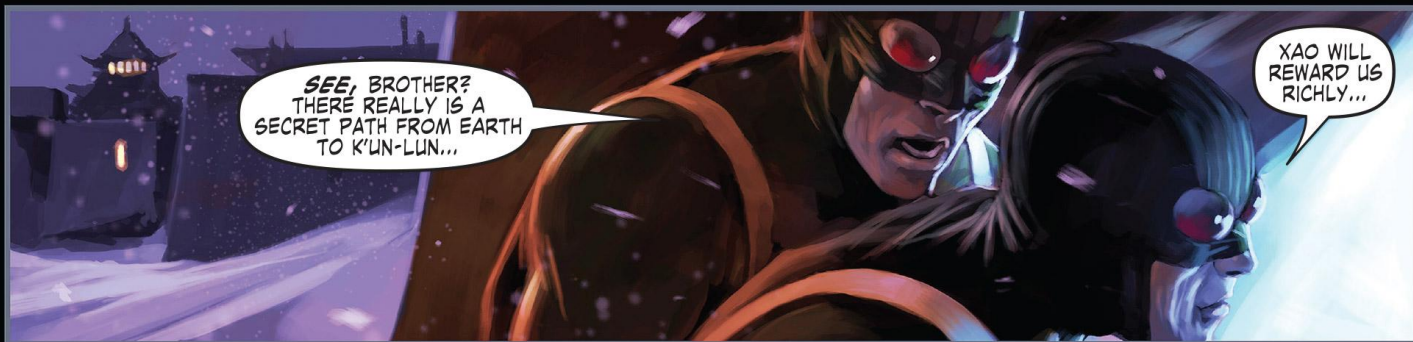
GOOD GOD...
WHAT **IS** IT?

A **PORTAL** OF
SOME SORT...BUT DON'T
YOU RECOGNIZE THE
DESIGN, L.P.?

THIS WAS
BUILT BY **MY**
FATHER.

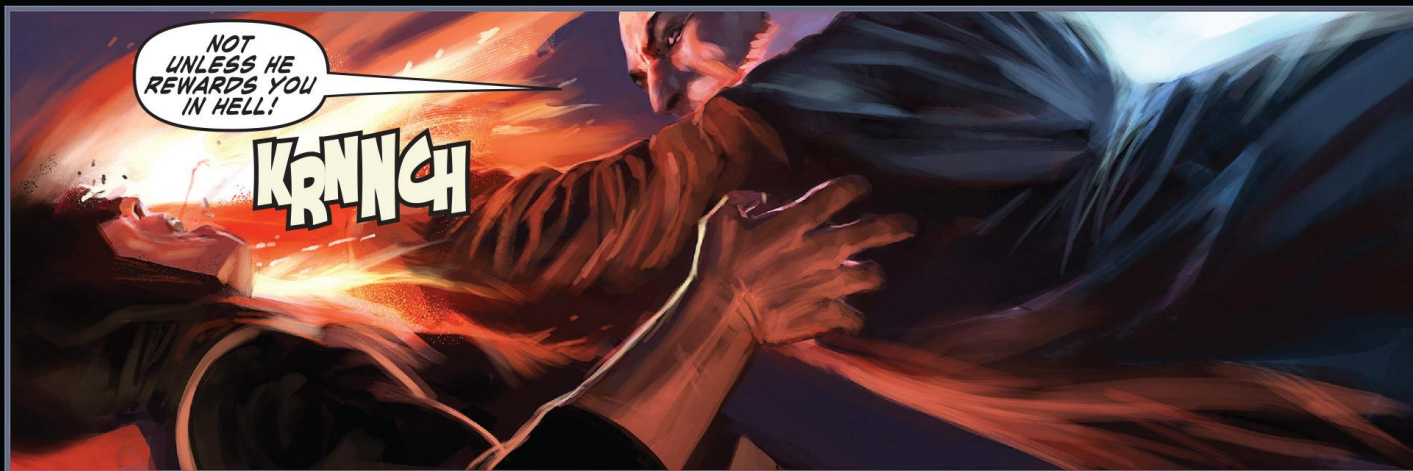
ALL THOSE
YEARS, HE HAD A
WAY BACK... AND HE
LEFT ME THERE.

WU-AN MUST
HAVE **SHOWERED**
HIM WITH TREASURE
TO KEEP THIS THING
A SECRET.



SEE, BROTHER?
THERE REALLY IS A
SECRET PATH FROM EARTH
TO K'UN-LUN...

XAO WILL
REWARD US
RICHLY...



NOT
UNLESS HE
REWARDS YOU
IN HELL!

KRNNCH

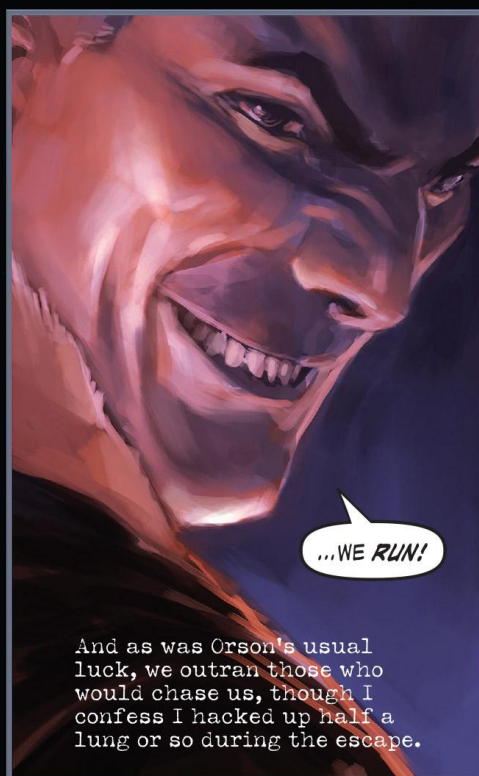


KRAKK



THAT RUCKUS
ALERTED THE VILLAGE,
ORSON...WHAT DO
WE DO?

I CAN'T
AFFORD TO HAVE
THE EYES OF K'UN-LUN
ON ME...SO WE DO
WHAT WE *ALWAYS* DO,
LUCKY PIERRE...



...WE RUN!

And as was Orson's usual
luck, we outran those who
would chase us, though I
confess I hacked up half a
lung or so during the escape.



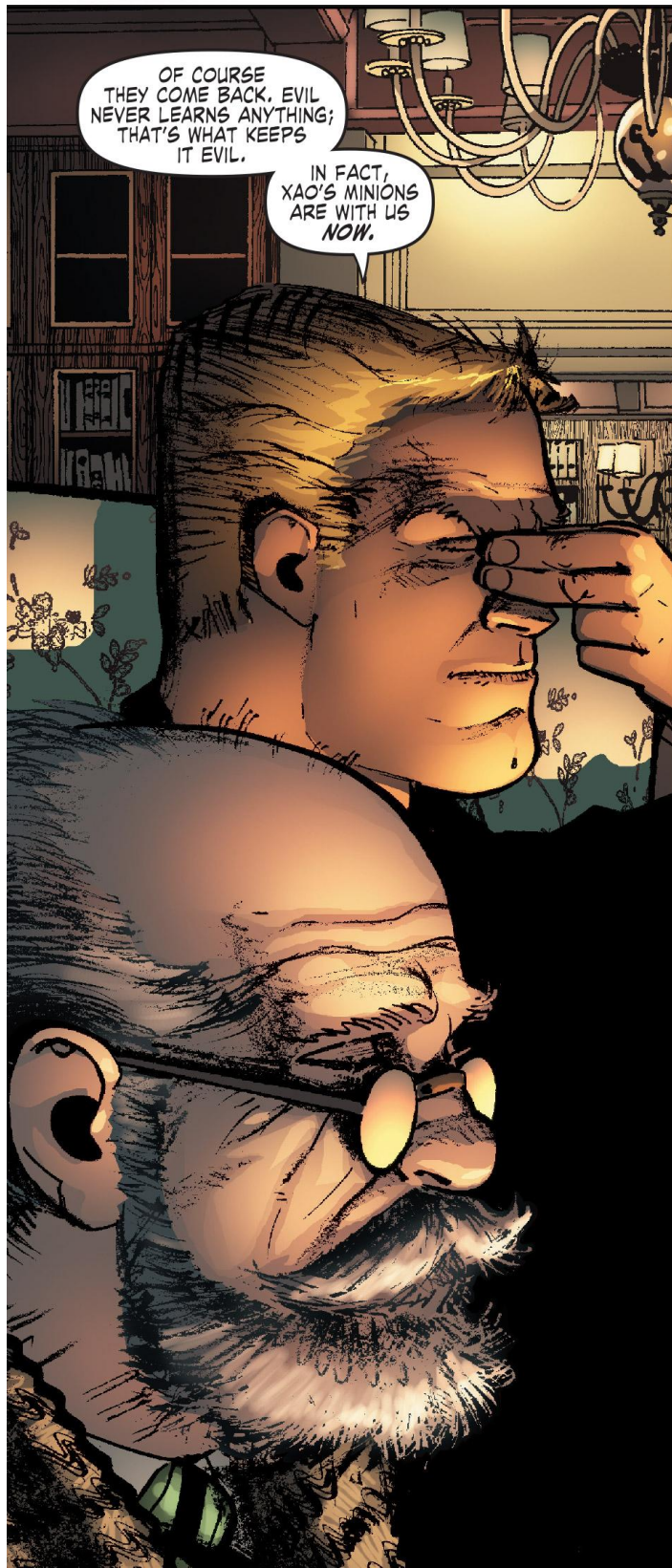
EVENTUALLY, ORSON WOULD PUT HIS HANDS ON MY CHEST, TOUCH ME WITH THE DRAGON'S FIRE...

...AND I WOULD BE HEALED. AS HE HEALED **ALL OF US**, SOONER OR LATER.

IN EXCHANGE FOR MY FRIENDSHIP, ORSON REPAID ME WITH...WELL, TO CALL IT A **LONG LIFE** WOULD BE AN UNDERSTATEMENT.

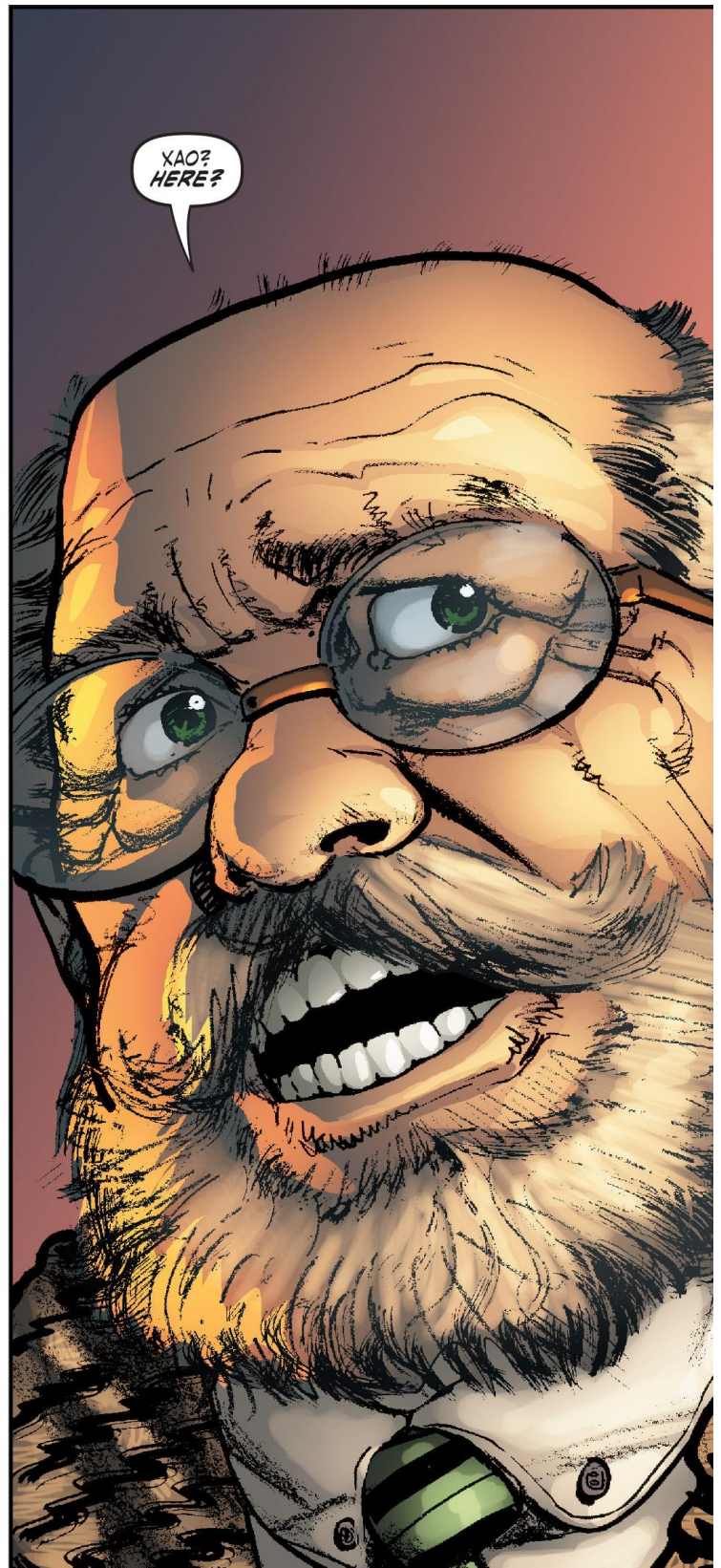
AND THOUGH WE'D STOPPED XAO FINDING OUT ABOUT THE PORTAL, HE WOULD BE BACK AGAIN. OR A NIECE OR GRANDSON...OR GOD ONLY KNOWS.

SOONER OR LATER, THEY ALWAYS COME **BACK**, DON'T YOU FIND?



OF COURSE THEY COME BACK. EVIL NEVER LEARNS ANYTHING; THAT'S WHAT KEEPS IT EVIL.

IN FACT, XAO'S MINIONS ARE WITH US **NOW**.



XAO?
HERE?

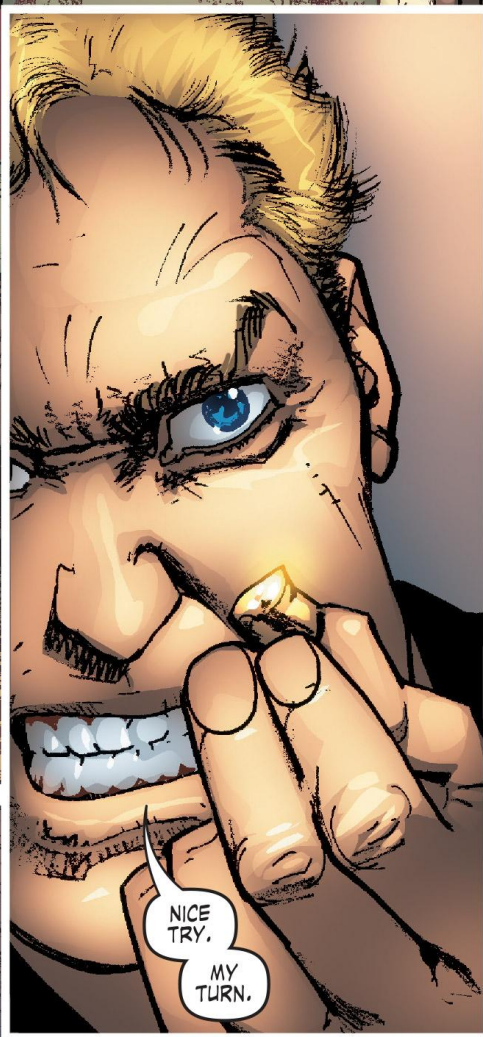
I'VE BEEN
POISONED.
ALL DAY LONG.
THAT NURSE OF
YOURS--BAD NEWS--
BUT, LOOK, ERNST,
VERY QUICKLY
NOW--

THERE'S A **HYDRA**
ASSASSINATION SQUAD
WATCHING US AND LISTENING.
DIVE OUT OF THAT CHAIR
RIGHT NOW!!!



KIII-YAH!

MY
LORD--!



NICE
TRY.

MY
TURN.



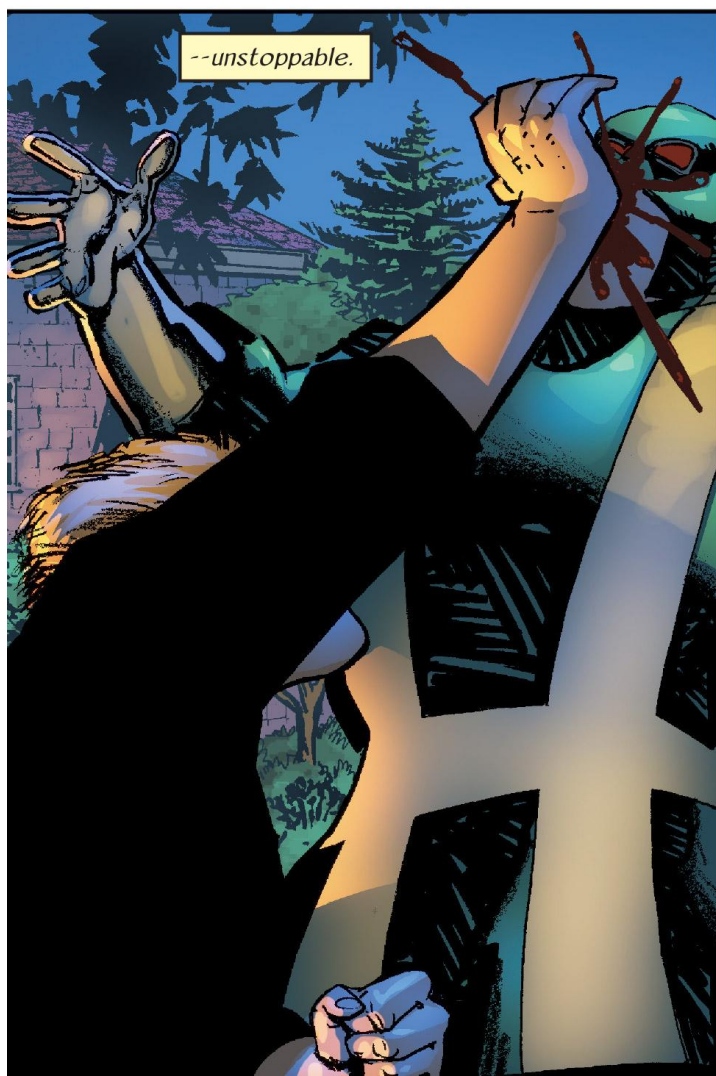


The *chi* of Shou-Lao
burned the last of the
poison out of my system.

And now I feel
positively **reborn**--



--energized--



--unstoppable.



Sgt. Genius manages to
throw the switch to
full auto and unloads--

**THWICKA-
THWICKA-
THWICKA-
THWICKA-
THWICKA-**



And while he's so amazed the gun works--

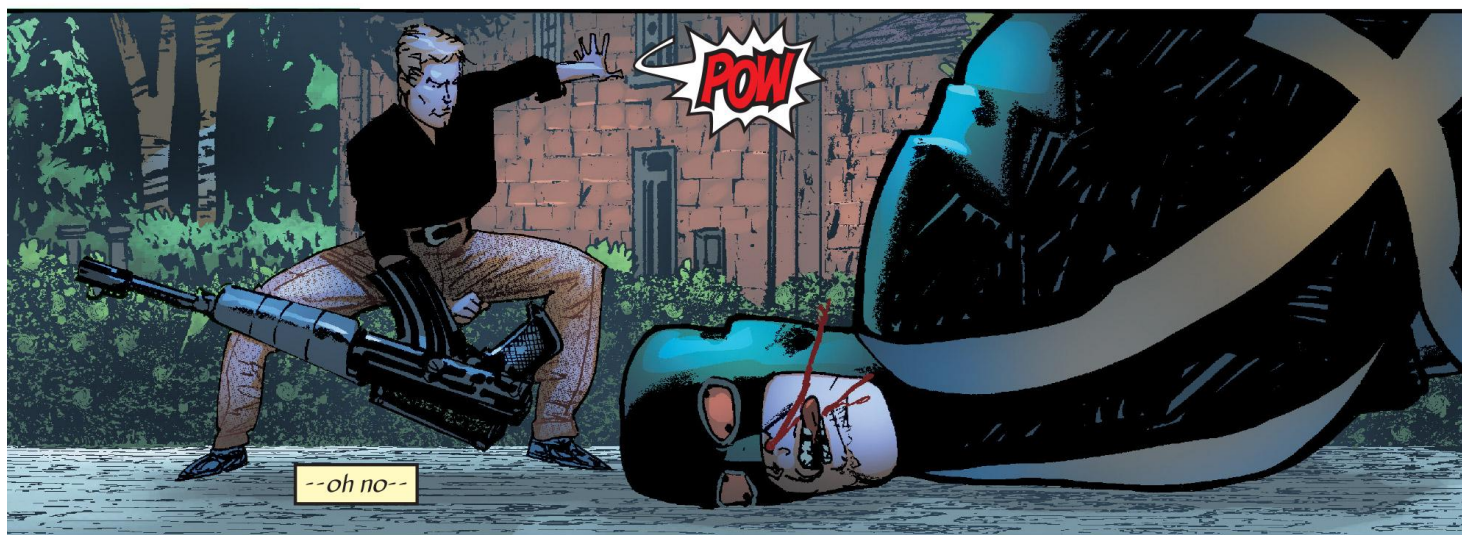
**THWICKA-
THWICKA-
THWICKA-
THWICKA-
THWICKA-**

I get closer and closer and closer until--



**THWICKA-
THWICKA-**

WHAM



POW

--oh no--

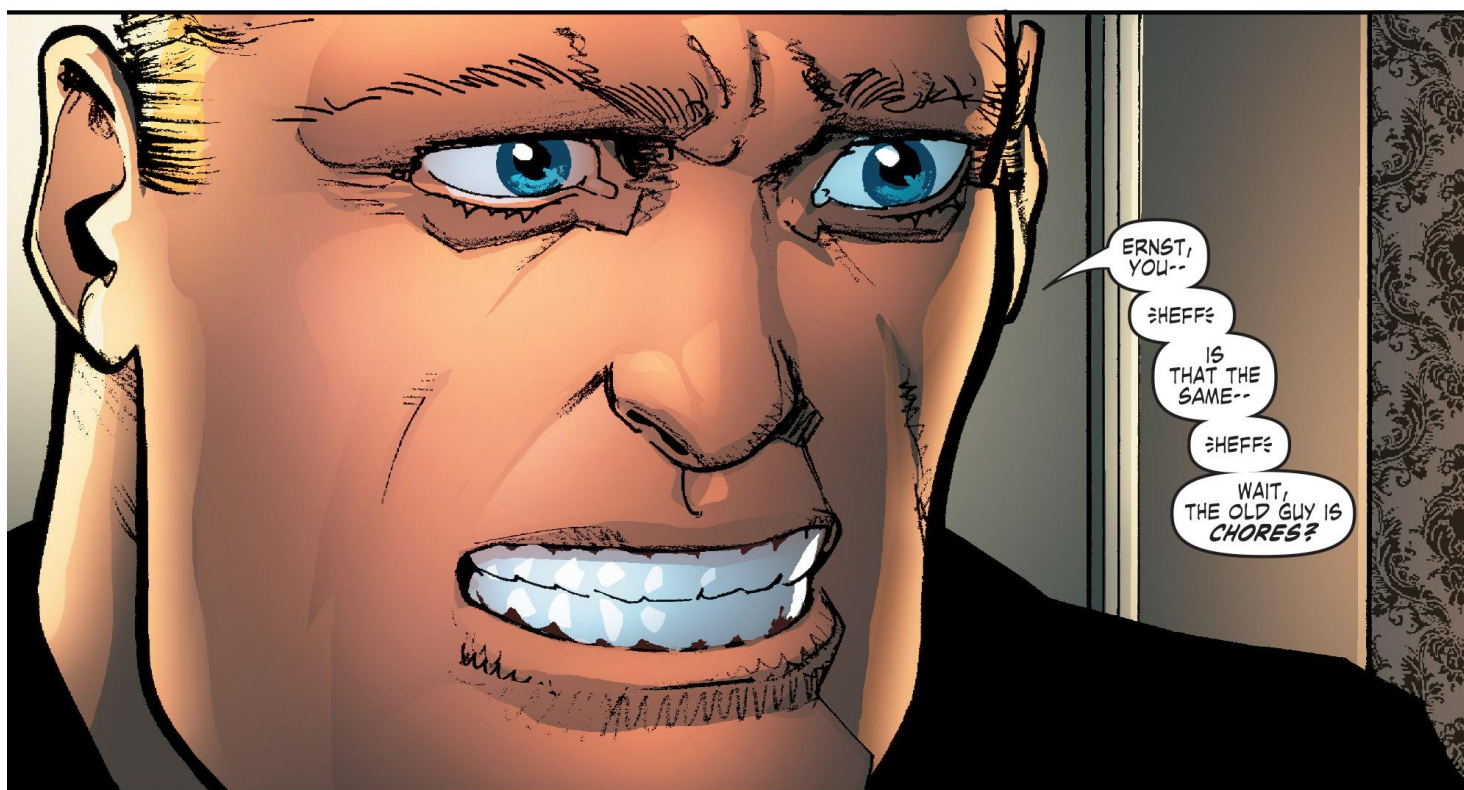


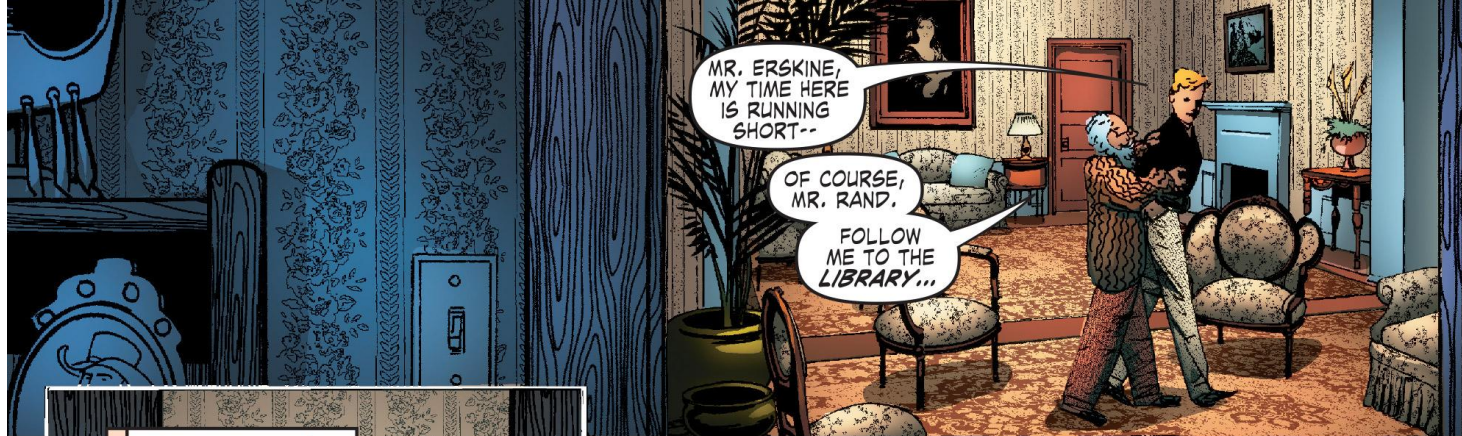
Ernst--

--the nurse--

--had to be the--

--faster,
Danny,
c'mon--





MR. ERSKINE,
MY TIME HERE
IS RUNNING
SHORT--

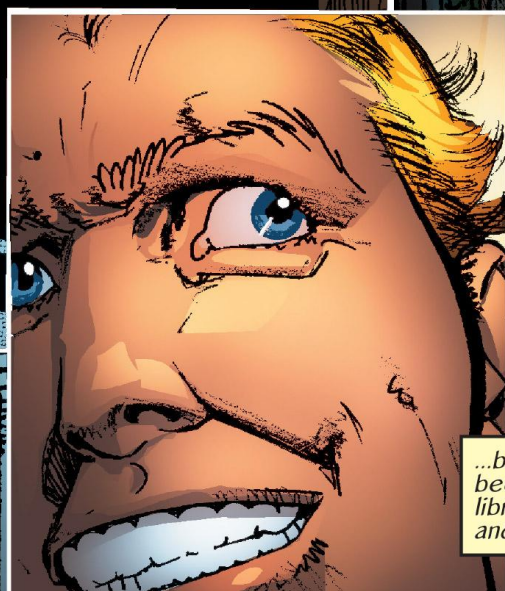
OF COURSE,
MR. RAND.

FOLLOW
ME TO THE
LIBRARY...

"MUCH OF IT IS
HANDWRITTEN AND
VERY LITTLE HAS
BEEN **EDITED**..."

Ernst wasn't kidding.

There are bound books of raw
manuscript pages...whole long-hand
journals...and hand-written **notes**
organized by some arcane system
I bet Ernst doesn't even recall...



...but it doesn't matter. I've
been left alone in an entire
library dedicated to the life
and times of Orson Randall.

I'm due back in K'un-Lun, I know, but--

--just for a moment--

I let the details of Orson Randall's--and Ernst Erskine's--lives wash over me. Because as rich as I am...

...these are treasures even beyond my imagination.

WELL, L.P.? WHICH ONE WILL IT BE TONIGHT?

AND WHAT WAS ALL THAT RACKET, L.P.? WE WERE GETTING WORRIED.

A LITTLE MESS TO CLEAN UP. DON'T FRET, MY FRIENDS.

DO YOU REMEMBER, CHORES, THE STORY OF ORSON RANDALL AND THE AXIS AUTOMATONS? CONTESSA? DOES THIS RING A BELL?

IT STARTS LIKE THIS: "ONCE UPON A TIME..."

"MEN OF A CERTAIN DEADLY PERSUASION"

A STORY OF THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST

WRITERS
ED BRUBAKER & MATT FRACTION

ARTISTS
HOWARD CHAYKIN
(PAGES 1-5; 14-15; 22-23; 30-36)
DAN BRERETON
(PAGES 6-13; 16-21)

COLORIST
EDGAR DELGADO
(PAGES 1-5; 14-15; 22-23; 30-36)

JELENA KEVIC DJURJEVIC
(PAGES 24-29)

LETTERERS ARTMONKEYS STUDIOS
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ASSISTANT EDITOR
ALEJANDRO ARBONA
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JOE QUESADA

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WARREN SIMONS
PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

鐵
10
ZOMBIE
VARIANT





鐵拳
10

The 7 Capital
Cities
of Heaven

三
Round 3

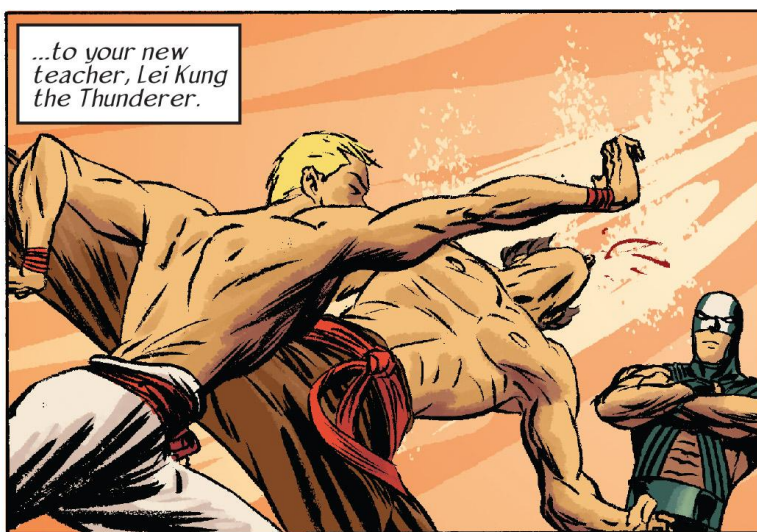


Your name is Wendell Rand and today you fight for your destiny...

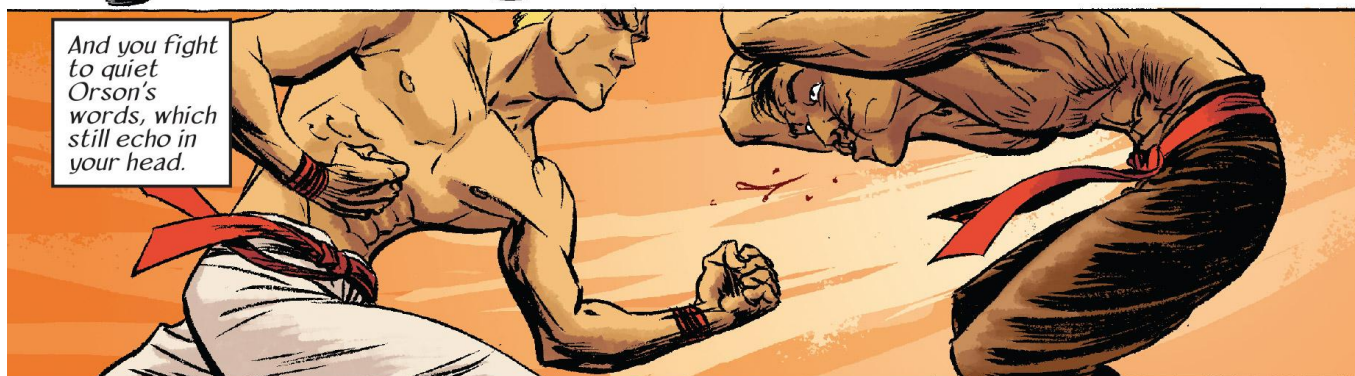
You fight to prove your worth...to yourself...



...to your new teacher, Lei Kung the Thunderer.



And you fight to quiet Orson's words, which still echo in your head.



But more than anything...you fight for the right to face the **dragon**...

...to become the **Immortal Iron Fist**.





Unfortunately, so does your best-- your only--friend...

...Davos, the son of the Thunderer.



A year ago you watched the previous class of fighters hold their elimination...

Until only one stood among them all...one man worthy of the challenge.



The dragon tore him to pieces.



That was the first time you felt **fear** about what lay ahead of you.

And when you realized it was possible you **both** could lose.

That even if either of you won victory over your opponents this day...

...The final words in this elimination would be spoken by **Shou-Lao the Undying**.



So it's an unpleasant mixture of feelings you struggle with this day.



You cheer on Davos in his bouts, as he does you in yours.

You pray you won't face him.



But you study his moves. You look for flaws.

"If it can't be me, then let it be you," is what you've said to one another these past two years.



But do you truly mean that...?



THE FINAL BOUT WILL BE FOUGHT AT SUNRISE TOMORROW.

DAVOS VERSUS WENDELL... UNTIL ONE YIELDS.



Are you truly ready...?



Where is he?



Where is Daniel Rand?



THIS HOLY FESTIVAL OF COMBAT CONTINUES TO REVEAL ITS UNDEFEATED CONTENDER!



AND WHERE IS OUR WEAPON, THUNDERER?

DEFEAT IS A POISON TO HIM, AUGUST PERSONAGE IN JADE.

ALLOW HIM TO LICK HIS WOUNDS AND SALVE HIS PRIDE.



TOURNAMENT ROUND TWO:

蜘蛛

ONE SHALL NEXT COMBAT FAT COBRA;
ONE SHALL JOIN THE BATTLE ROYALE.

狗

WHO WILL STALK THE WORLD OF MEN?

DOG BROTHER #1
VERSUS BRIDE OF NINE SPIDERS!
GO!

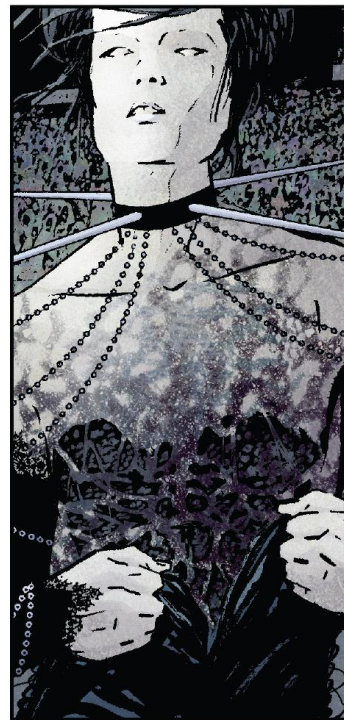


Yu-Ti is right. He **should** be here, studying **Dog Brother #1...**

Learning the mysteries of his terrible blades, and seeing the orphans and strays that fall unto his shelter...



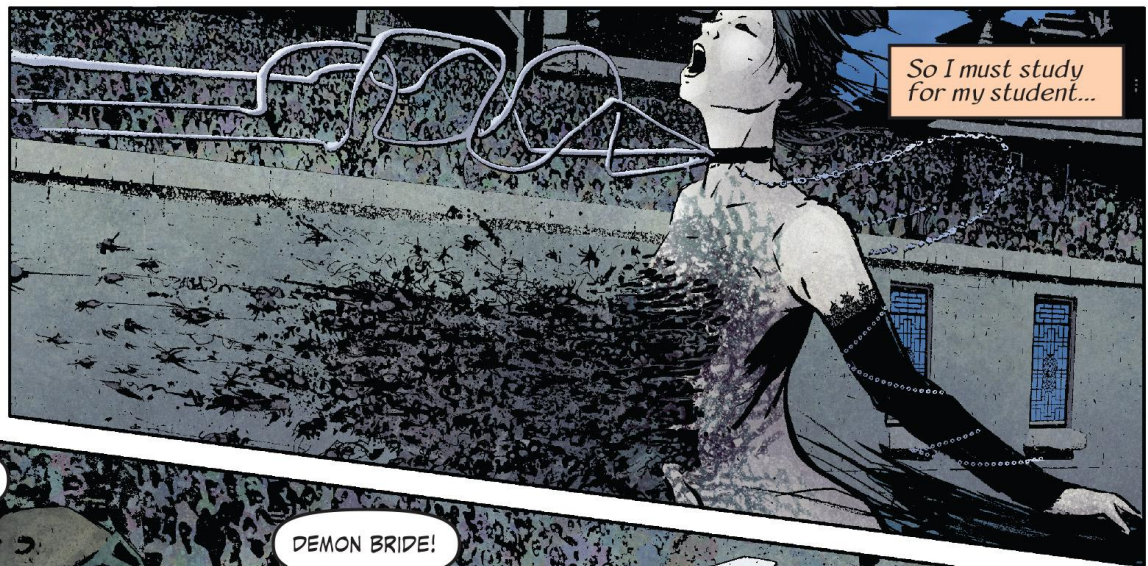
Or seeing the doom that masquerades as this delicate porcelain flower.



But Daniel had somewhere else to be this day.



THE BLACK MILK OF HELL

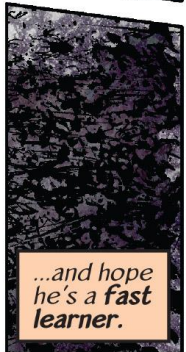


So I must study for my student...



DEVIL WOMAN!

DEMON BRIDE!



...and hope he's a **fast learner.**



I
FEAR YOU
NOT!



JE JE
JE JE JE JE
JE JE.



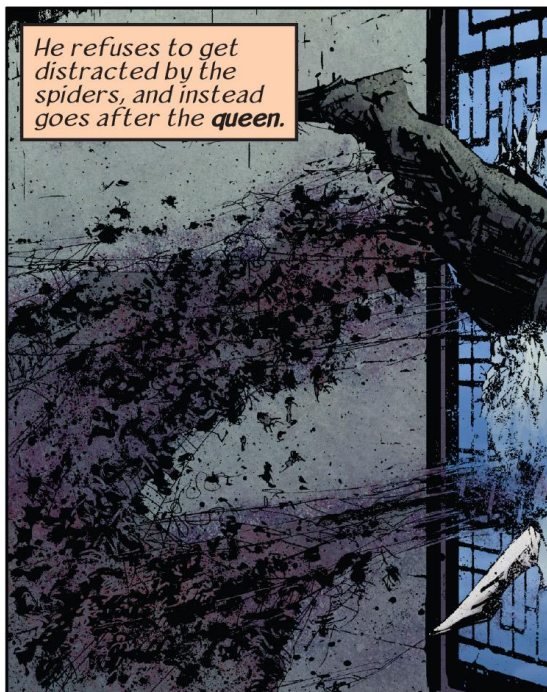
It's like lashing
out at a **cloud**.

It doesn't stop
Dog Brother from
lashing, though.



I AM A PACK
NINE THOUSAND
STRONG!

RAZOR DERVISH ATTACK - ULTIMATE



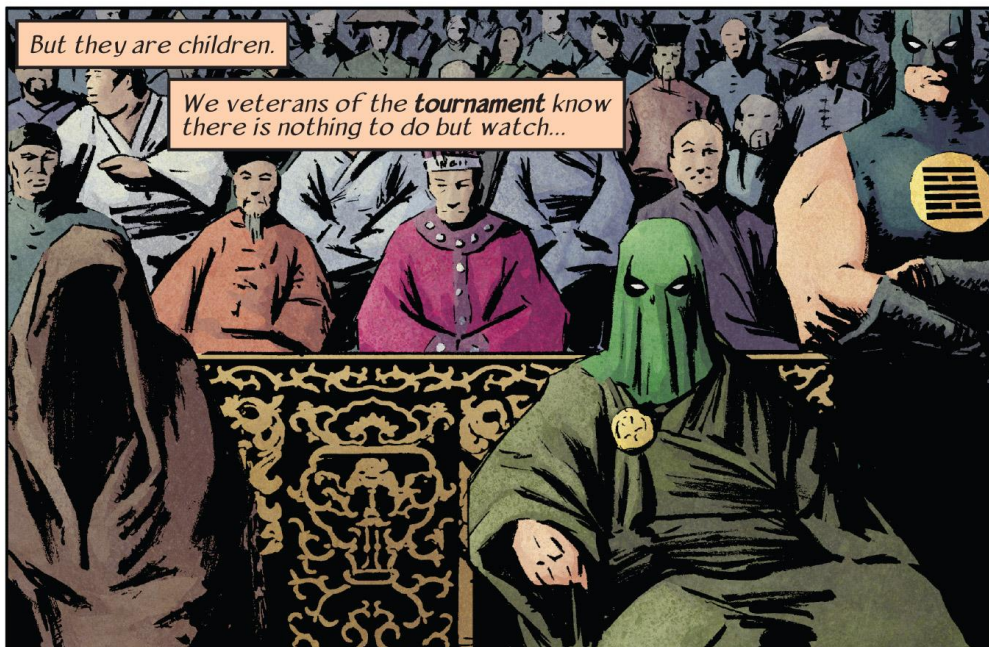
He refuses to get
distracted by the
spiders, and instead
goes after the **queen**.



Taking the fight **to** her is tactically brilliant,
Dog Brother #1's greatest strength.



The children try to follow their hero's battle as he
leaves the **Heart of Heaven** for arenas unknown.



But they are children.

We veterans of the **tournament** know there is nothing to do but watch...



...and wait for a sign.

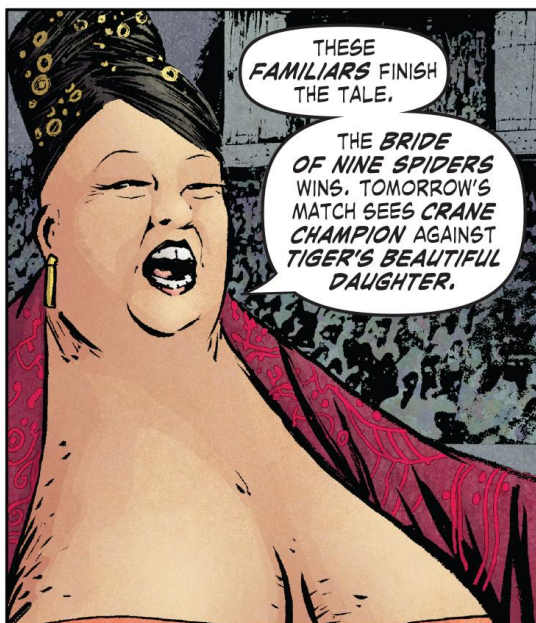
ARRRROOOOOO
OOOOONNN
NN



AARRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOO
ONNNNN AARRRRRROOOO
OOOOOOONNNNN AAR
RRROOOOOONNN
NN AARRRRRROOOO
ONNN AARRRRRROOOO
ONNN AARRRRRROOOO



The **dogs** tell us all we need to know.



THESE **FAMILIARS** FINISH THE TALE.

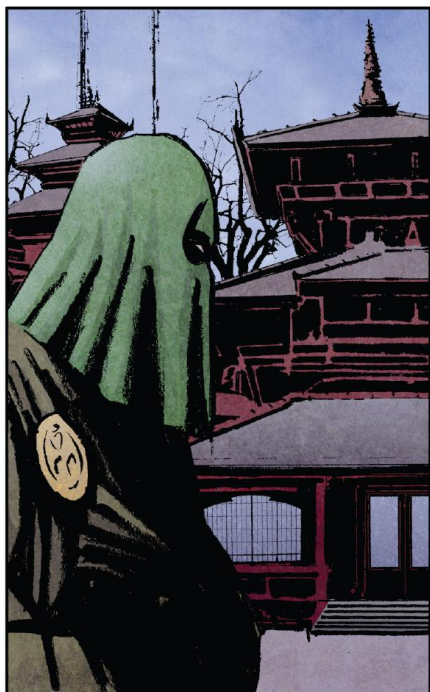
THE **BRIDE OF NINE SPIDERS** WINS. TOMORROW'S MATCH SEES **CRANE CHAMPION** AGAINST **TIGER'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER**.



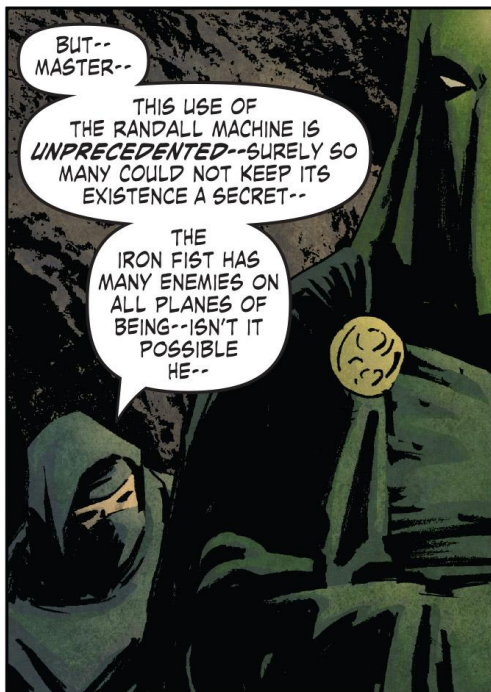
MASTER?

LEAVE ME.

I'M GOING TO FIND OUR **CHAMPION**.













A Celebration in the Heart of Heaven

I SAY
BRING ME *TEN* OF YOUR
CRANE WOMEN, SERPENT.
NO--*TWENTY*--!



AND I SHALL
BED THEM ALL AS I
DRINK YOU *UNDER*
THE TABLE!

LET US
KEEP WOMEN *OUT*
OF OUR WAGERS,
COBRA...

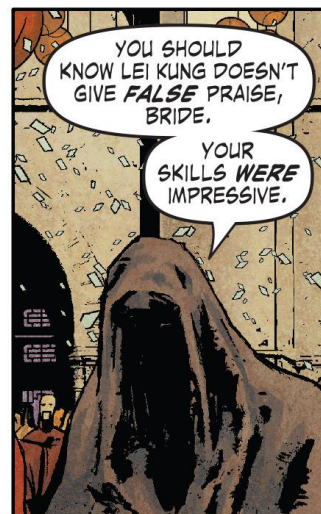
FOR NOW.



--THE TECHNIQUE, THE
LEVEL OF CONFIDENCE--
EXCELLENT.

I HAVE
SELDOM SEEN SUCH
ART ON DISPLAY, AND
I HAVE SEEN MANY
TOURNAMENTS...

DO YOU
SEEK TO MOCK ME,
THUNDERER?



YOU SHOULD
KNOW LEI KUNG DOESN'T
GIVE *FALSE* PRAISE,
BRIDE.

YOUR
SKILLS *WERE*
IMPRESSIVE.



PRINCE OF
ORPHANS.

PERHAPS,
THEN, YOU'LL FEEL
THE SAME WHEN *WE*
DO BATTLE.

I
CERTAINLY *HOPE*
NOT.



JE JE
JE JE JE JE
JE JE.

UNTIL
THAT TIME,
THEN.



ARE YOU PEEERING
AT ME FROM UNDER THOSE
RIDICULOUS ROBES?

I
AM, OLD
FRIEND.



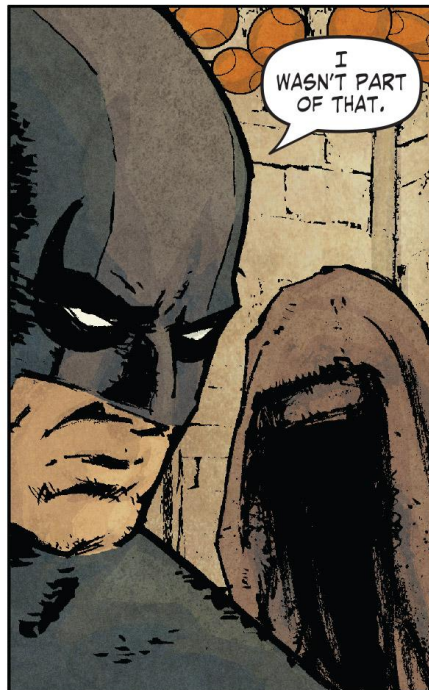
I'M WONDERING
WHY IT IS YOU CAN'T BRING
YOURSELF TO SPEAK WITH
YOUR *OWN* SON.



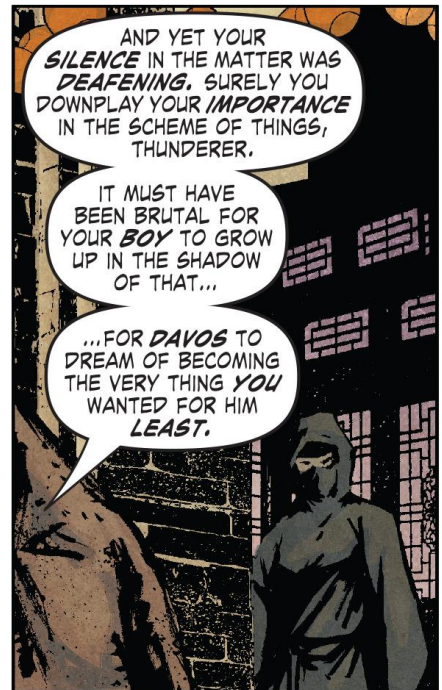
WE'RE
AT A PARTY; LET
US NOT *RUIN IT*
WITH TALK OF
FAMILY.

DAVOS
DIDN'T BECOME
THE VILLAIN ON
HIS OWN... *WE*
HOLD SOME OF
THE BLAME.

THOSE OF US
WHO TRIED TO TAKE
ORSON'S *GIFTS* THAT
NIGHT.



I
WASN'T PART
OF THAT.



AND YET YOUR
SILENCE IN THE MATTER WAS
DEAFENING. SURELY YOU
DOWNPLAY YOUR *IMPORTANCE*
IN THE SCHEME OF THINGS,
THUNDERER.

IT MUST HAVE
BEEN BRUTAL FOR
YOUR *BOY* TO GROW
UP IN THE SHADOW
OF THAT...

...FOR DAVOS TO
DREAM OF BECOMING
THE VERY THING YOU
WANTED FOR HIM
LEAST.



YOU AND
I ARE NOT
SUCH FRIENDS
THAT I CARE
TO DISCUSS
THIS...



GOOD
NIGHT TO
YOU.

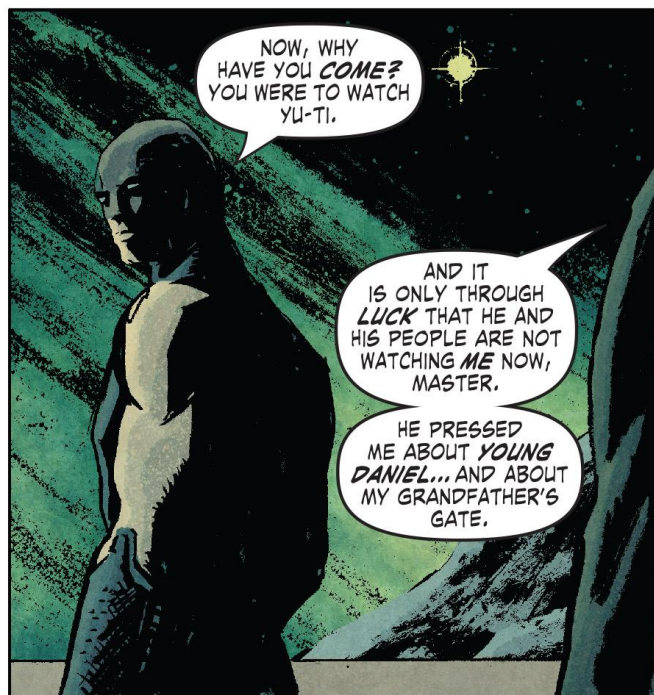
AND A GOOD
NIGHT TO YOU,
THUNDERER.





SADLY, I'VE FOUND THAT SONS AND FATHERS ARE NOT *ALWAYS* A REFLECTION ON EACH OTHER...

...OR AT LEAST, NOT IN THE WAYS THEY WOULD *LIKE*.



NOW, WHY HAVE YOU *COME*? YOU WERE TO WATCH YU-TI.

AND IT IS ONLY THROUGH *LUCK* THAT HE AND HIS PEOPLE ARE NOT WATCHING *ME* NOW, MASTER.

HE PRESSED ME ABOUT *YOUNG DANIEL*... AND ABOUT MY GRANDFATHER'S GATE.



HE DOES NOT *KNOW*.

BUT HE KNOWS.



WHAT HAS HE DONE?



TERROR PRIESTS HAVE BEEN SENT THROUGH THE GATE TO SEARCH FOR THE IRON FIST.

WE *MUST* GET DANIEL A MESSAGE, *SOMEHOW*. IF YU-TI'S MEN FIND HIM IN THE WORLD...



THERE IS NO SAFE WAY TO CONTACT HIM...

THE VEILS THAT SEPARATE K'UN-LUN FROM THE EARTHLY REALM ARE WATCHED *TOO CLOSELY* NOW.



IF HE IS SEEN, WE WILL LOSE EVERYTHING.



WE HAVEN'T LOST YET, LITTLE ONE...



AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT DANIEL RAND'KAI IS CAPABLE OF.



OUR
CAPABILITIES
HAVE BEEN MAXIMIZED,
AND WE'VE INCREASED
PRODUCTION RATES BY 15,
22, AND 23 PERCENT
ACROSS THE BOARD,
MR. XAO--

HAVING MADE
THE--AHH--**PERSONNEL**
REPLACEMENTS AS YOU
SUGGESTED.

THEY'RE
LATE. THERE IS
NO WORD FROM
FRANCE.



EXCUSE
ME--DID YOU SAY
FRANCE?

YES. I DISPATCHED
A TEAM OF OPERATIVES--
VERY EXPENSIVE OPERATIVES,
AT THAT--AND THEY HAVE
NOT CONTACTED ME.



WELL--
AHH--I...

YOU COULD
WITHHOLD PAYMENT ON
THE LAST INVOICE? I KNOW
WHEN I HAVE TROUBLE WITH
FREELANCE CONTRACTORS,
I--



LOOK INTO
MY EYES, MR.
HOGARTH.

DO I LOOK
LIKE A MAN BESET
WITH **CONTRACTOR**
ISSUES?

NO...
NO, SIR...



HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL XAO!

WHAT IS IT,
MAGGOT?

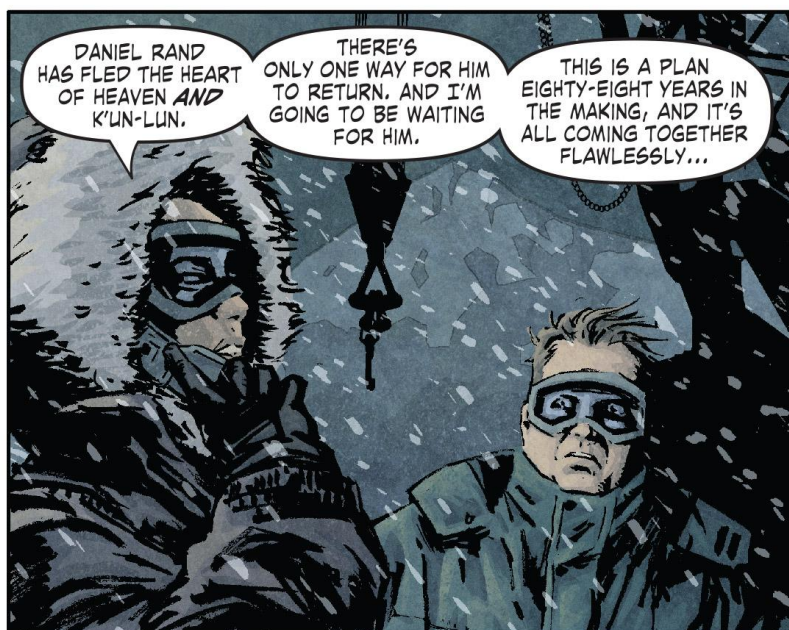
THIS SPY HAS A
REPORT, SIR--FROM
THE OUTWORLDER
VILLAGE...



TERROR
PRIESTS,
MASTER.

MANY.
FLOODING OUT
OF--WELL, YOU
KNOW.

OUT OF THE
HUT YOU PAY ME
TO **WATCH.**





Many years ago.

The fighting is uglier
than you can imagine--
forced to battle your
only friend **this time**.

Afraid to win **and**
afraid to lose.

But the thing you've
always done **best** when
you're afraid is **fight**.

KEE-YAAA!

Ten minutes into the match,
Davos lets a devastating
kick past his defenses.

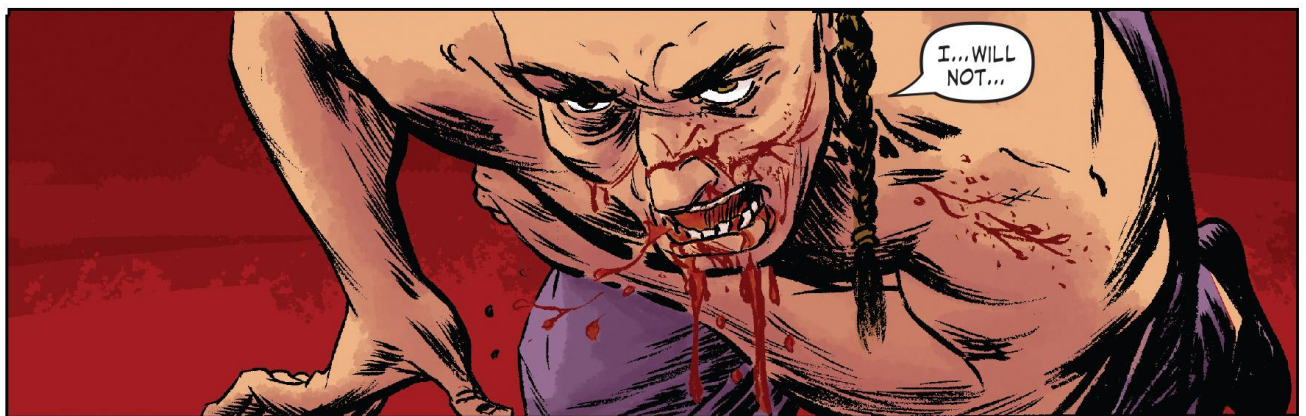
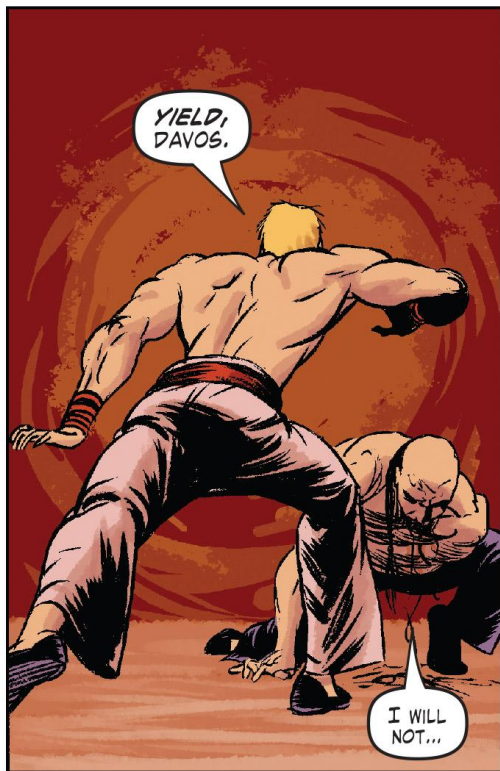
KRAKK

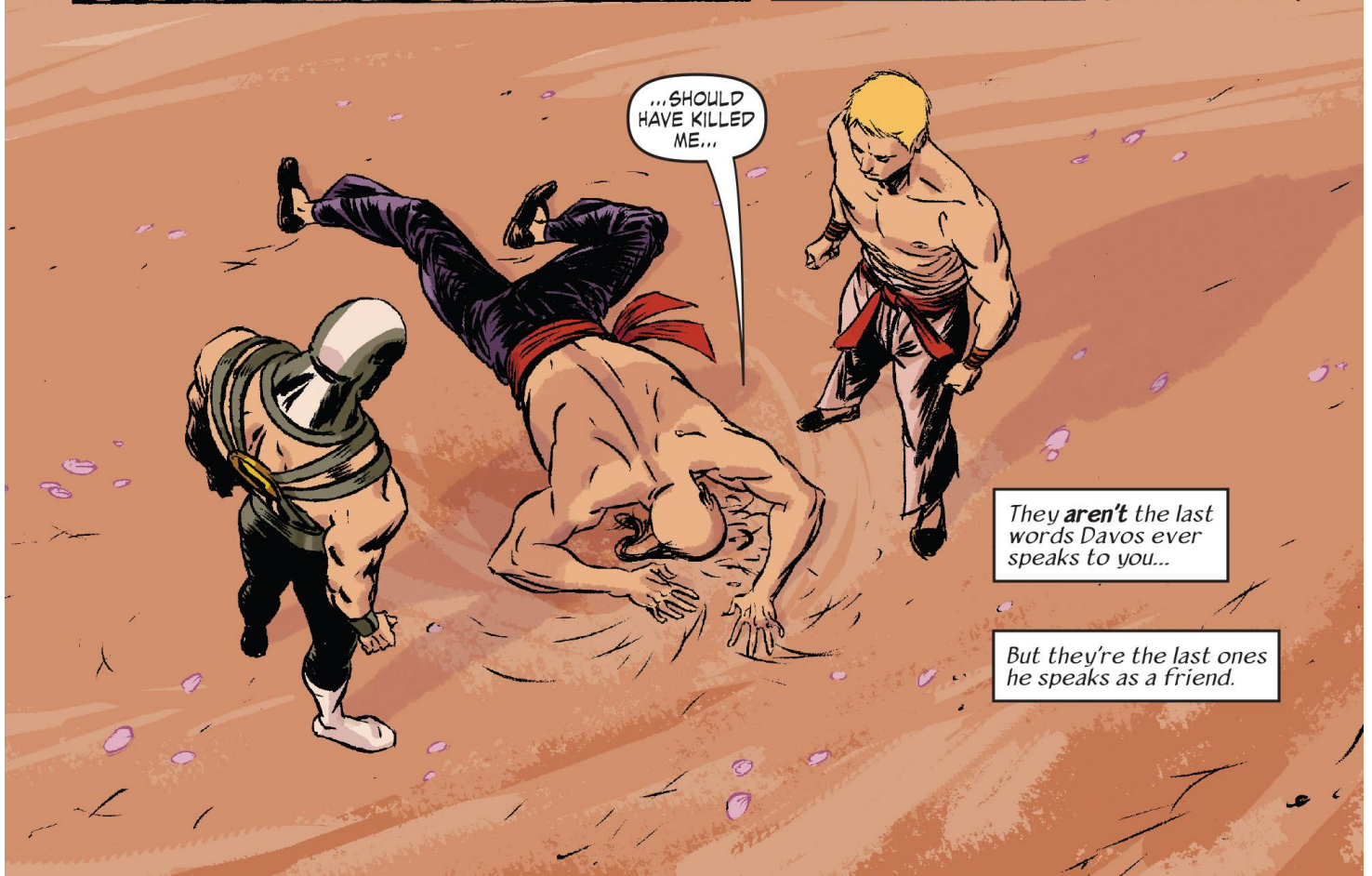
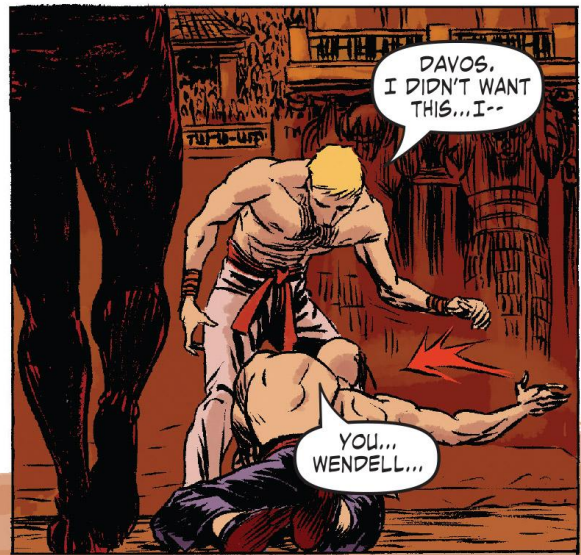
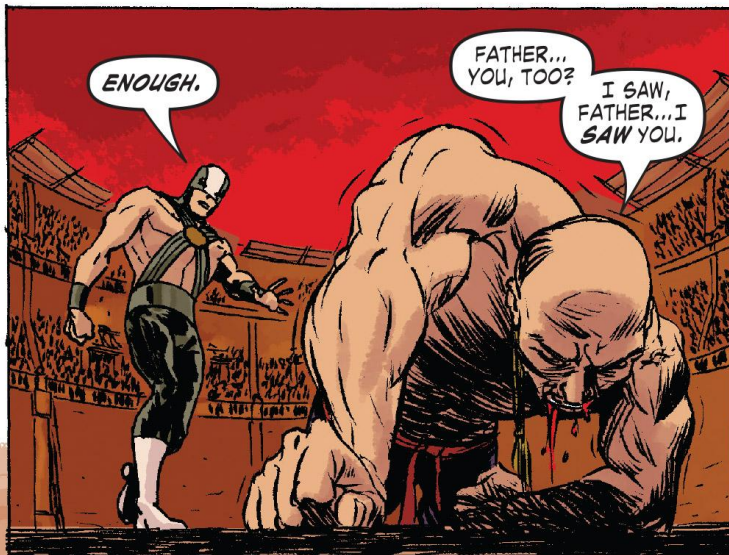
UKK--!

WHUDD

Any other day, you
would give your
friend just a
fraction of a
second to recover.

Any other day.



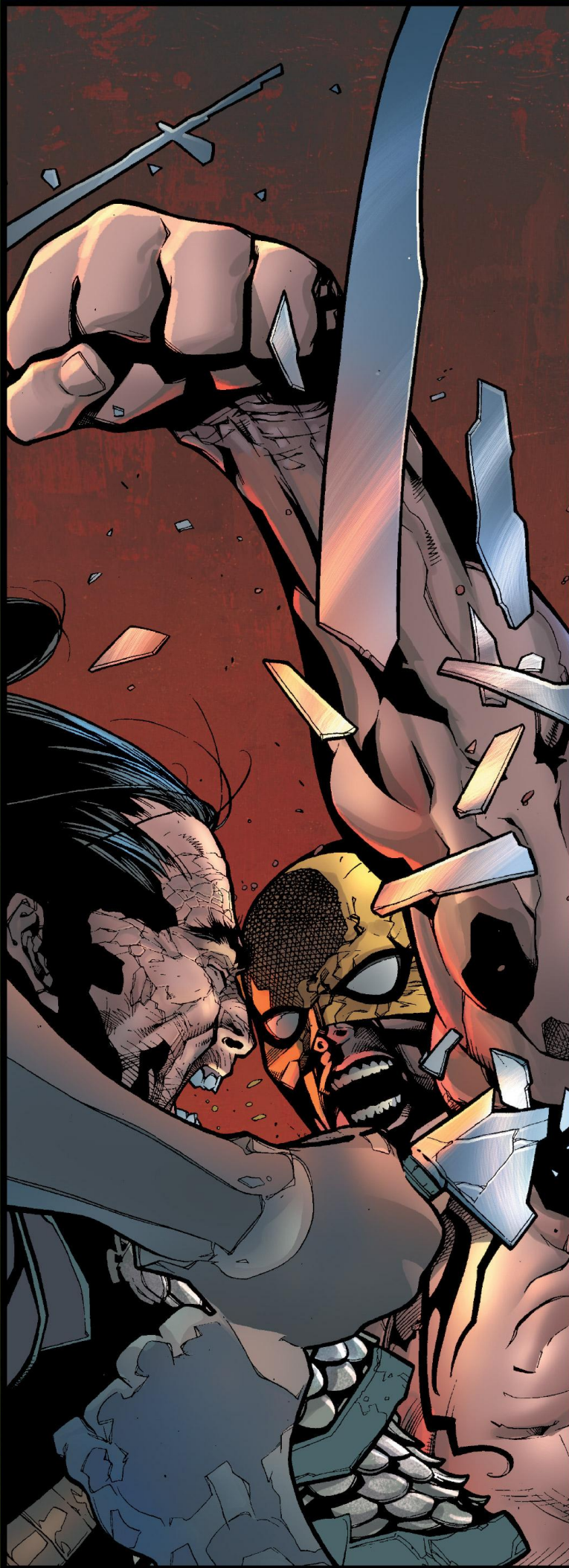


鐵拳 11

The 7 Capital Cities of Heaven



Round 4



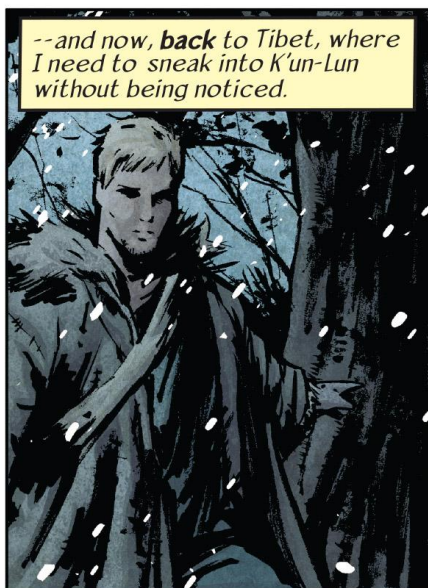


My name is Danny Rand.

I am **the Immortal Iron Fist**...and my frequent-flier miles have **commas**.

I've traveled from Tibet-- where a secret passage to my mystical homeland of K'un-Lun exists--

--to Paris--where the lost secrets of Orson Randall, the **last Iron Fist**, were hidden--



--and now, **back** to Tibet, where I need to sneak into K'un-Lun without being noticed.



It's been a lousy couple of days.

This little village hides the **Randall Gateway** back to K'un-Lun. All I have to do is sneak in and--

Dammit.



Hydra guy.

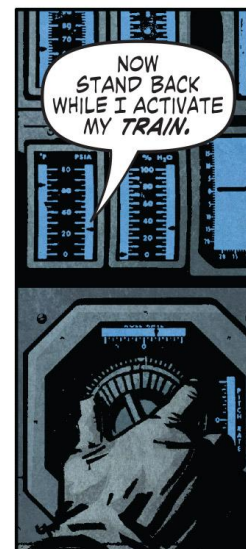
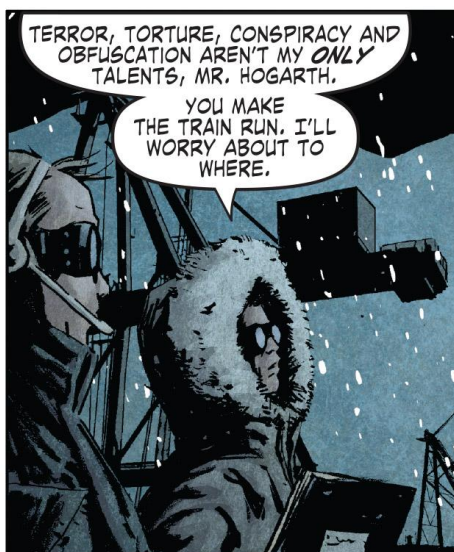
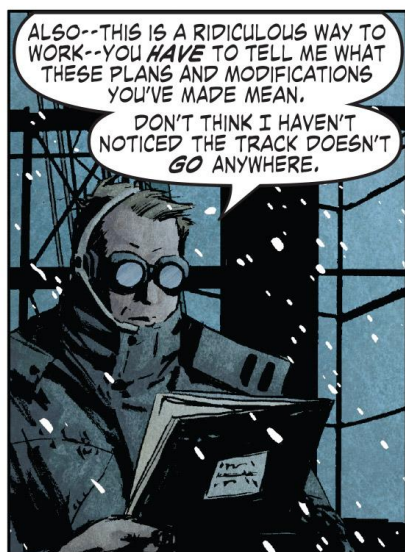
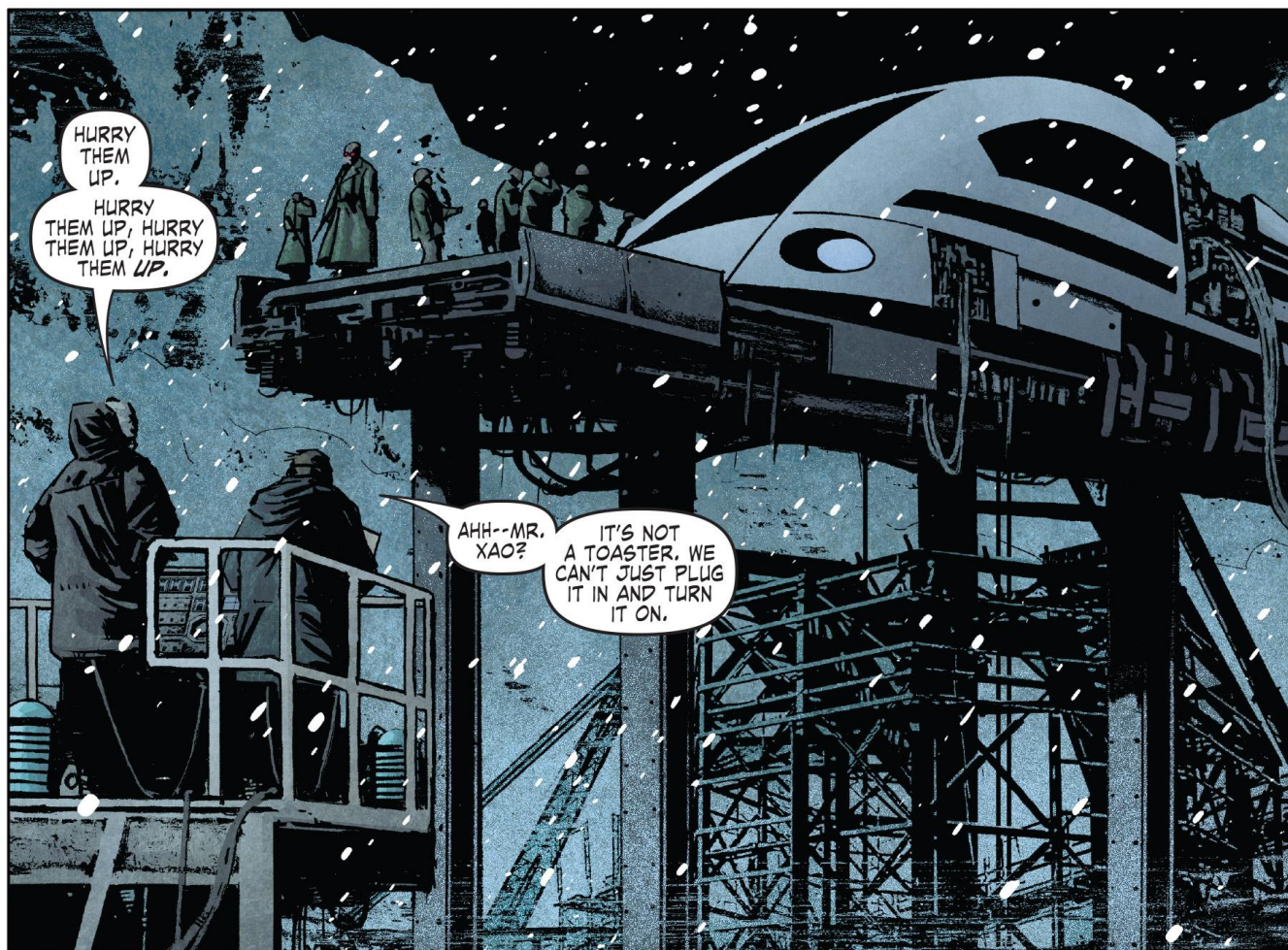
Hydra guy.

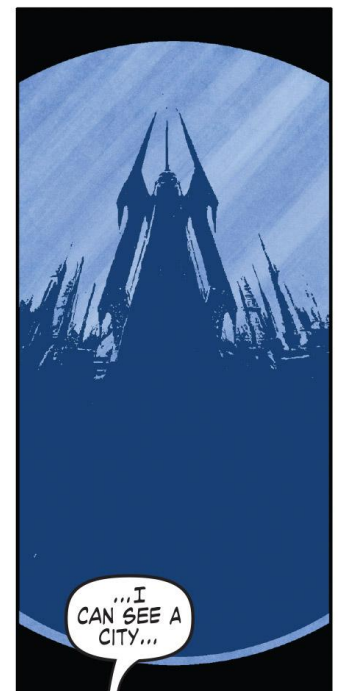
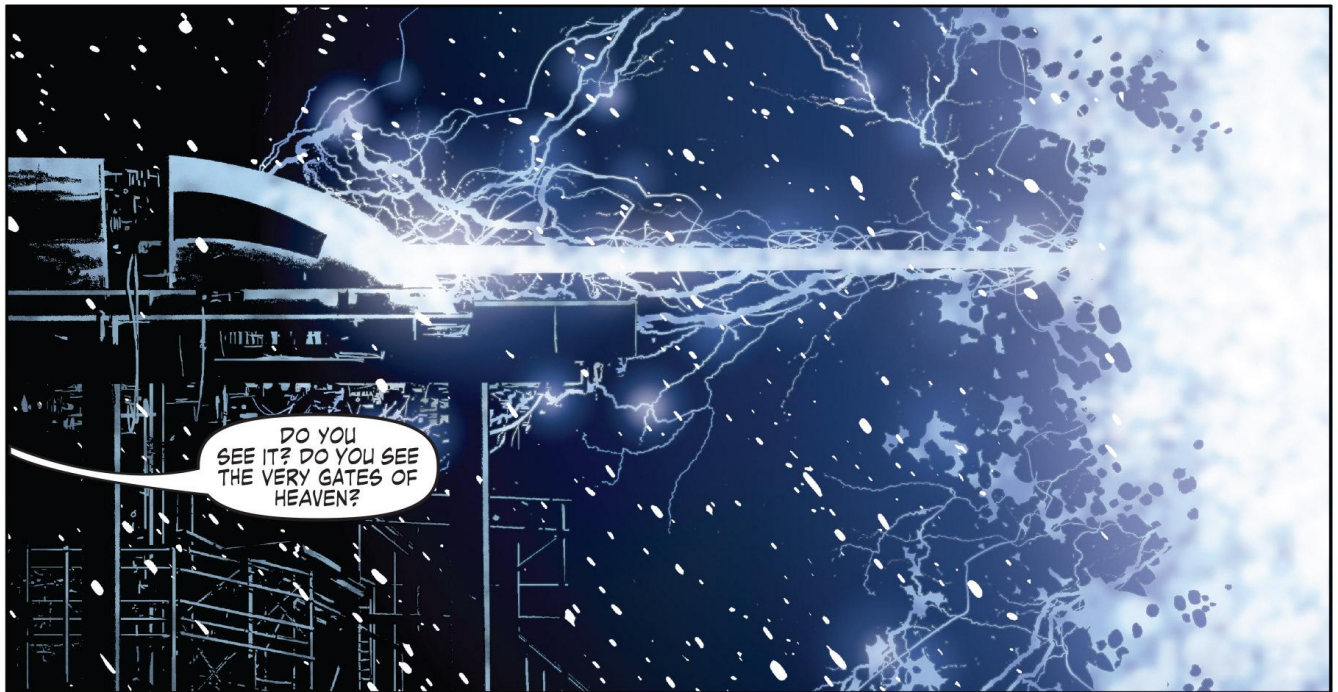
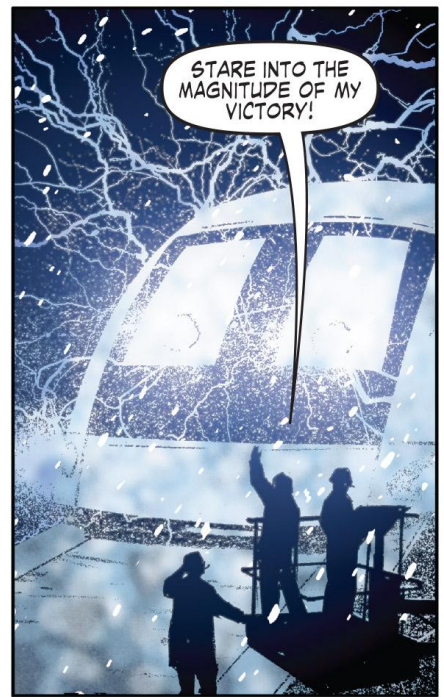
Old woman.

Hydra guy.



Hydra's taken the village-- and that means **Xao** has been busy...











K'un-Lun. Many years ago.

Violence
obsesses you.

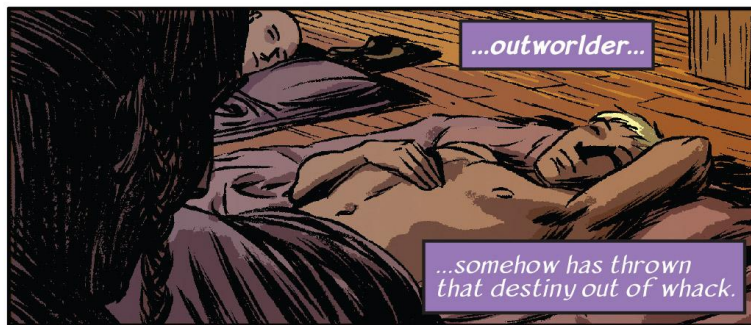
Revenge
vexes you.



You are **Davos**...and
destiny **haunts** you.

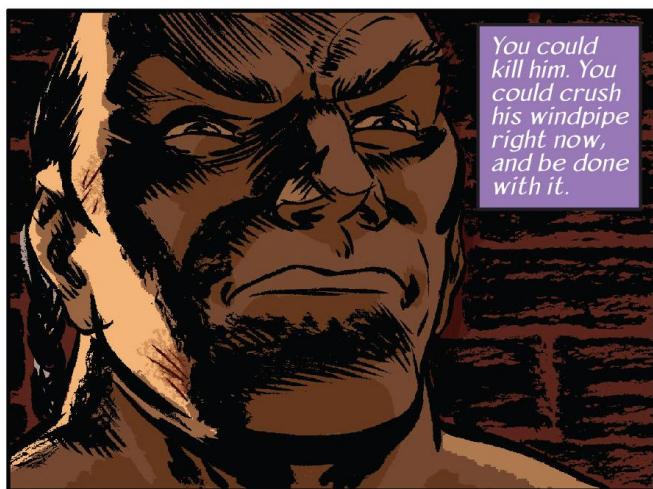


Only the
presence of this...



...outworlder...

...somehow has thrown
that destiny out of whack.



You could
kill him. You
could crush
his windpipe
right now,
and be done
with it.

But you
do not.

For the first
blessing of
power is
mercy.



And the second...
is **ambition**.



You know what
you have to **do**.



And finally, you know the truth...for you have seen it clearly, for the first time...

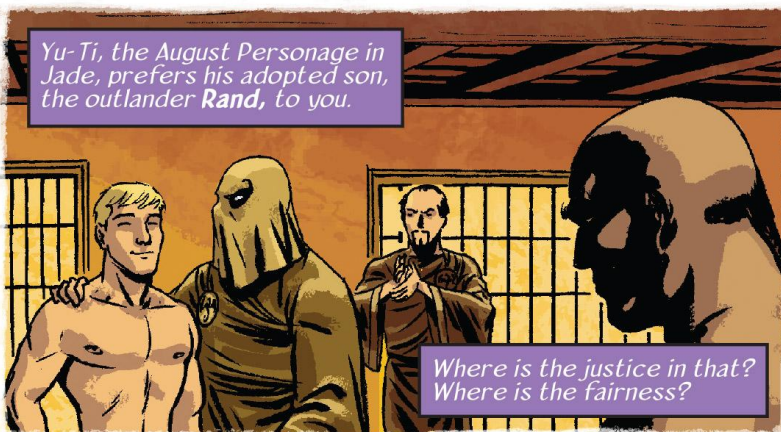


Your father, Lei Kung the Thunderer, never wanted you to claim your destiny.

He never **wanted** you to become the **Iron Fist**.



Yu-Ti, the August Personage in Jade, prefers his adopted son, the outlander **Rand**, to you.



Where is the justice in that?
Where is the fairness?

And the outworlder himself--that false friend, Wendell Rand.



He took your trust...and helped them all betray you.

There is only one cure for it now...



...**stealing** your destiny back from the ones who took it from you.

This is your way back.
This is your redemption.
And you are certain,
for you are **Davos**.



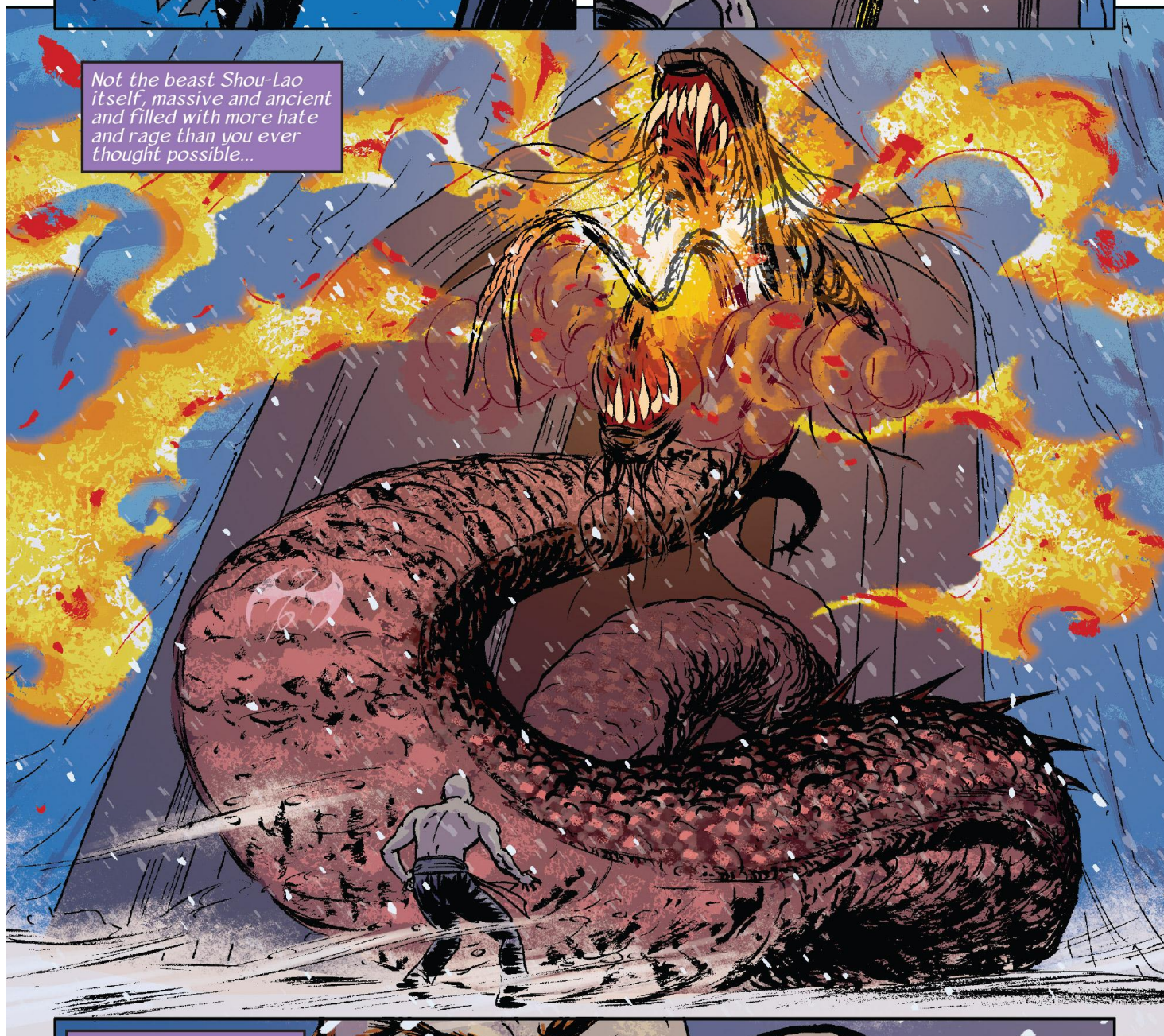


What comes next,
then, is unexpected.

HO,
ARCHAIC ONE!
I COME TO TAKE
THAT WHICH ONLY
I MAY OWN!



Not the fire, and
its unholy heat...



Not the beast Shou-Lao
itself, massive and ancient
and filled with more hate
and rage than you ever
thought possible...



It is **doubt** you feel.
Sudden and certain, you
realize, as the great
and ancient beast
slithers toward you...

As the heat of its fire
singes your skin, and the
dusky, dank reek of the
beast fills your nostrils...

You, Davos, feel **doubt**.
This is not a fight you
should be fighting...

K'un-Lun. Now.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, GATHERED NOBLEPERSONS OF THE SEVEN CAPITAL CITIES OF HEAVEN, IT IS, AS ALWAYS, AN HONOR TO BE AMONGST YOU THIS FINE DAY.

TONIGHT'S COMBAT SEES TIGER'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER VERSUS--

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FORGIVE ME, DAVOS--AS YOU HAVE A NEW SPONSOR, AND A NEW CITY, I AM UNSURE OF YOUR WARRIOR'S NAME.

I AM DAVOS!

I AM THE IMMORTAL WEAPON OF THE CITY OF K'UN-ZI!

I AM TO BE KNOWN AS--

STEEL PHOENIX!

DANIEL, SHOULD. BE. HERE.

He's right--where are you, Daniel?

LOOK AROUND YOU. FAT COBRA, DOG BROTHER #1, BRIDE OF NINE SPIDERS-- THEY'RE NOT HERE, EITHER.

NOW, PLEASE, MASTER--LET ME WATCH MY SON.

HE MAY CALL HIMSELF "PHOENIX" BUT HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A SERPENT...

AND ONE ALWAYS WORTHY OF STUDY.

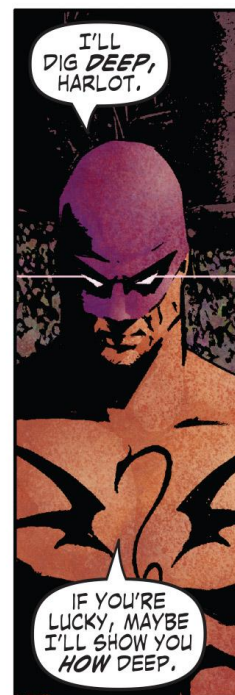


AND WHERE
ARE YOUR
HARLOTS,
LITTLE
BIRD?

WHERE ON EARTH WILL
YOU SUMMON YOUR
POWER?

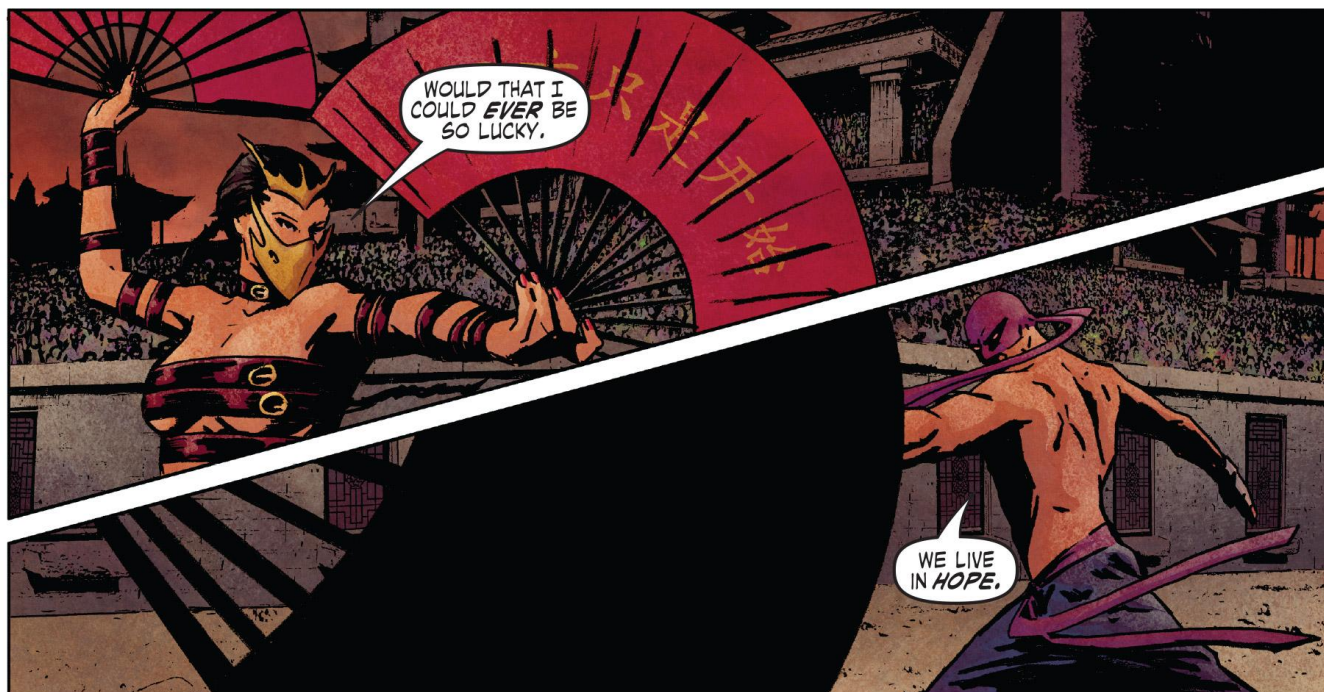


YESSSSSSSSSSSS



I'LL
DIG *DEEP*,
HARLOT.

IF YOU'RE
LUCKY, MAYBE
I'LL SHOW YOU
HOW DEEP.



WOULD THAT I
COULD *EVER* BE
SO LUCKY.

WE LIVE
IN *HOPE*



**WHIRLING
DEVIL
DERVISH**

FOOTHAMMER THUNDER STRIKE





You--Davos, the warrior--suddenly fight not for your destiny, not to right a cosmic wrong, but rather...

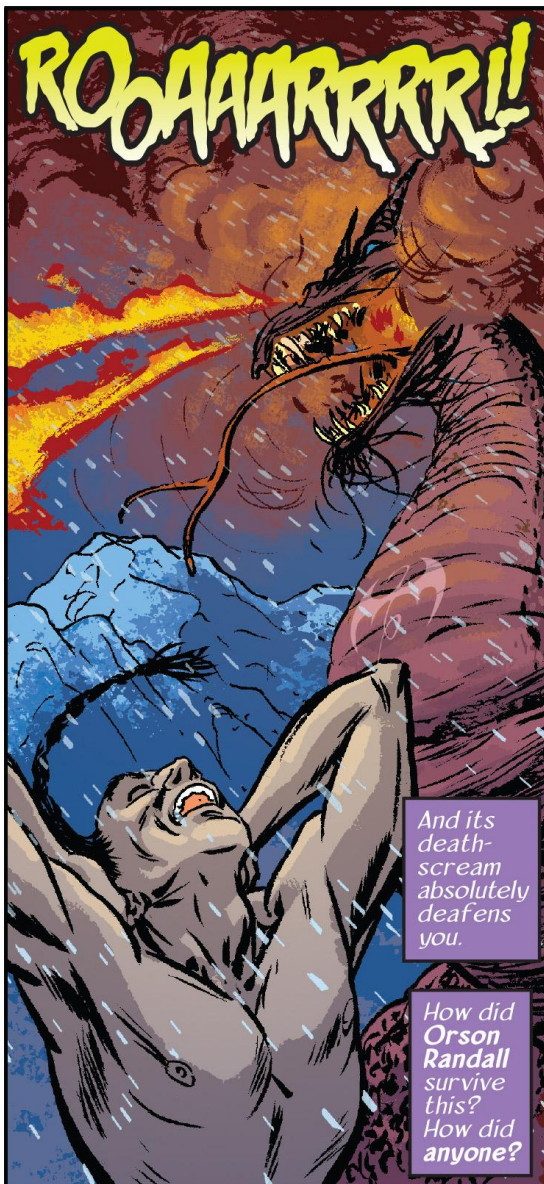


...you fight to save your own life.



The heat is **blistering**. Its eyes aglow, unholy.

Shou-Lao the Undying is a predator loosed upon the world of men to make sport of them...



ROOAAAARRRR!!

And its death-scream absolutely deafens you.

How did Orson Randall survive this? How did anyone?



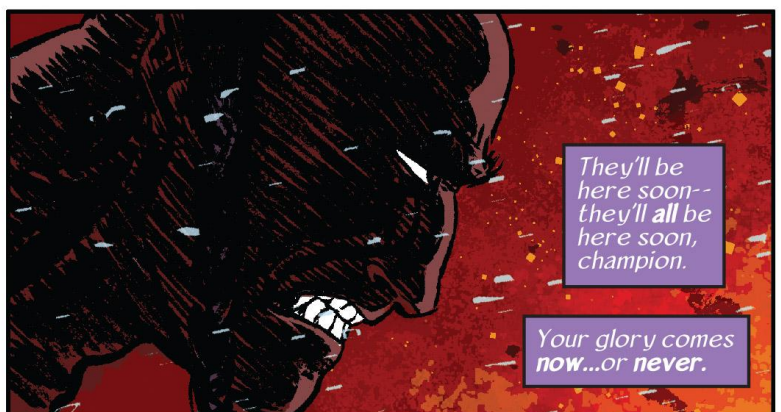
ROOAAAARRRR!!

DAVOS, DAMMIT.



MASTER--IT'S DAVOS--

I KNOW, OLD FRIEND. QUICKLY, NOW-- TO THE CAVE!



They'll be here soon-- they'll **all** be here soon, champion.

Your glory comes now...or never.

And so, Davos, you
dive at your glory
with both hands.

You attack your
destiny with every bit
of fight within you.



And yet, destiny still
chooses to fight **back**.

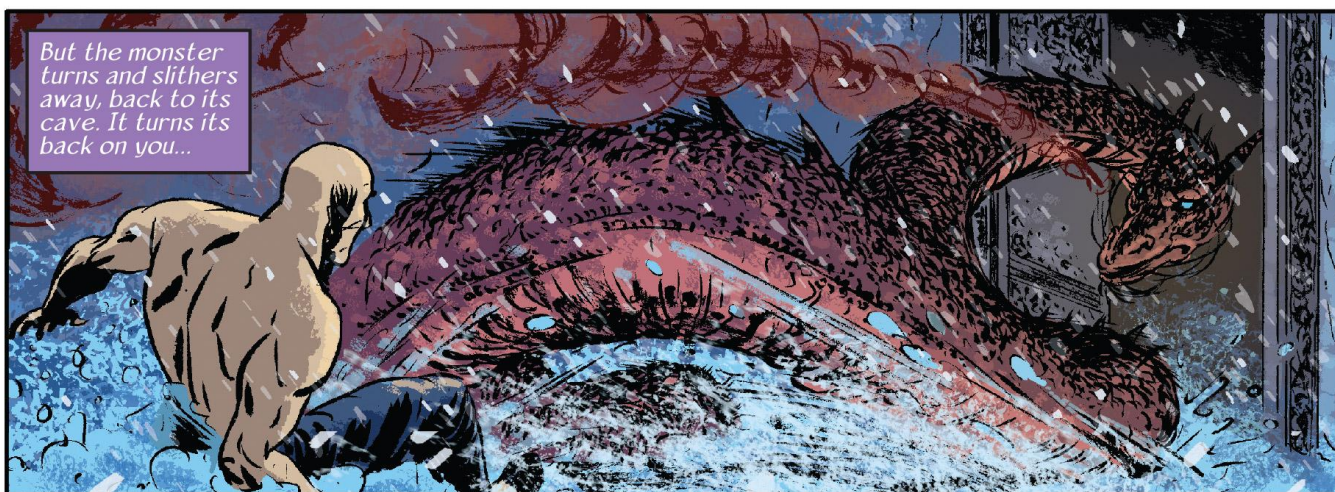


DO IT,
HELLSPAWN.

TAKE MY
LIFE AND BE
DONE WITH
YOUR INFERNAL
SCHEME!

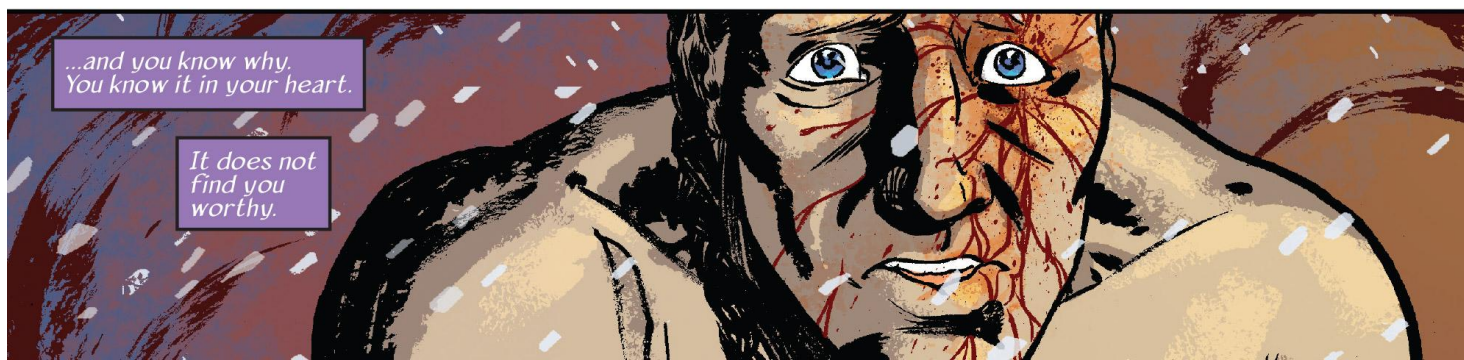


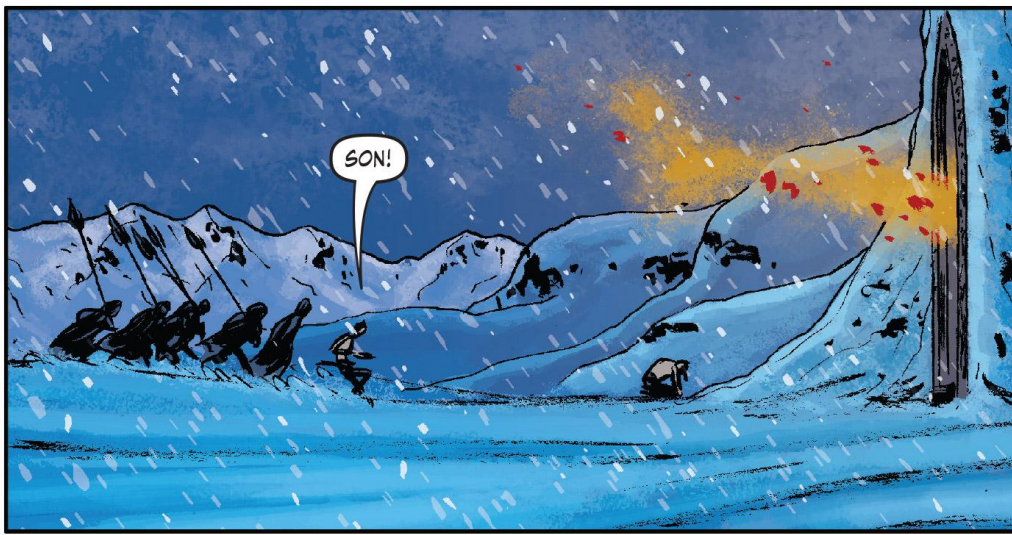
But the monster
turns and slithers
away, back to its
cave. It turns its
back on you...



...and you know why.
You know it in your heart.

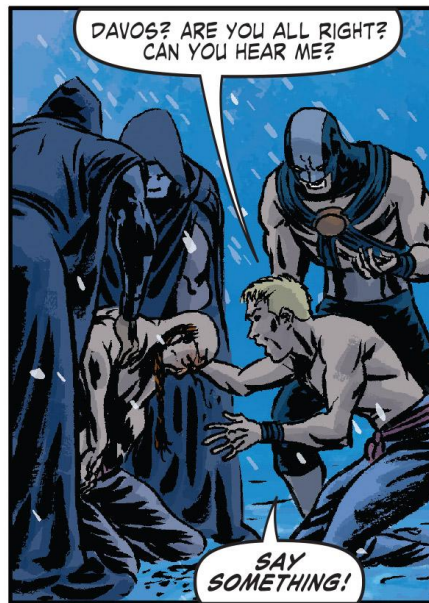
It does not
find you
worthy.





DAVOS!
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE,
MY BOY?

THIS
WAS NOT
MEANT FOR
YOU!



SAY
SOMETHING!



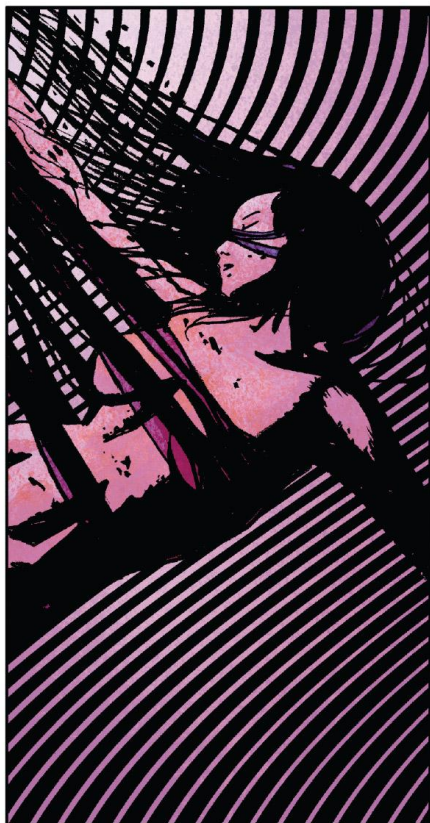
They will be
the **last** tears
you ever **shed**.

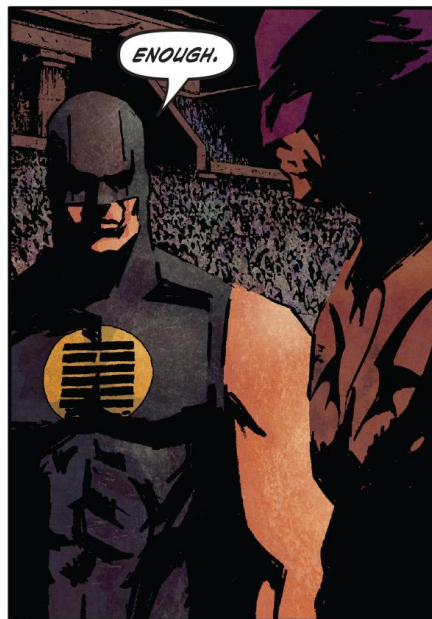


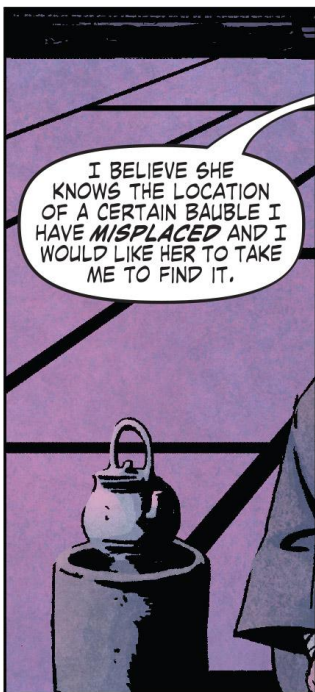
For today is the
day you realize...

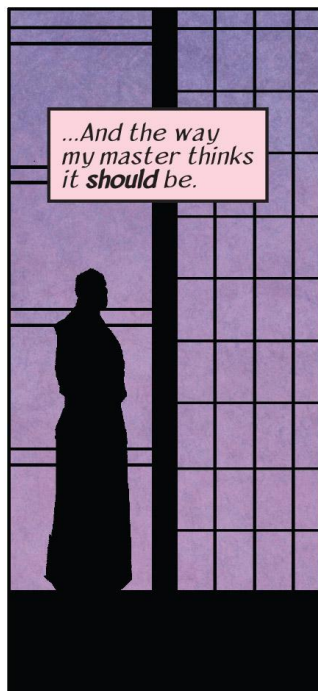
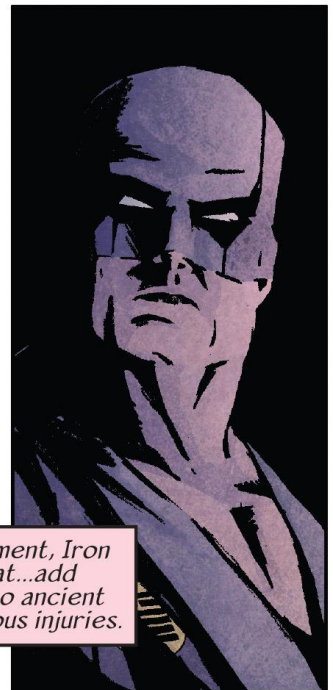
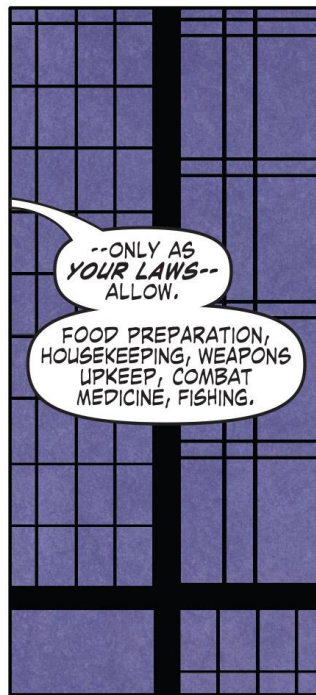
...that when a
warrior fights for
his fate...he must
be as willing to **kill**
as he is to **die**. And
today, Davos, you...

...have become
a **killer**.















My "plan." More like a **Hail Mary.**

A prayer that stretches across two worlds...



Each with its share of madmen...



Each with their plans for wanton **destruction.**



The first step is gathering all the actors on stage...

THUNDERER.
AUGUST PERSONAGE
IN JADE.

GOOD
MORNING.



DANIEL RAND!

IRON FIST--
WHERE HAVE--
WE WERE--

WHERE
HAVE YOU
BEEN?



HEALING.
MEDITATING.
YOU KNOW HOW
IT IS.

WHY,
MASTER?

WHAT
HAVE **YOU** BEEN
UP TO?

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The 7 Capital
Cities
of Heaven

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Round 5



K'un-Lun. Many years ago.

Your name is Wendell Rand, and you've been awake since **before dawn**, meditating as the scriptures dictate.

You meditate on the task at hand and the day ahead, trying desperately to silence the voices in your head.

Like some kind of dandy or courtesan, you are attended to and dressed.

Not a stitch is out of place; this, too, is prescribed by the scriptures.

And still the voices--the **voice**--continues.

No one understands the ridiculousness of this absurd pageantry better than **you**, Wendell Rand.

You, orphan.
You, adventurer.

You, **outworlder**.

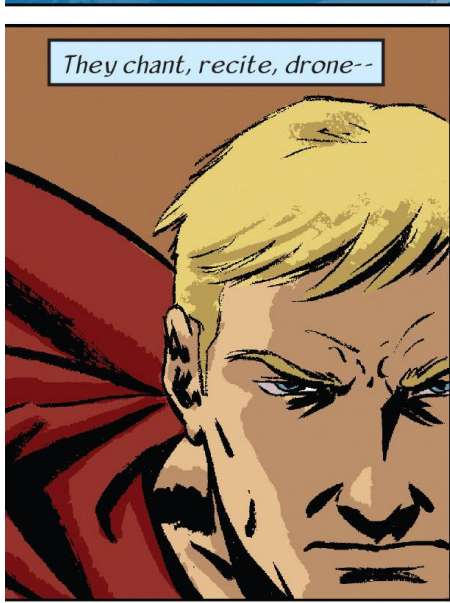
Your life is not one of ceremony and tradition. And yet...

These men who have taken you in...

Tu-An, august and venerated; his son and heir, Nu-An...

Your teacher, Lei Kung, the Thunderer...

Are they nothing if not made of history and ritual? Are their laws **not** immutable?



They chant, recite, drone--



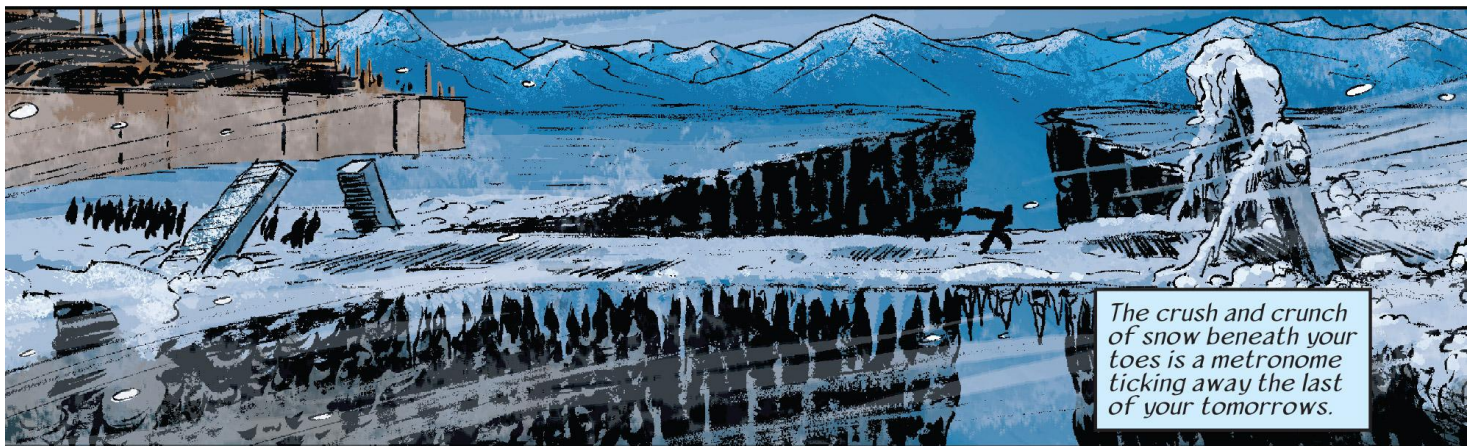
All of it an arcane preamble to your **destiny**, ever nearer now.



You cannot actually **feel** the cold you try to block out.



You're too scared now to feel **anything**.



The crush and crunch of snow beneath your toes is a metronome ticking away the last of your tomorrows.



And then you feel the earth rumble beneath your feet.

(The voice doesn't stop, even now.)

You have run around the world and back, Wendell Rand, pursuing nothing else but this moment.



This should be your moment of absolute triumph.



But rather than stand before it like a conqueror, you are haunted by voices--

--by a voice, very specific now--



--that you have struggled to smother and strike from your memory.

K'UN-LUN
WILL KILL YOU. YOU CAN
NEVER BE THE IMMORTAL
IRON FIST. IF YOU TRY,
YOU WILL **DIE.**



And was Orson Randall right?



Why are you hesitating? Destiny awaits.

K'un-Lun. Now.

NU-AN WAS **ALWAYS** CORRUPT. THE PLEASURES OF THE WORLD OF MEN HAVE LONG INTOXICATED HIM, EVEN BEFORE HIS FATHER DIED.

EVEN BEFORE **PHINEAS RANDALL** SHATTERED THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER THAT SEPARATES EARTH FROM K'UN-LUN.

THUS AS NU-AN BECAME THE NEW YU-TI, OUR MONARCH BECAME A TYRANT.

OF COURSE, THE PREVIOUS YU-TI THOUGHT "THE MACHINE" AN ABOMINATION. BUT HIS SON...

...WANTED IT MADE AND OPERATED IN **SECRET** AND HE PAID RANDALL TO DO IT.

THE ROOT OF MY FAMILY'S FORTUNE WAS THE **RANDALL FORTUNE**. AND THAT CAME FROM K'UN-LUN.

INDEED. RANDALL LEFT HIS OWN SON BEHIND. **GENIUS** OFTEN HIDES A **BASTARD'S DISPOSITION**.

A SCHISM HAS LONG BEEN COMING, DIVIDING K'UN-LUN BETWEEN THE WAY THINGS **ARE...** AND THE WAY THINGS **COULD** BE.

WE ARE A PARADISE FILLED WITH HALF-CITIZENS AND LAWS THAT PUT OUR TYRANT RULER ABOVE ALL.

NO MORE.

YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT **REVOLUTION**, MASTER. YOU'D NEED AN **ARMY**.

HNN. QUITE.



IRON FIST--
THIS IS THE ARMY OF
THUNDER.



HO-LEEE...
CRAP.

HAVE YOU BEEN
TEACHING KUNG-FU
TO *ALL* THE WOMEN
IN K'UN-LUN?



ALMOST
ALL.

MY
FATHER
TAUGHT MY
MOTHER, WHO
TAUGHT ME.
AND I--



--ENLIGHTENED
ME.

EVERY *MAN* HAS BEEN RAISED, TRAINED,
AND PREPARED TO FIGHT AND DIE AT
YU-TI'S BEHEST, FROM THE GRANDEST
FIGHTER TO THE LOWLIEST
FISHERMAN.

THOSE ARE
THE ODDS THIS
REVOLUTION
FACES.





The Heart of Heaven:

AND SO, MOST HONORED IMMORTAL WEAPONS, WITH THE FIRST ROUND OF COMBAT COMPLETED, WE NOW TURN TO THE FIRST MATCH OF ROUND TWO.

WHERE THE FIRST AND FOREMOST OF US ALL, THE PRINCE OF ORPHANS, FIGHTS THE FIRST VICTOR, FAT COB--

WAIT.



AH...YES?

YES SIR? DID I SPEAK INCORRECTLY? HAVE I OFFENDED YOU, SOMEHOW?



NO, DOG BROTHER #1, YOU SPEAK WITH THE VERVE AND BRIO OF A NATURAL BORN BARKER.

BUT IF IT WOULD PLEASE THE ASSEMBLED... AND MY HONORED OPPONENT...



I WOULD LIKE TO PROPOSE A RATHER UNORTHODOX SHIFTING OF THE FIGHT SEQUENCING.

SEEING THE LAST ROUND OF COMBAT...



...SEEING THE FIRE AND VIOLENCE THAT WERE UNLEASHED...



...MADE ME EAGER TO FACE IT MYSELF.

I WISH NOT TO COMBAT FAT COBRA--NO OFFENSE TO YOU, FINE SIR--BUT RATHER DAVOS.



STEEL PHOENIX.

AND OF COURSE, I ACCEPT.



VERY WELL,
THEN! A SPECIAL
SURPRISE!

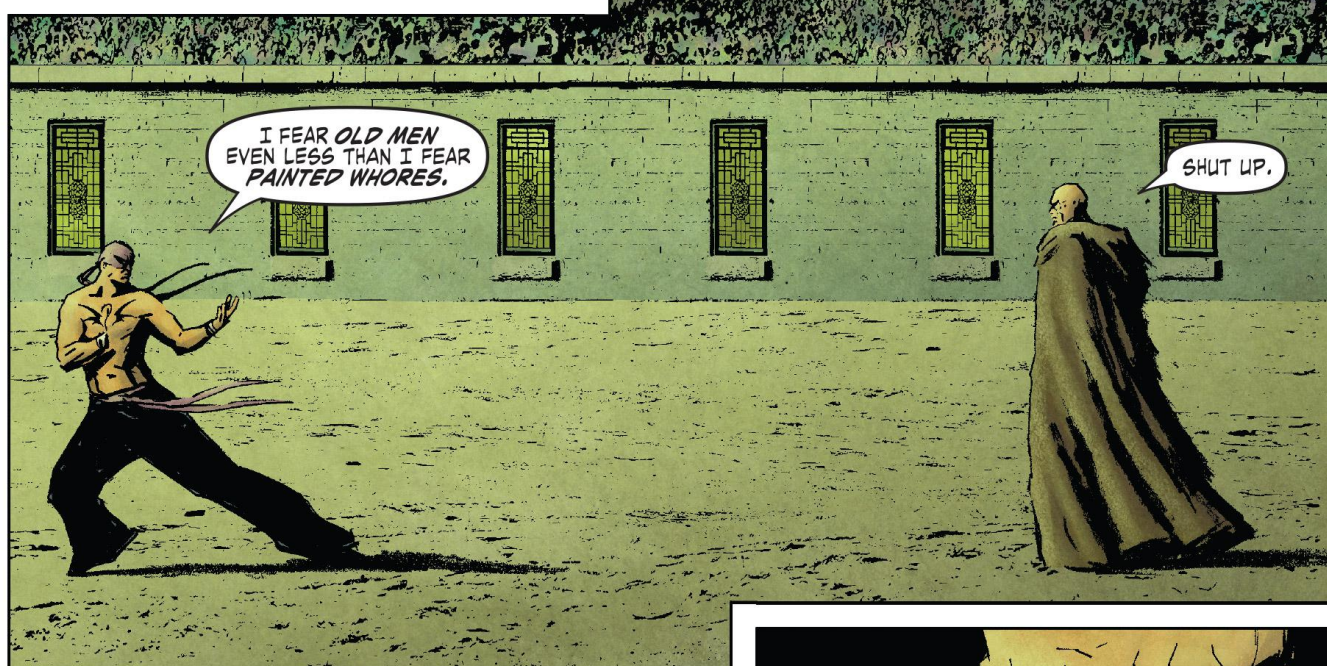
THE
PRINCE OF ORPHANS
AGAINST--**STEEL**
PHOENIX!

BRING ME
MY WENCHES OF
WAITING!



DON'T THINK
THAT BECAUSE YOU ARE A
VENERATED **ELDER** I WILL
SHOW YOU MERCIES THAT
ESCAPED **TIGER'S** BEAUTIFUL
DAUGHTER.

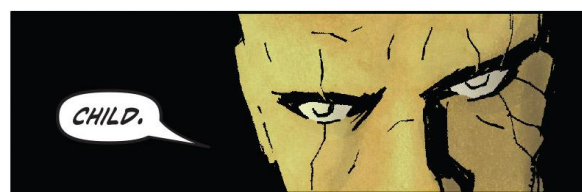
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I FEAR **OLD MEN**
EVEN LESS THAN I FEAR
PAINTED WHORES.

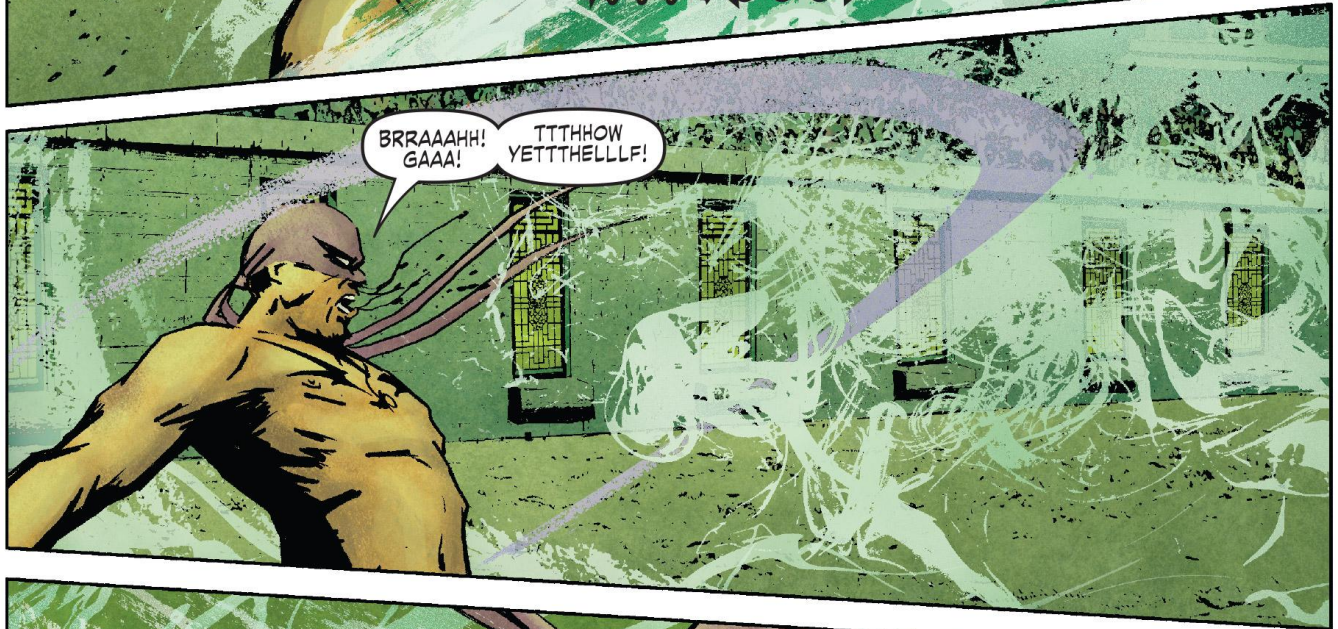
SHUT UP.

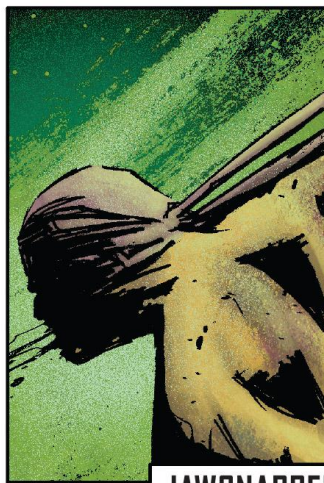
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CHILD.







JAWSNAPPER IN TWILIGHT





HE **YIELDS**.
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS, SO
HE CAN'T SAY IT, BUT
HE **YIELDS**.

AND LET
THIS BE A LESSON
TO YOU ALL.



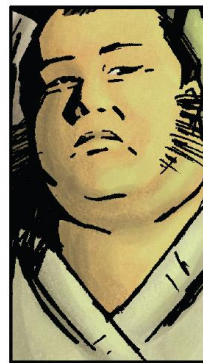
THIS IS A
TOURNAMENT BOTH
ANCIENT AND HONORABLE,
WITH TRADITIONS AND
RULES FOR ALL OF ITS
COMBATANTS.

IT IS
NOT A MURDER
CARNIVAL.



THE TRAGIC
EVENTS OF THE **LAST**
TOURNAMENT SEEM TO
HAVE CLOUDED THE
PURPOSE OF THE THING
IN YOUR **MINDS**.

IF ONE MORE
UNNECESSARY DROP OF
BLOOD IS SPILLED, YOU
WILL **ALL** PAY THE PRICE.
WE ARE **WARRIORS**,
NOT KILLERS.



JE JE JE JE JE.



The Evening Festival:

WHY
SHOULDN'T
HE BE DINING
WITH US?





FRIENDS
DON'T LET FRIENDS
TAKE ON THE WHOLE OF
HYDRA *SOLO*.

#&@#&@'N
DANNY!



COME ON,
LUKE...WE'VE GOTTEN
OUT OF TOUGHER
SCRAPES.



YEAH,
COLLEEN, I KNOW
WE'VE GOTTEN OUT
OF TOUGHER--

--JUST NOT
ANY *COLDER*. I CAN'T
FEEL MY DAMN TOES
ANYMORE.



HOW MANY MORE
OF THESE GUYS CAN
THERE *BE*? WE'VE GOTTA
ALMOST BE THROUGH
THEM, RIGHT?

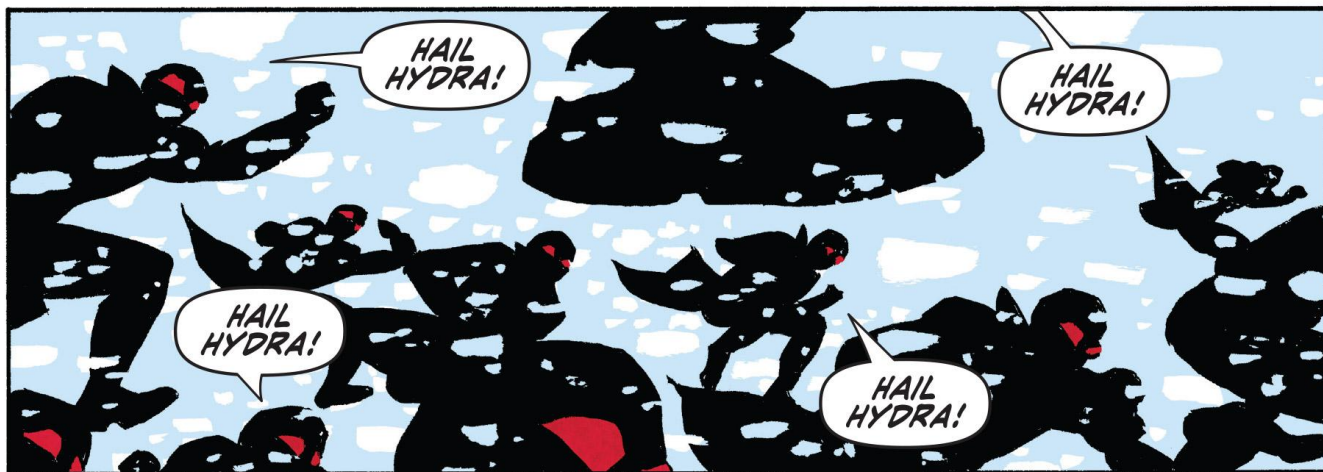
I MEAN,
HOW MUCH WORSE
CAN THIS GET?



MISTY...



...SHUT UP.



"YOU CAN OVERCOME
ANYTHING IF YOU
THROW BIG ENOUGH
NUMBERS AT IT.

"WITH A MIND TO
SACRIFICE, YOU
CAN OVERCOME
ANYTHING AT ALL.



"HAVING THE WILL
TO SACRIFICE
ENOUGH TIME...



"ENOUGH
MONEY..."



"OR ENOUGH
MANPOWER..."



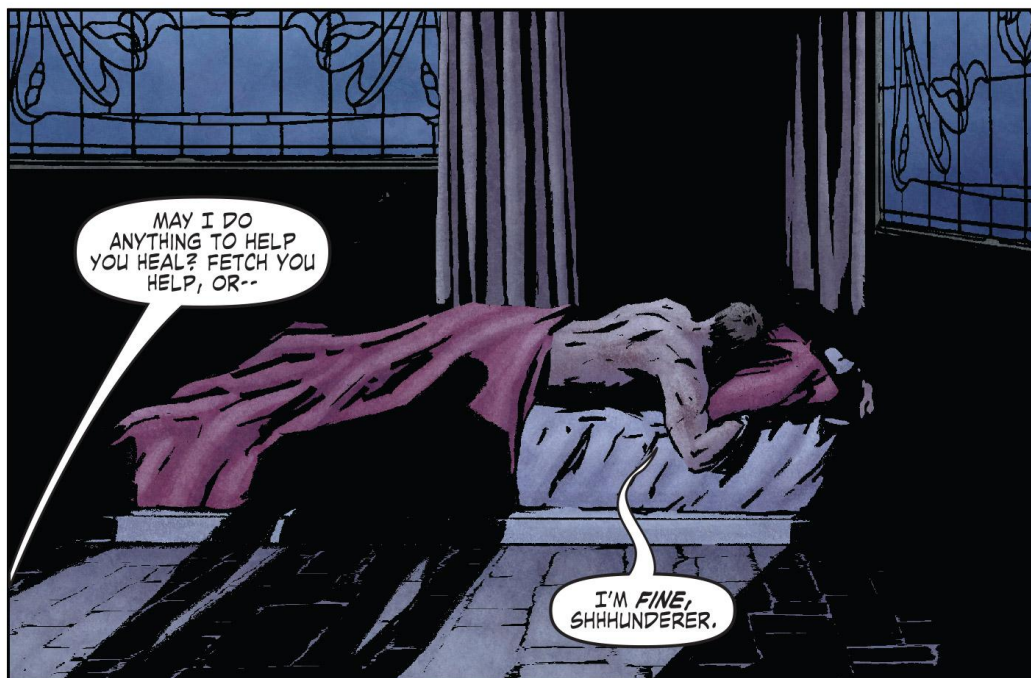
...YOU CAN
ACCOMPLISH
WHATEVER
YOU **WISH**.

PLEASE,
MR. CAGE, MS. WING,
MS. KNIGHT, FORGIVE THE
RIDICULOUSNESS OF YOUR
RESTRAINTS, BUT AS YOU'RE
ALL SO VERY **TALENTED**
WITH YOUR ARMS, I'VE
DECIDED TO REMOVE
YOUR ABILITY TO
USE THEM.

I'D OFFER
YOU **COCOA**
OTHERWISE.

MY NAME
IS MR. XAO AND
YOU ARE MY
PRISONERS.





And what did you do, Wendell Rand, when you turned away from destiny?

DAVOS...

...I COULDN'T DO IT, DAVOS.

I GOT TO THE DOORS OF THE CAVE...

I COULD FEEL HIM...FEEL HIM *MOVE* BENEATH MY FEET.

BUT ALL I COULD HEAR WERE MY OLD MENTOR'S WORDS...

...AND ALL I COULD SEE WAS WHAT THE DRAGON HAD DONE TO YOU, DAVOS...

You went looking for your *friend*.

THE IRON FIST... IT'S A *POISON*, DAVOS...

...SO, I TURNED AWAY...

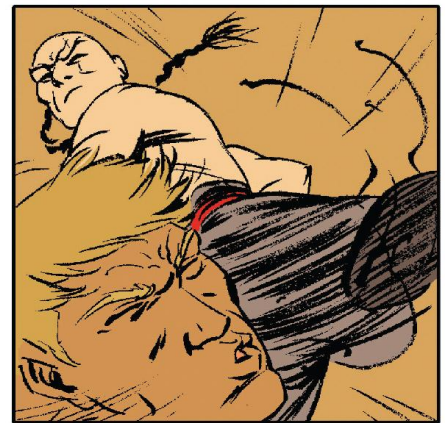
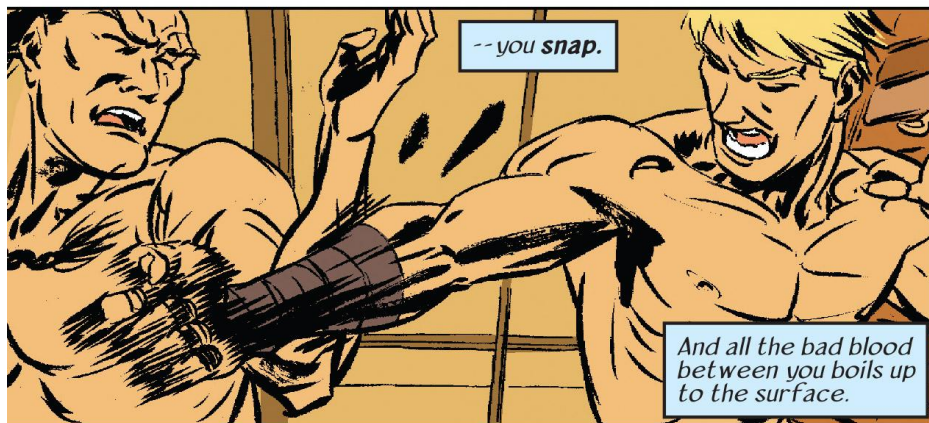
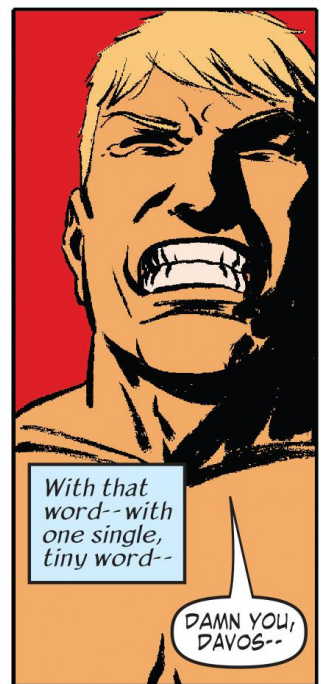
DAVOS?

SAY SOMETHING.

YOU--

--YOU RAN?!

HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HA!



Hate that will eat you alive.

KILL YOU, I'LL--

IT SHOULD'VE BEEN ME--

IT SHOULD'VE--

GRRRRAAA--

==WWWLUFF==

YOU--YOU HAVEN'T EARNED ANY OF THIS.

YOU BREEZE INTO MY WORLD AND JUST--YOU JUST TAKE AND TAKE THESE THINGS, THESE THINGS YOU HAVE NOT EARNED OR WORKED FOR--

Hate that has already destroyed one of you.

This is *not* the life you want.

You know that now.

DON'T YOU DARE--

--DON'T YOU DARE TURN YOUR BACK AND RUN--

--COME BACK AND FIGHT!

NO.

And with that one simple word, Wendell Rand...

...you are free.

On this night, as K'un-Lun makes its once-a-decade intersection with Earth, you decide to be free.



WHEN
YOU'RE FREE,
I WONDER--
--WHAT WILL
YOU *DO*?



...
ANYTHING
I LIKE,
IRON FIST.
I SUPPOSE
THAT'S WHAT
THEY MEAN BY
FREEDOM.

YOU FOUND
MY FATHER'S *LIFE
STORY*, YES? YOU
FOUND HIS
BIOGRAPHER?



I DID.
AND YOU
READ IT?
SOME
OF IT.
IT'S AN
ENTIRE *LIBRARY*
DEDICATED TO HIS
EXPLOITS, ORSON
LED A...



ORSON
LED A VERY
RICH LIFE,
BUT I READ
ENOUGH.
YOU
PREPARED
FOR THE BATTLE
ROYALE, THOUGH,
RIGHT?
YOU
*STUDIED YOUR
FOES*. IT'S VERY
IMPORTANT
THAT YOU--



I DID.

I EVEN
STUDIED MY
FRIENDS.



I AM
NOT SURE I
FOLLOW.







DANIEL RAND.



I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D COME.

I THOUGHT MAYBE MY LITTLE STUNT AT THE FEAST SCARED YOU AWAY.

YOU DON'T KNOW THOSE PEOPLE. YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU CAN TRUST.

BUT HOW DID YOU *KNOW* TO TRUST ME... ?



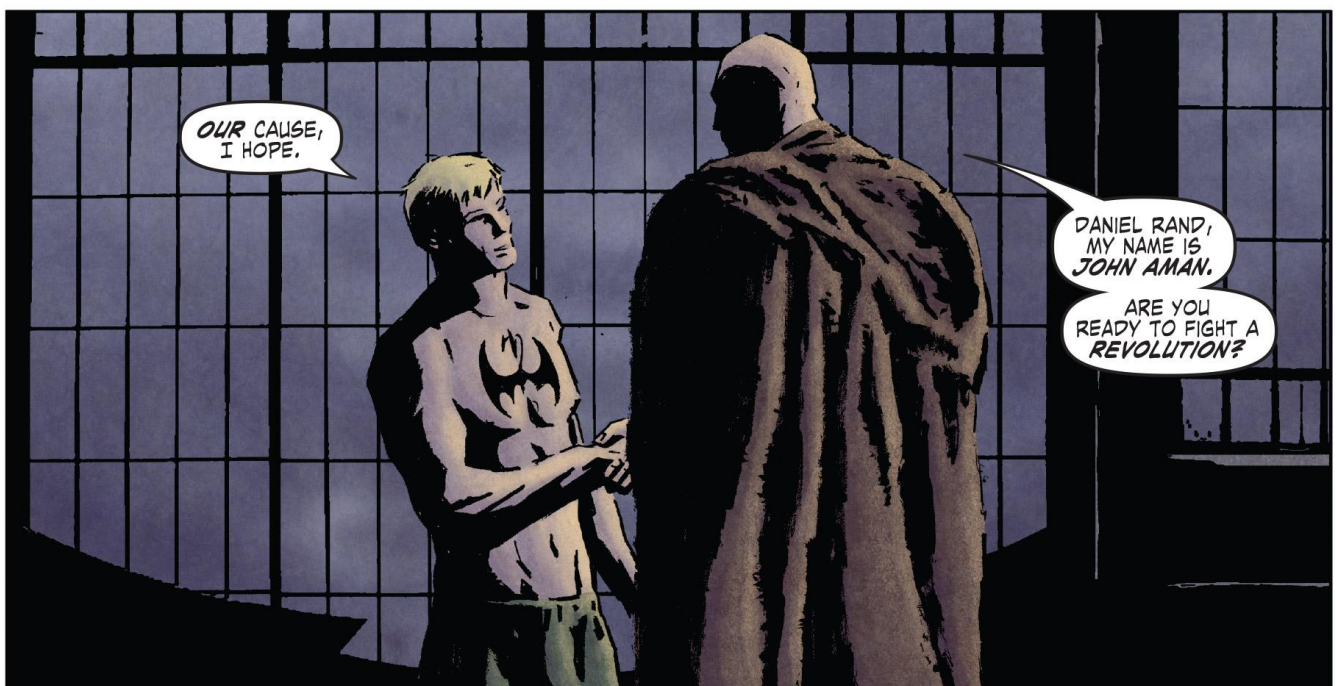
I'VE BEEN READING ABOUT THE *LIFE AND TIMES OF ORSON RANDALL.*

YOU POP UP FROM TIME TO TIME.



IT WAS *HE* WHO TOLD ME TO COME TO YOU BEARING THE MARK OF THE *THUNDERER.*

THAT IT WOULD ANNOUNCE MY ALLEGIANCE TO YOUR CAUSE.



OUR CAUSE, I HOPE.

DANIEL RAND, MY NAME IS JOHN AMAN.

ARE YOU READY TO FIGHT A *REVOLUTION?*

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The 7 Capital
Cities
of Heaven

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Round 6



K'un-Lun. Many years ago.

YOU RUN, WENDELL RAND. YOU TRY TO OUTFIT YOUR DREAMS. FOR YOU HAVE DISCOVERED...IF YOU KEEP DREAMING THEM, THEY WILL KILL YOU.

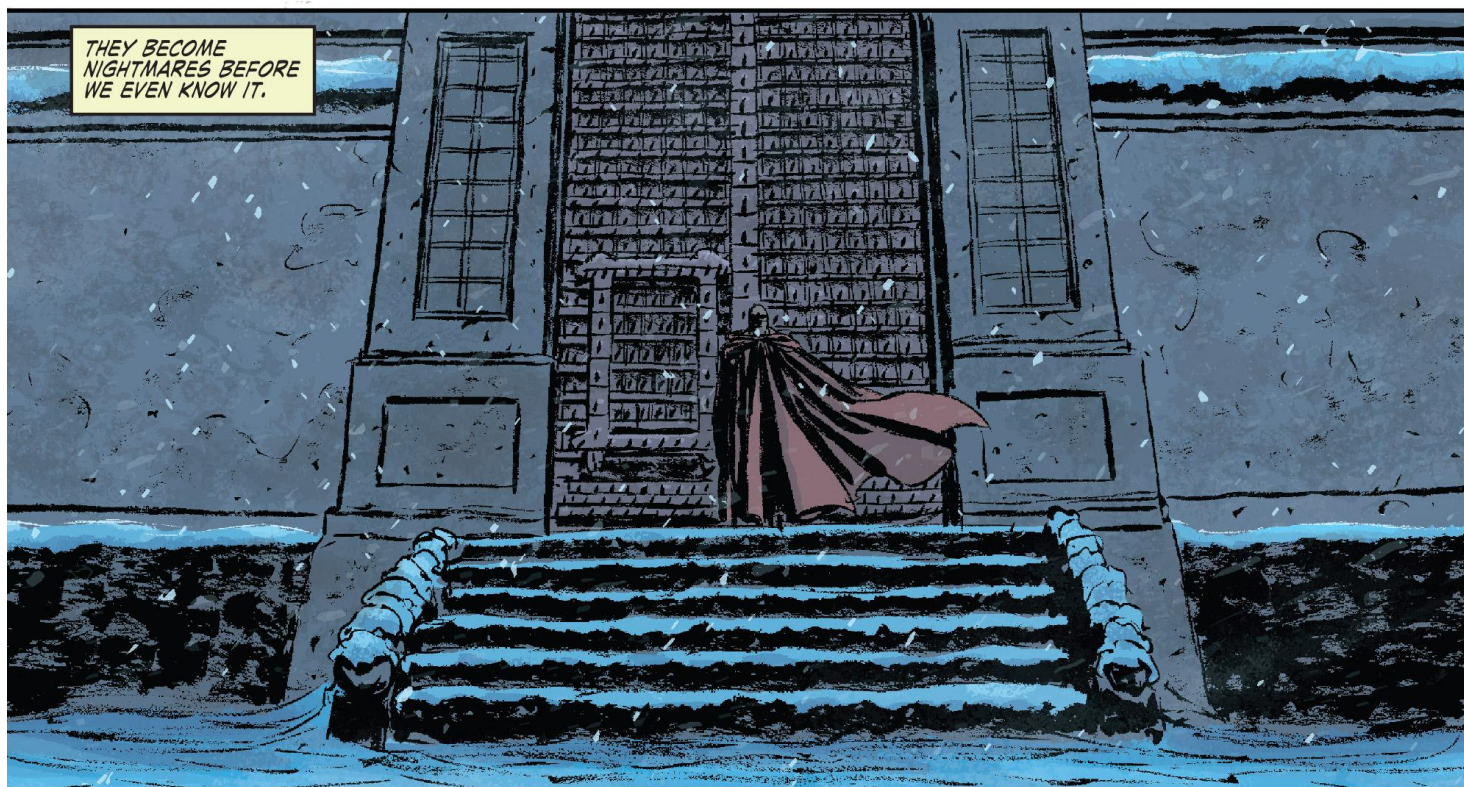


WHEN DID THOSE DREAMS BECOME SOMETHING DANGEROUS?

WHO SAID THAT DREAMS MUST BE FIXED AND PERMANENT? THEY'RE DREAMS. THEY CHANGE.



THEY BECOME NIGHTMARES BEFORE WE EVEN KNOW IT.



WENDELL RAND-KAI!

HALT!





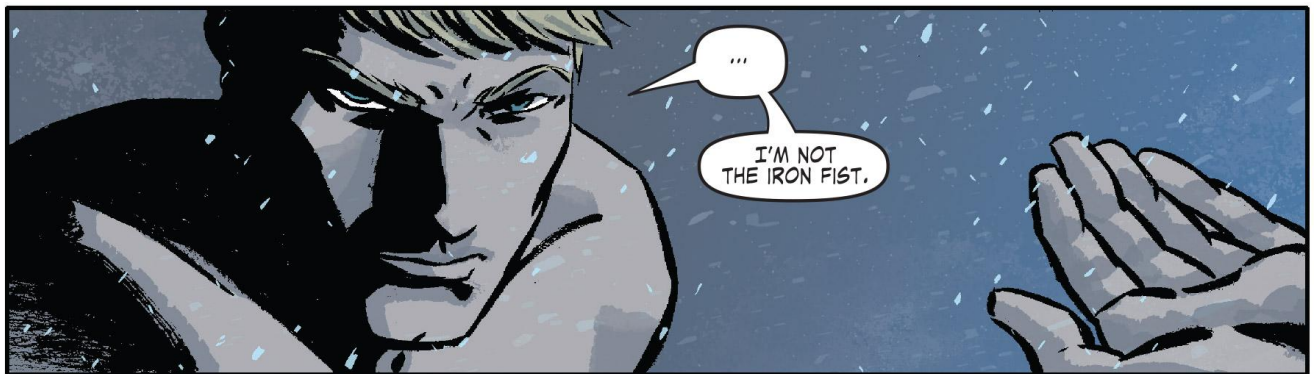
YOU WERE A FINE TEACHER BUT YOU AREN'T MY MASTER ANYMORE, MIGHTY THUNDERER.

I'M LEAVING K'UN-LUN TO RETURN TO THE WORLD OF MEN.



AS IS YOUR RIGHT, WENDELL RAND; SINCE THE DAY WE FIRST MET, YOU HAVE BURNED WITH A RESTLESSNESS I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

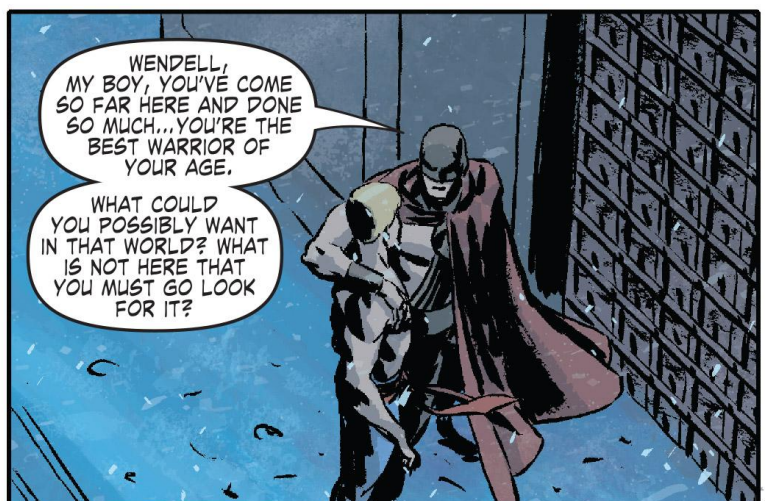
I SHALL NOT STAND IN YOUR WAY. I HAVE COME ONLY TO ASK WHY.



...
I'M NOT THE IRON FIST.



I HAD **DOUBT** IN MY HEART...I KNEW THE SHOWDOWN WITH THE DRAGON WOULD BE MY END.



WENDELL, MY BOY, YOU'VE COME SO FAR HERE AND DONE SO MUCH...YOU'RE THE BEST WARRIOR OF YOUR AGE.

WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY WANT IN THAT WORLD? WHAT IS NOT HERE THAT YOU MUST GO LOOK FOR IT?



TELL HIM, WENDELL RAND. YOU OWE THE THUNDERER AT LEAST THAT MUCH.

FOR HE SURELY
KNOWS ALREADY.

FROM THAT FIRST FATEFUL
MOMENT YOU MET...



...LEI KUNG HAS KNOWN HOW
ORSON RANDALL HAUNTED YOU.

HOW THE LEGACY OF
THE LAST IRON FIST
HAS HUNG AROUND YOUR
NECK, THREATENING TO
DRAG YOU DOWN...



I
DON'T KNOW,
LEI KUNG.

BUT WHEN I
FIND IT, I PROMISE
TO COME BACK AND
TELL YOU.



YOU COULD NEVER HAVE
BEEN THE IRON FIST,
WENDELL RAND...



...AND YET YOU
STILL HAVE ANOTHER
DRAGON TO FACE.







OKAY, NERVOUS BREAKDOWN FINISHED. WE NEED TO--

THERE, THERE-- WATCH YOUR STEP--



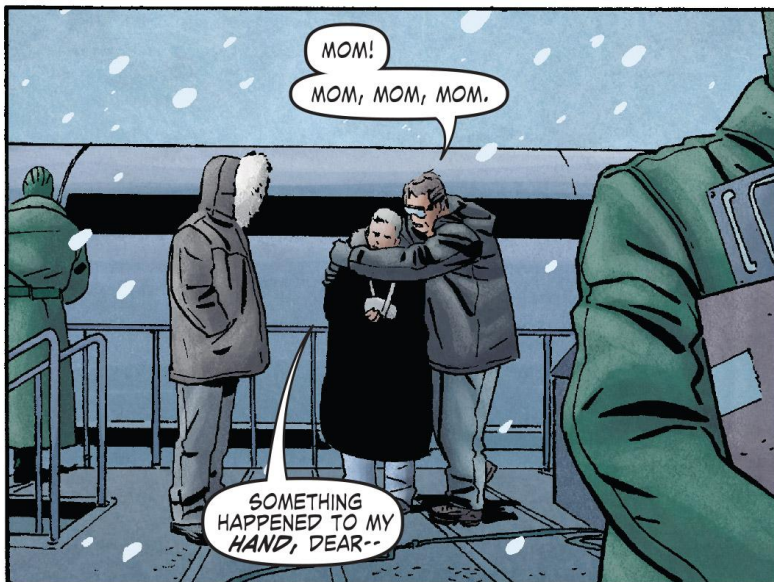
OH, NO, YOU ANIMAL, NO-- NOT HER.



MR. HOGARTH! I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU. A VISITOR--

--WATCH THE ICE, MY DEAR--

--AS YOU CROSS THE FINISH LINE.



MOM!

MOM, MOM, MOM.

SOMETHING HAPPENED TO MY HAND, DEAR--



ARE YOU OKAY? ARE YOU IN PAIN? HAS HE--

IT'S SO HARD TO STAY AWAKE THESE DAYS, DEAR--I KEEP TRYING AND TRYING, BUT--

MOTHER, LISTEN TO ME, ARE YOU--



HONEY? WHERE ARE WE? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

DON'T WORRY, MR. HOGARTH. HER ACCIDENT ASIDE, SHE'S BEEN WELL TREATED. AND SHE WILL BE UNTIL MIDNIGHT...



...WHEN, IF MY TRAIN IS NOT READY, I'M GOING TO SHOOT HER IN FRONT OF YOU.

THEN I'LL SHOOT YOU NEXT.

WHA--?





The Heart of Heaven.

Seven cities intersect
and become one on a
mystical plane
somewhere beyond...

...well, beyond
everything.

I don't think it's
Heaven. It sure
doesn't **feel**
like Heaven.



I think they call it
that because it
sounds good.

But like so
many **other**
traditions
here, it's
hollow of any
real meaning.

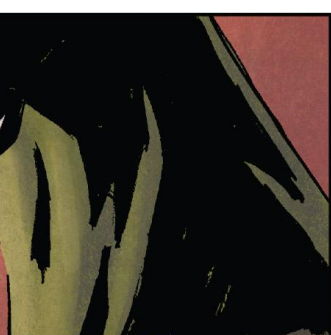
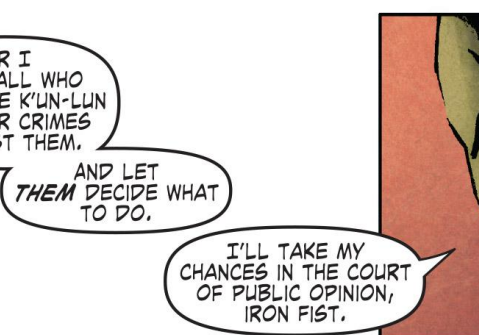
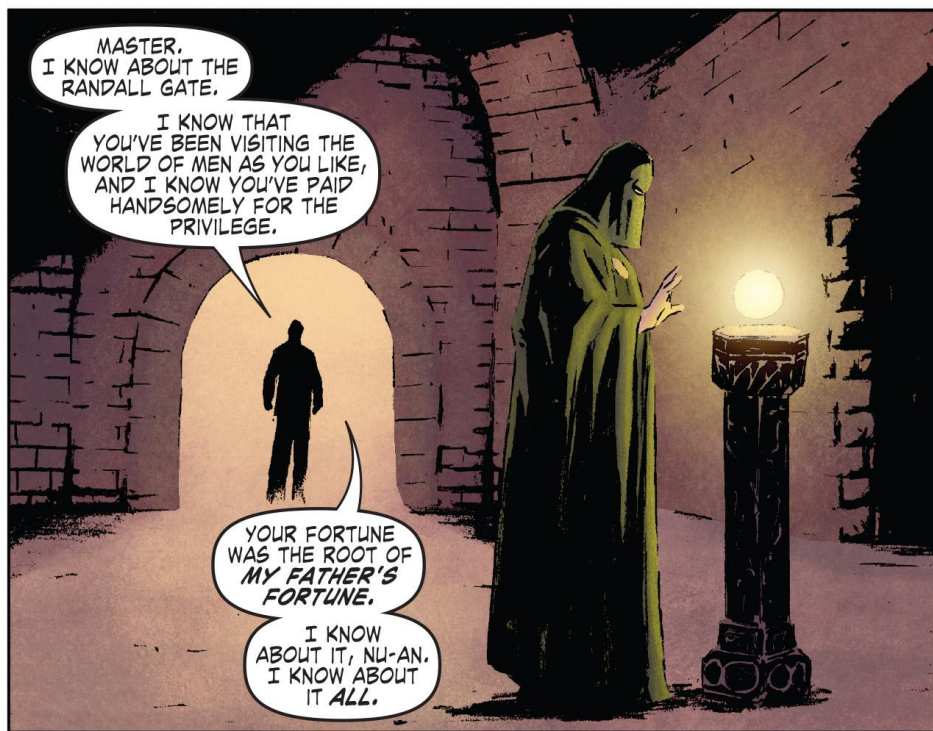


It **is** what it **is**
because that's
the **way** it is.



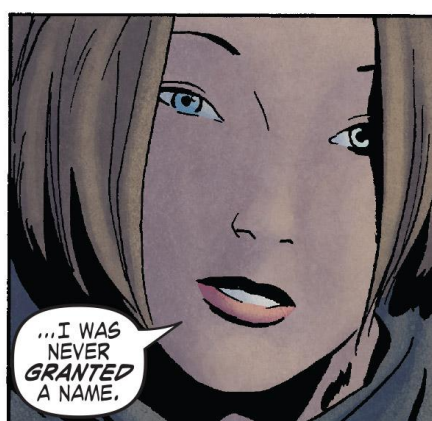
And daring to
ask "why" isn't
encouraged.

Because for all of its magic and
mystery, the only answer buried
here is the same one frustrated
parents have been telling children
since the dawn of time:









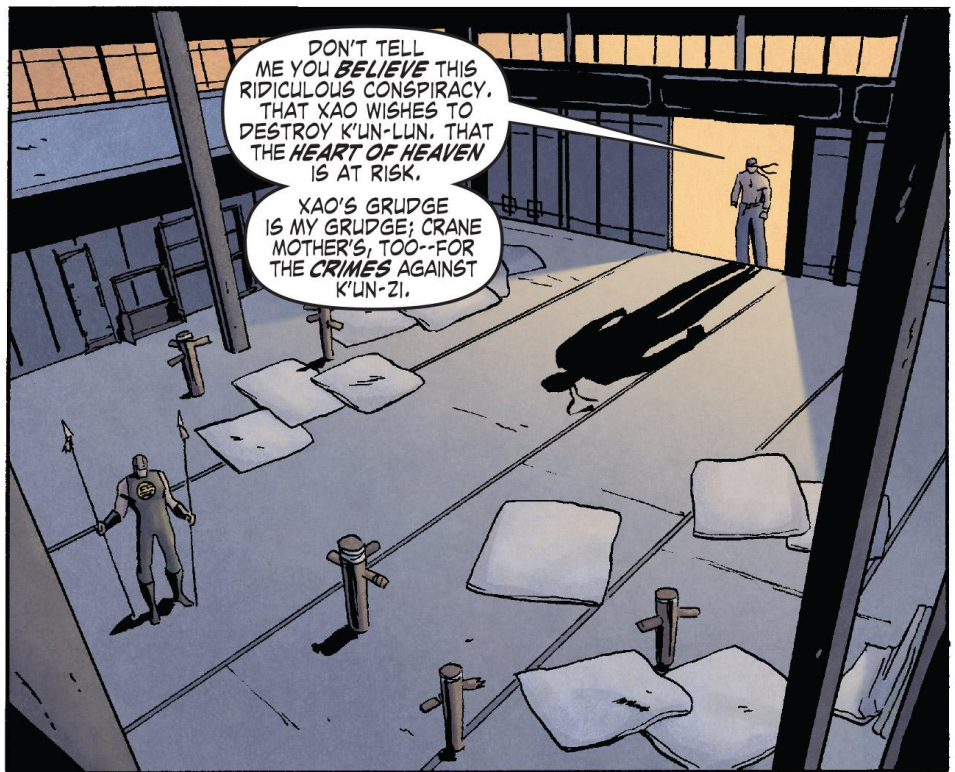






"...THEN WHO IS IT THAT YOU'RE RUSHING TO **CONFRONT?**"

FATHER.



DON'T TELL ME YOU **BELIEVE** THIS RIDICULOUS CONSPIRACY. THAT XAO WISHES TO DESTROY K'UN-LUN. THAT THE **HEART OF HEAVEN** IS AT RISK.

XAO'S GRUDGE IS MY GRUDGE; CRANE MOTHER'S, TOO--FOR THE **CRIMES** AGAINST K'UN-ZI.



HERE WE ARE IN YOUR ARMORY, AND YET...

...WHERE ARE YOUR ARMS? TELL ME YOU'VE NOT BEEN SO EASILY **DUPED** BY THE IRON FIST AND HIS...PUPPET, JOHN AMAN.



ka-klank



CRANE MOTHER ONLY WANTED TO DESTROY THE **IRON FIST**. XAO IS MERELY HER PUPPET.

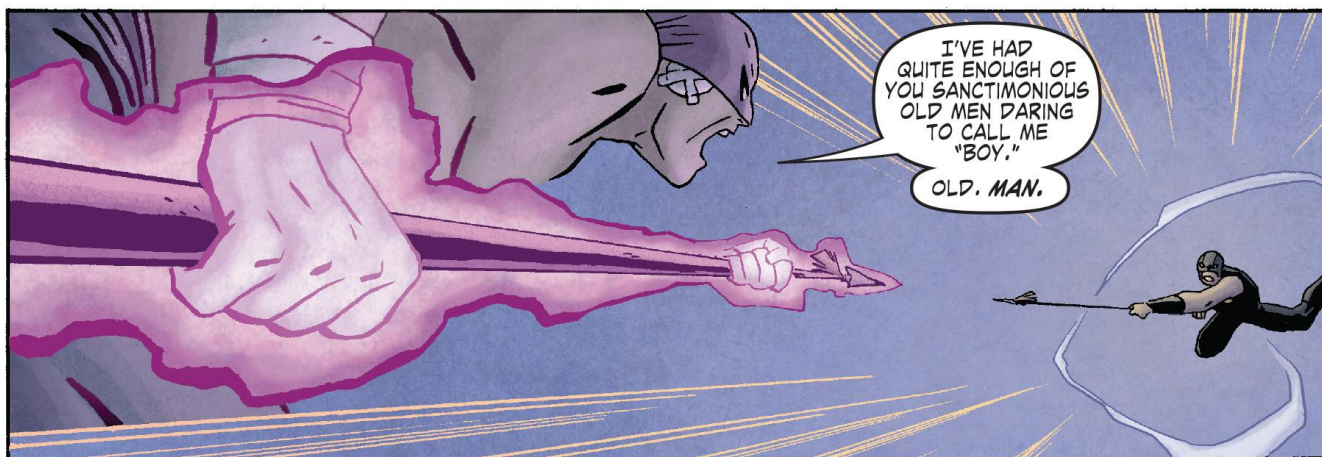
SHE HAS SAID NOTHING OF DESTROYING **K'UN-LUN**.

IRON FIST IS LYING SO THAT YOU WILL PROTECT HIM FROM US-- FATHER, DON'T BE A **FOOL**.

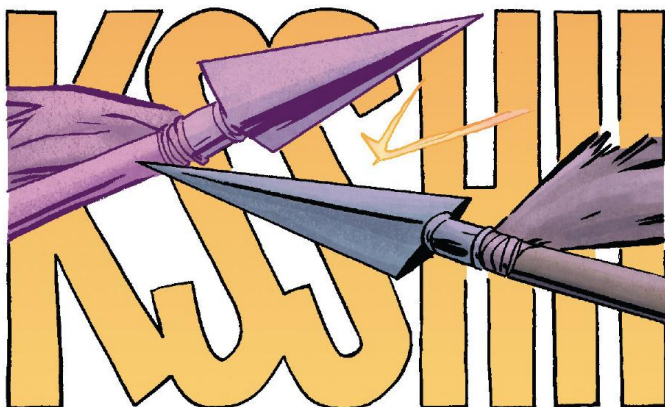


DAVOS... THEY ARE **MANIACS** INTENT ON DESTROYING US ALL.

JOIN US, BOY. THERE ARE INNOCENT LIVES AT RISK THAT HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH EVERYTHING THAT'S WRONG BETWEEN YOU AND I.

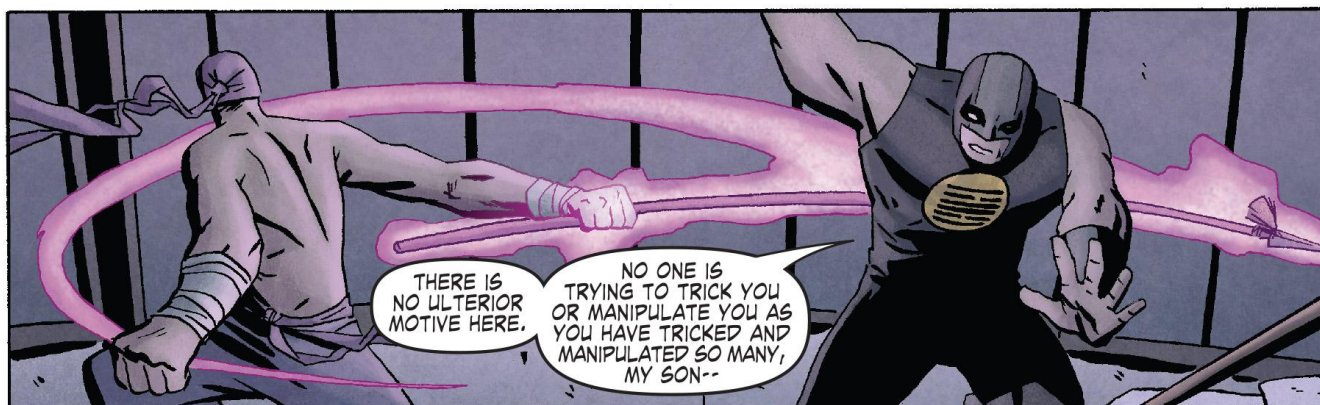


I'VE HAD
QUITE ENOUGH OF
YOU SANCTIMONIOUS
OLD MEN DARING
TO CALL ME
"BOY."
OLD. MAN.



HII-YAH!!

YAAH-HAA!!



THERE IS
NO ULTERIOR
MOTIVE HERE.

NO ONE IS
TRYING TO TRICK YOU
OR MANIPULATE YOU AS
YOU HAVE TRICKED AND
MANIPULATED SO MANY,
MY SON--



XAO WILL
DESTROY US
ALL!



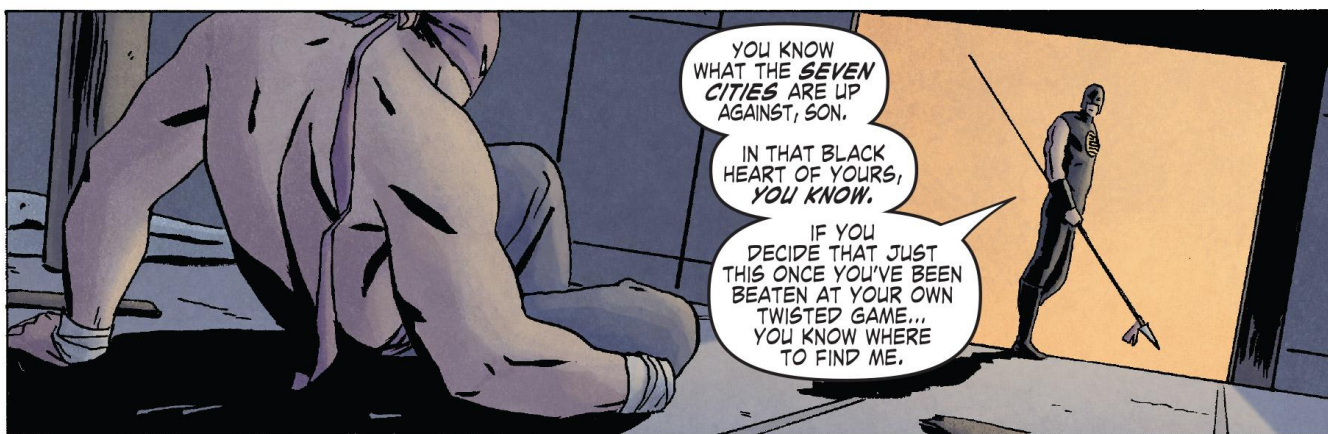
XAO IS
A MOPPET IN A
MAN SUIT.
HE
COULDN'T PLAN
HIS WAY OUT OF A
PAPER BAG!

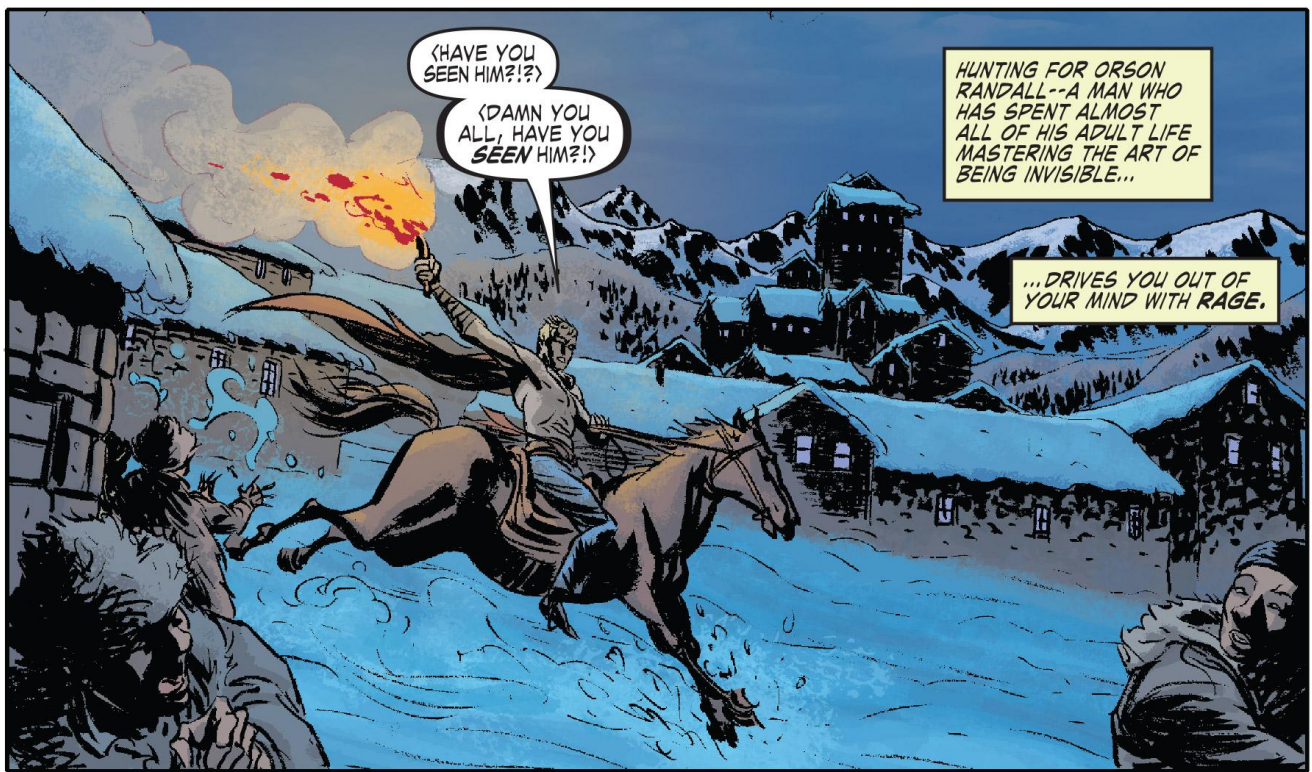


CRANE MOTHER--
XAO--THEY'VE BOTH
BETRAYED YOU!
USED YOU!

THAT'S WHAT
THIS IS **REALLY** ABOUT,
ISN'T IT?

YOU'VE
FINALLY MET
YOUR TREACHEROUS
MATCH AND CAN'T
BELIEVE YOU'VE
BEEN BESTED.





<HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?!?>

<DAMN YOU ALL, HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?!>

HUNTING FOR ORSON RANDALL--A MAN WHO HAS SPENT ALMOST ALL OF HIS ADULT LIFE MASTERING THE ART OF BEING INVISIBLE...

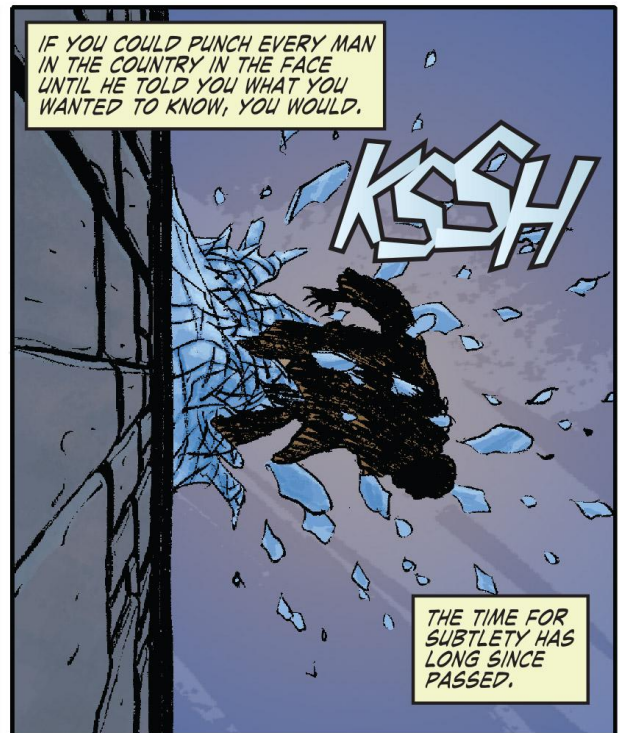
...DRIVES YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND WITH RAGE.



<ORSON RANDALL.>

<HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?>

THERE ISN'T A ROCK ANYWHERE IN TIBET YOU'VE NOT LOOKED UNDER.



IF YOU COULD PUNCH EVERY MAN IN THE COUNTRY IN THE FACE UNTIL HE TOLD YOU WHAT YOU WANTED TO KNOW, YOU WOULD.

KSSH

THE TIME FOR SUBTLETY HAS LONG SINCE PASSED.



YOUR KNUCKLES ARE SCRAPED BARE AND YOUR VOICE IS HOARSE, BUT FINALLY...

<I--I KNOW. JUST STOP-->

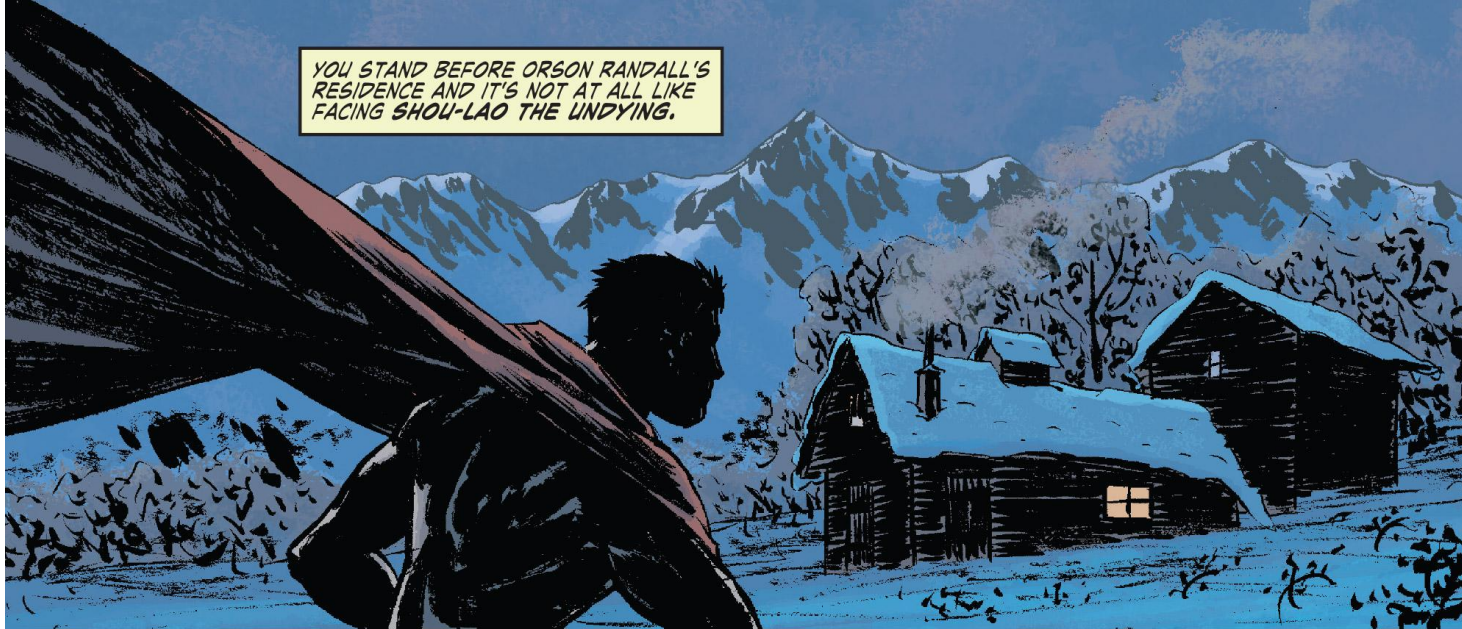
<STOP HITTING ME.>



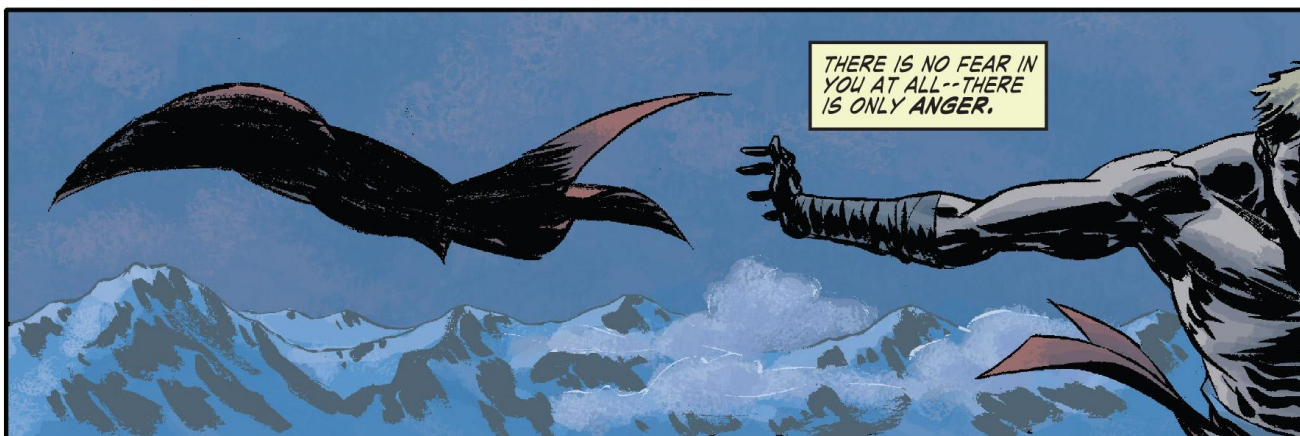
<WHERE IS HE?>

YOU'VE FOUND THE MAN YOU SEEK.

YOU STAND BEFORE ORSON RANDALL'S
RESIDENCE AND IT'S NOT AT ALL LIKE
FACING SHOU-LAO THE UNDYING.



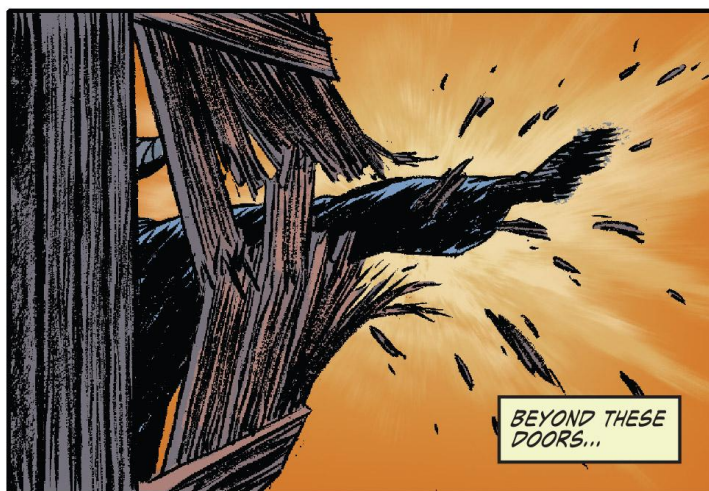
THERE IS NO FEAR IN
YOU AT ALL--THERE
IS ONLY ANGER.



THE LAST SEALED DOOR YOU FACED
STOOD BETWEEN YOU AND A FATE
SURE TO LEAVE YOU DEAD.



BEYOND THESE
DOORS...

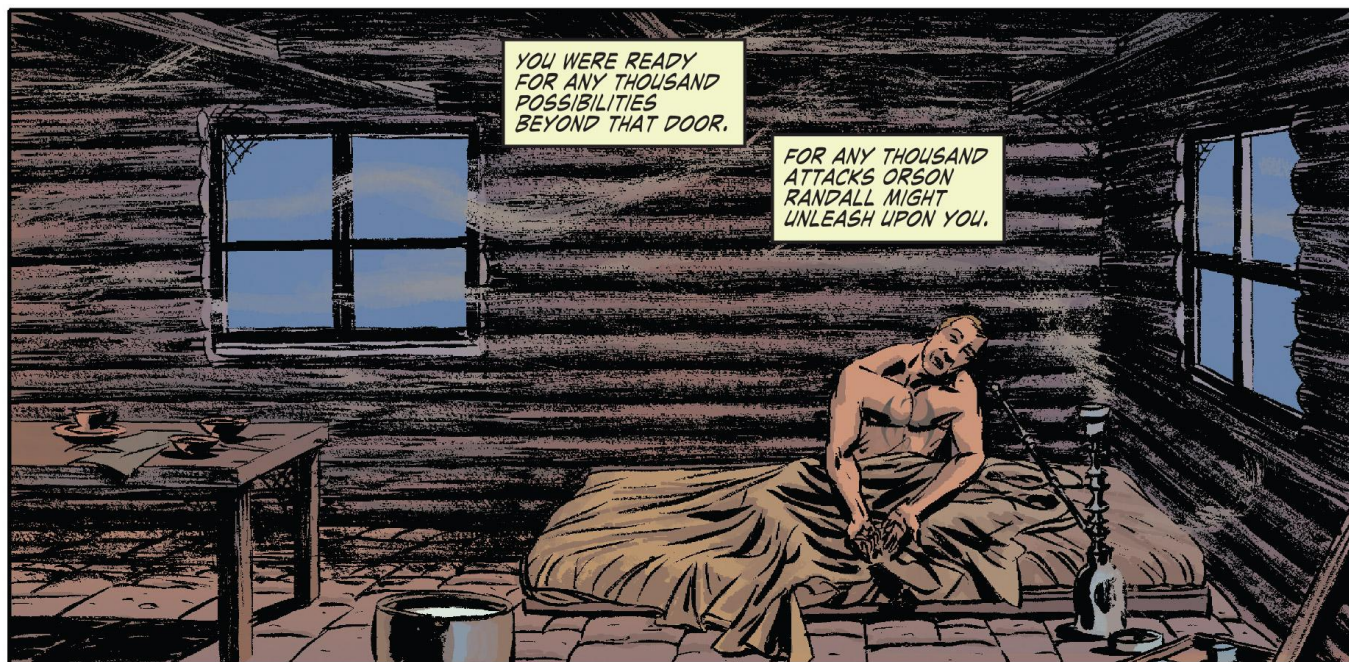


...IS FREEDOM.





GOOD LORD.



YOU WERE READY
FOR ANY THOUSAND
POSSIBILITIES
BEYOND THAT DOOR.

FOR ANY THOUSAND
ATTACKS ORSON
RANDALL MIGHT
UNLEASH UPON YOU.

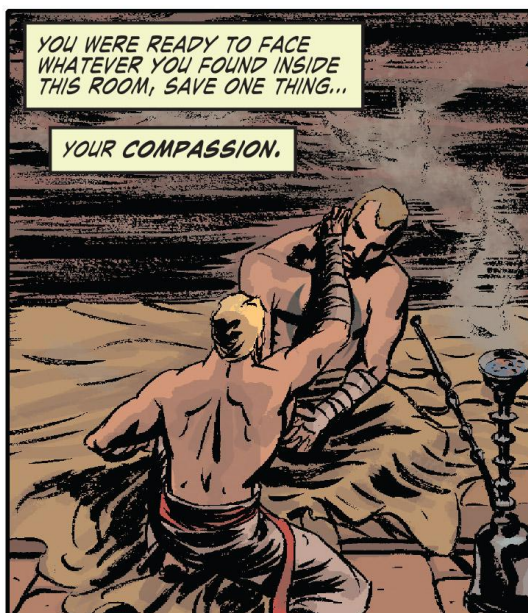


FOR ANYTHING EXCEPT
THE SIGHT OF AN ALL-
TOO-HUMAN SICKNESS.

BWUH.

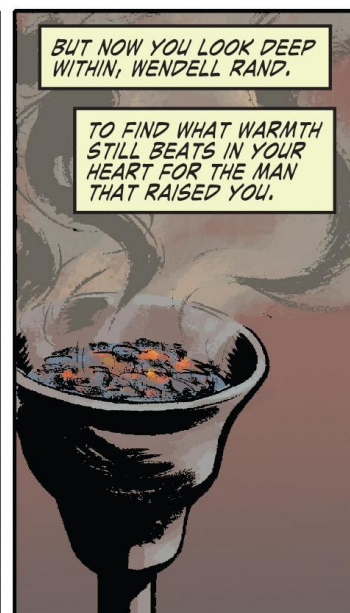


OH, GOD.
ORSON.



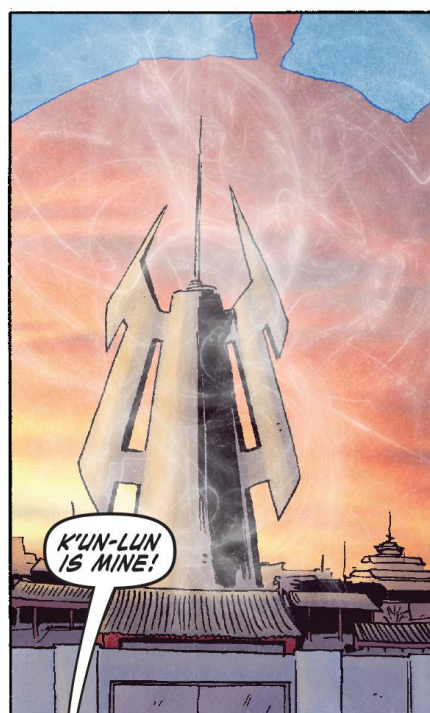
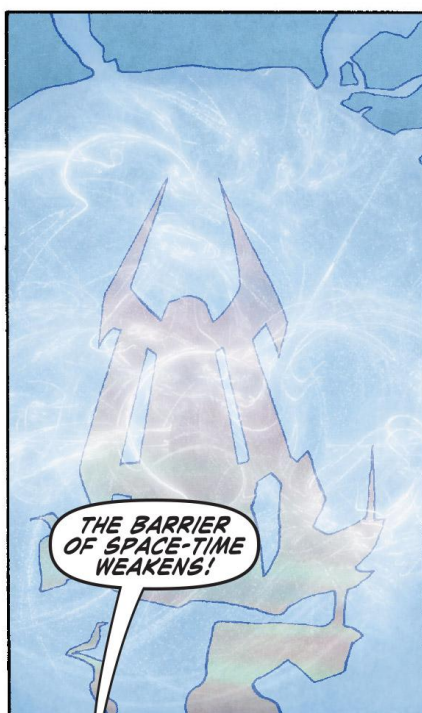
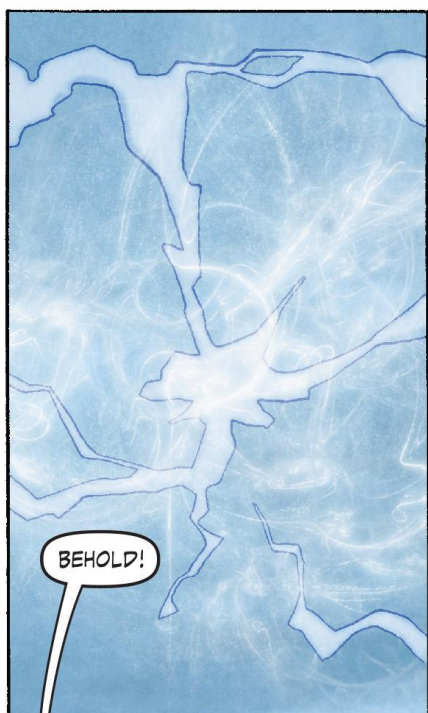
YOU WERE READY TO FACE
WHATEVER YOU FOUND INSIDE
THIS ROOM, SAVE ONE THING...

YOUR COMPASSION.



BUT NOW YOU LOOK DEEP
WITHIN, WENDELL RAND.

TO FIND WHAT WARMTH
STILL BEATS IN YOUR
HEART FOR THE MAN
THAT RAISED YOU.





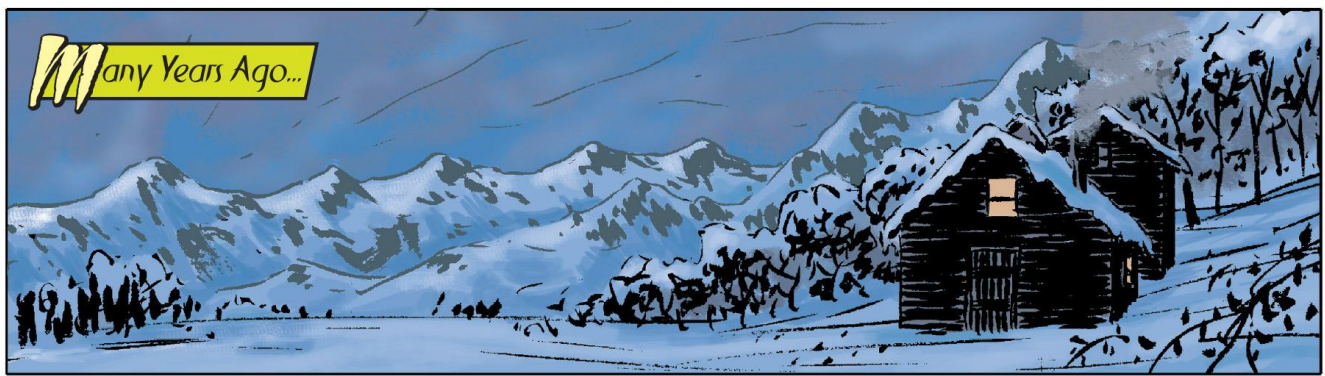


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The 7 Capital
Cities
of Heaven

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Round 7

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andrews
.com





YOU CAME SEEKING REVENGE,
OR SOMETHING LIKE IT...AND
INSTEAD YOU FOUND SOMEONE
WORTHY ONLY OF PITY...

SO...
YOU *DID* IT...
HUNH?

FOUND
THE MYSTIC
CITY...

SO, WHY
ARE YOU BACK,
KID?



YOU'RE LUCKY
I AM...ANOTHER DAY
ON THAT STUFF, YOU
MIGHT BE DEAD.

THIS STUFF...
THIS IS THE ONLY
THING KEEPIN' ME
ALIVE...

ONLY THING
THAT LETS ME
FORGET...



YOU KNOW,
I CAME HERE THINKING
I MIGHT *KILL YOU*...
BUT...YOU'RE SO
WEAK.

HOW CAN
YOU BE *THIS*
WEAK?



KILL *ME*... ?
WHY?



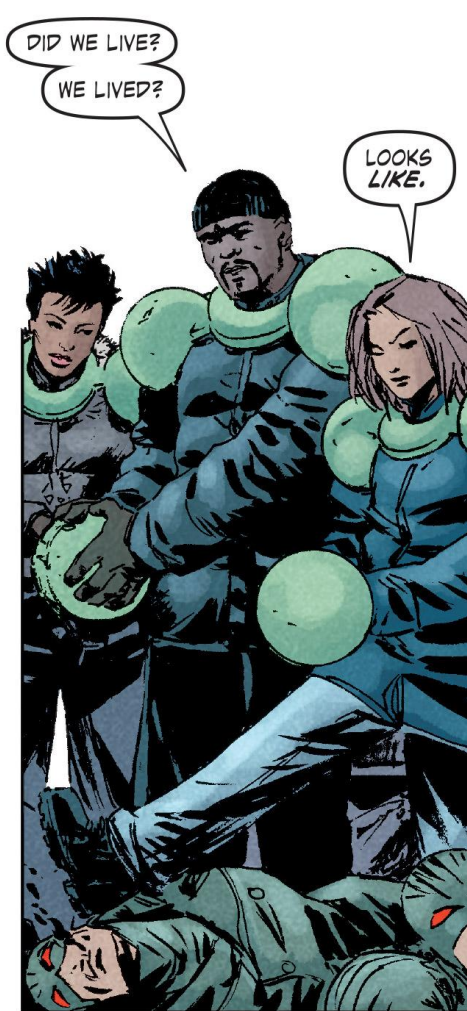
BECAUSE
YOU POISONED MY
DREAMS, YOU
BASTARD.

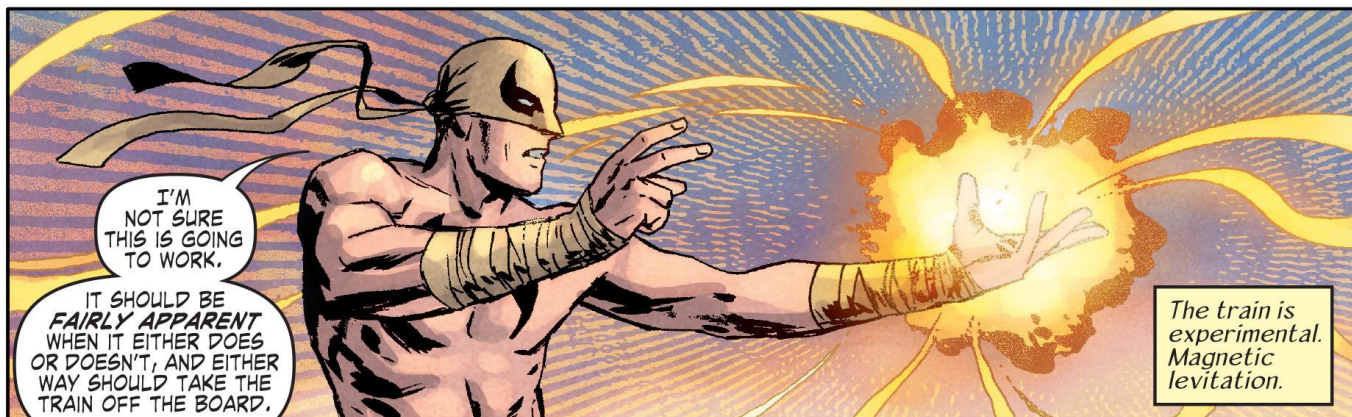
THE
ONLY THING
I EVER WANTED--
THE ONLY THING--
I EVER ASKED
FOR--

--WAS THE
THING YOU COULD
NEVER BE.









I'M NOT SURE THIS IS GOING TO WORK.

IT SHOULD BE **FAIRLY APPARENT** WHEN IT EITHER DOES OR DOESN'T, AND EITHER WAY SHOULD TAKE THE TRAIN OFF THE BOARD.

The train is experimental. Magnetic levitation.



THEN IT'S ON YOU TO FOLLOW WITH **ALL HELL** BEHIND ME.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT'S BEEN AN HONOR TO FIGHT YOU...

...AND TO FIGHT **ALONGSIDE** YOU.

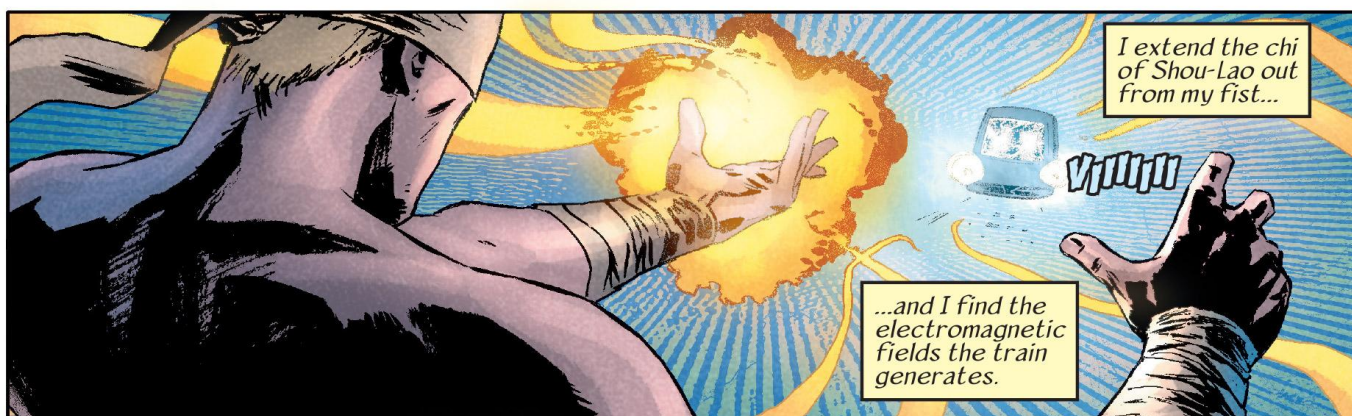
Frictionless...efficient...made possible by electromagnetic suspension.



WHAT'S HE DOING? WHAT IS THE **IRON FIST** DOING?!!

BUT, MASTER--THE PRISONERS ARE ESCAPING!!

TO **HELL** WITH THE PRISONERS! **ENGAGE TRAIN!** DESTROY K'UN-LUN! GO! GO!



I extend the chi of Shou-Lao out from my fist...

...and I find the electromagnetic fields the train generates.



It takes a moment--

--to learn how to use it--

--to give myself over to it...to allow myself--

--to be drawn
to the thing.

To allow my chi to flow into the
massive electromagnetic
current the train generates...
to get swept up in its undertow--

--and to
finally
be **fired**.

I am a **human bullet**.

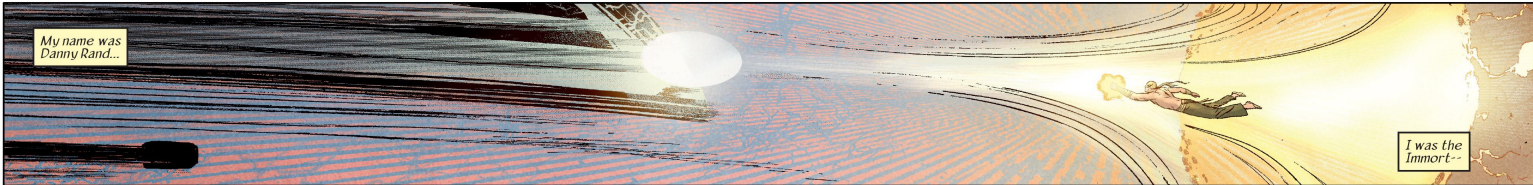
The train is loaded
down with enough
raw explosives to
make **Hiroshima**
look like a sparkler--

--and it's
aimed straight
at our hearts.

The only way to
save us all...is to
destroy it before
it destroys **us**.

It was a
nice train.

I'll just have to
build another one.





The Immortal
Weapons of the
Seven Capital
Cities of Heaven:



Fat Cobra.



EXQUISITE SPEED RELEASE

Dog Brother #1.



BLOOD-HUNGER'S BLADE

Tiger's
Beautiful
Daughter.

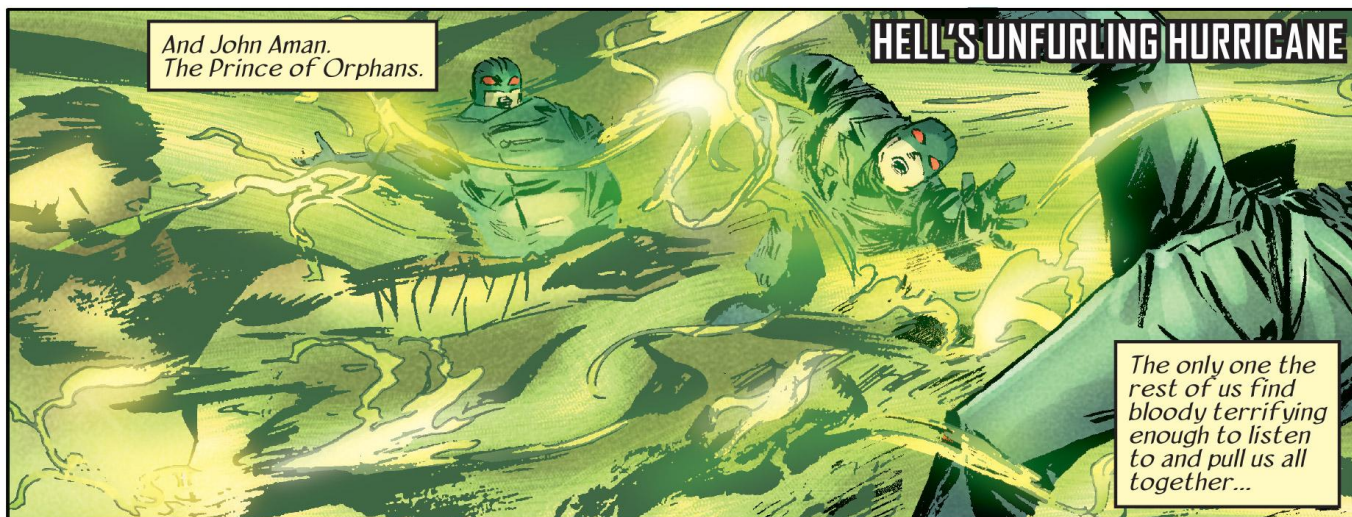


THE STABBING NEWLYWED



Bride of Nine Spiders.

VAULTING MANTIS SPINE-SNAP



And John Aman.
The Prince of Orphans.

HELL'S UNFURLING HURRICANE

The only one the
rest of us find
bloody terrifying
enough to listen
to and pull us all
together...



Well...almost
all of us.

NO LUCK
BRINGING DAVOS
AROUND, HUH?



I TRIED.

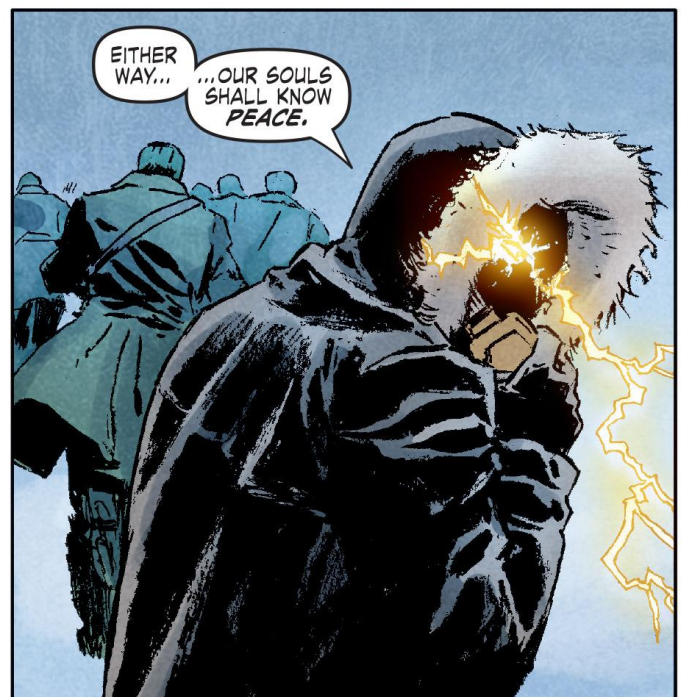
AS DID I,
BUT...

Lei Kung the
Thunderer.
The war-master
of K'un-Lun.

MY SON
REMAINS AS
SMALL-SIGHTED
AS EVER.

The father of Davos, a.k.a. the former
Steel Serpent, the Steel Phoenix, and
the last of the Immortal Weapons.

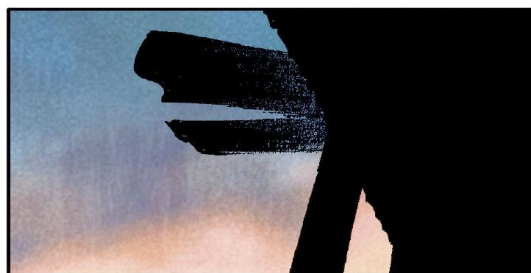
The man who has unwittingly sold out
K'un-Lun and ensured its destruction.







And so I
follow
"Yu-Ti" ...





TERROR PRIESTS--

HALT YOUR WORK! I NEED THE RANDALL GATE TO ESCAPE--!



STOP--! WE AREN'T ALLOWED TO ENTER--

I WILL KILL YOU WHERE YOU STAND.



DO NOT DESTROY THE RANDALL GATE!

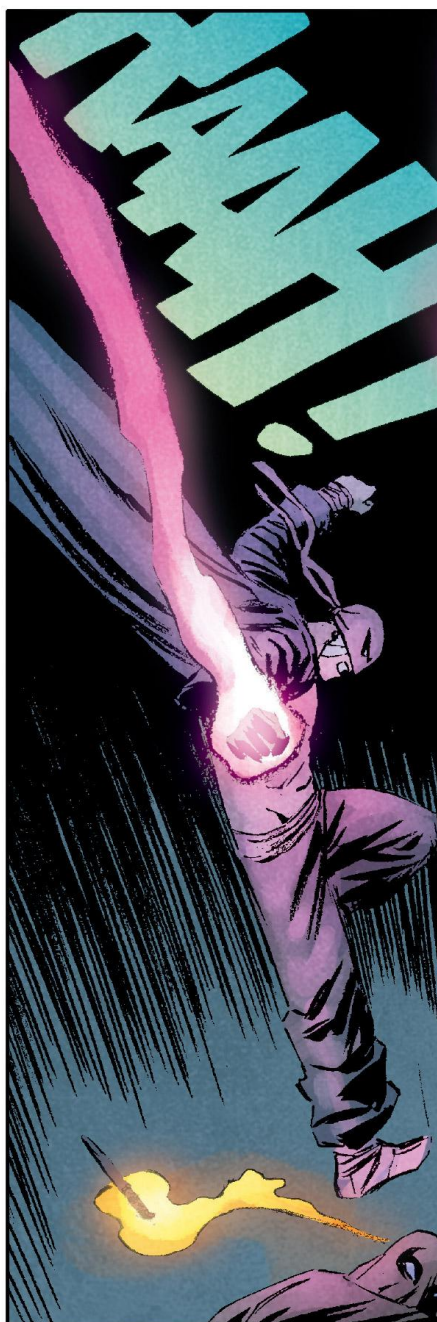
DO NOT--

NU-AN.



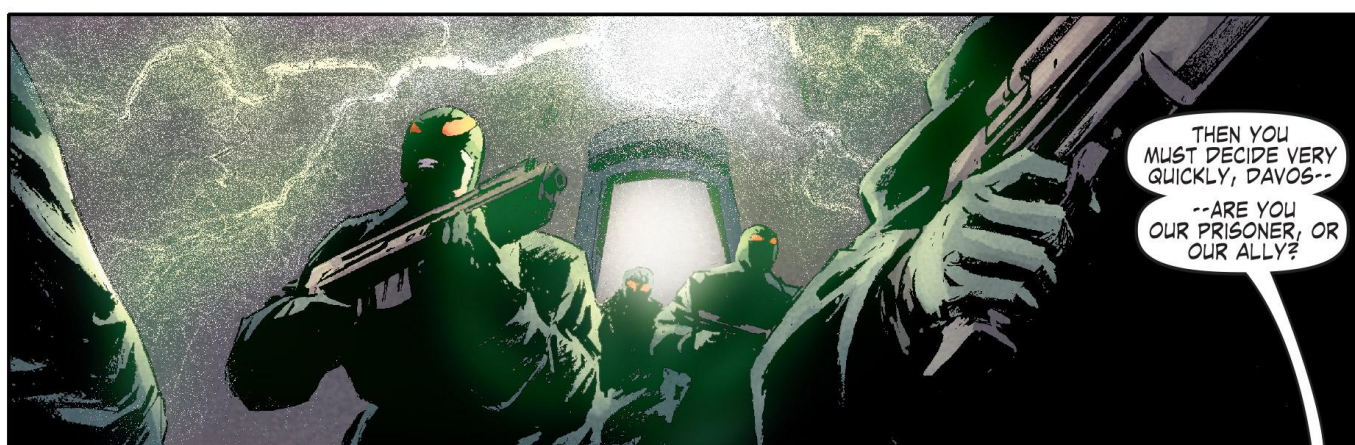
YOU MAY RULE K'UN-LUN, BUT YOU'RE NOT *MY* MASTER AND I'LL BE DEAD IN THE COLD GROUND BEFORE I CALL YOU "YU-TI."

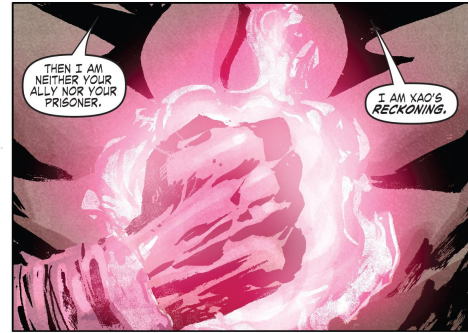
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE *NU-AN* TO ME. YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A LITTLE WORM.

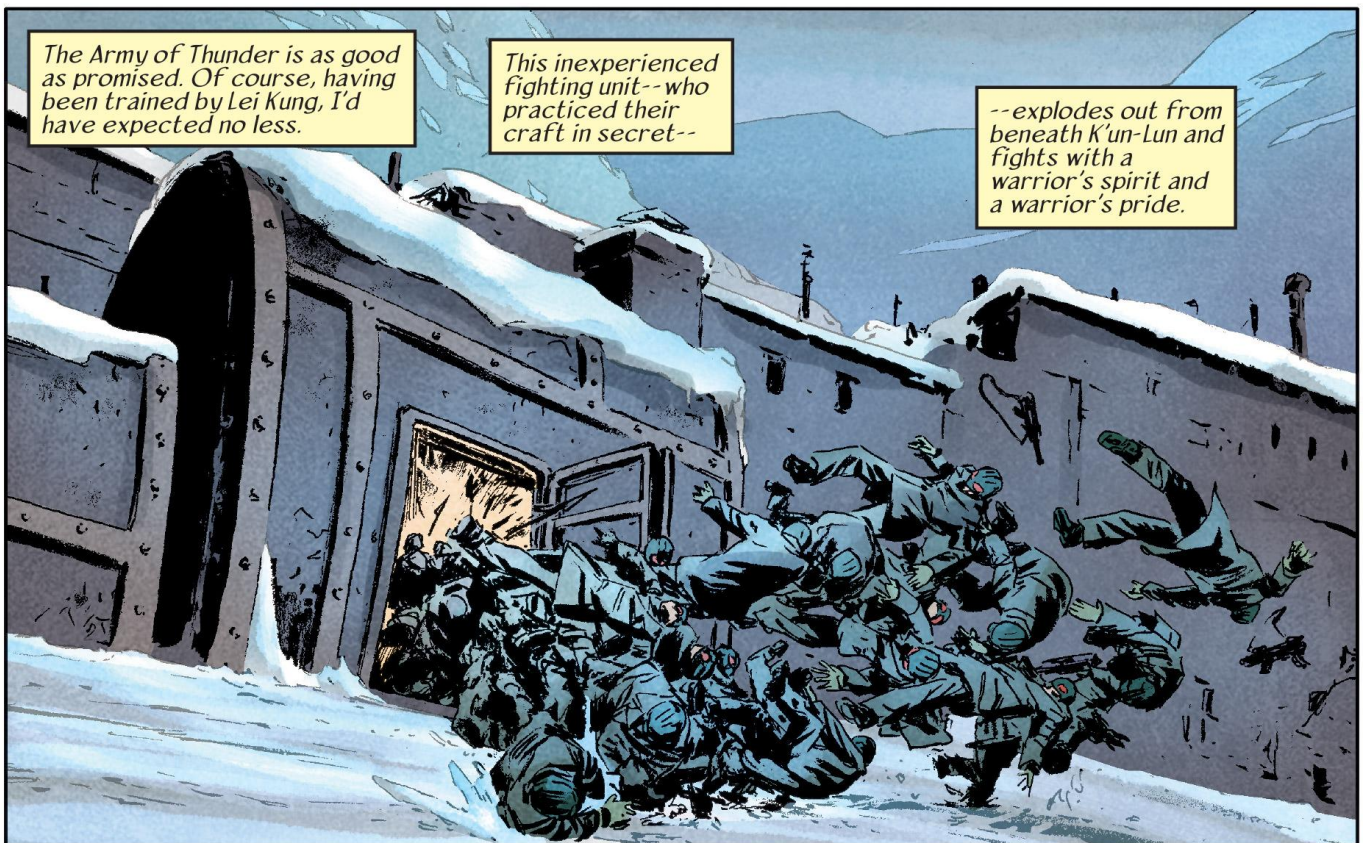


MY...

LORD.







The Army of Thunder is as good as promised. Of course, having been trained by Lei Kung, I'd have expected no less.

This inexperienced fighting unit-- who practiced their craft in secret--

--explodes out from beneath K'un-Lun and fights with a warrior's spirit and a warrior's pride.



They fight **so** well--

--and **so** ferociously... with **such** great focus--



--that it is **exploited**.

And as the Army of Thunder fights its way through the Randall Gate and forces Hydra back...

...Nu-An escapes into the night like a thief.



KEEP FIGHTING, SISTERS!

KEEP PUSHING THEM **BACK** TO WHERE THEY CAME--!



And elsewhere,
the Immortal
Weapons keep
fighting, too.

We *all* keep fighting.
When faced with the
alternative, what other
choice do we have?



Nothing left to lose.

We fight as one
for our very lives.



We fight as one in
spite of our origins
and our histories.



We fight against
the darkness so
that we may
again know light...

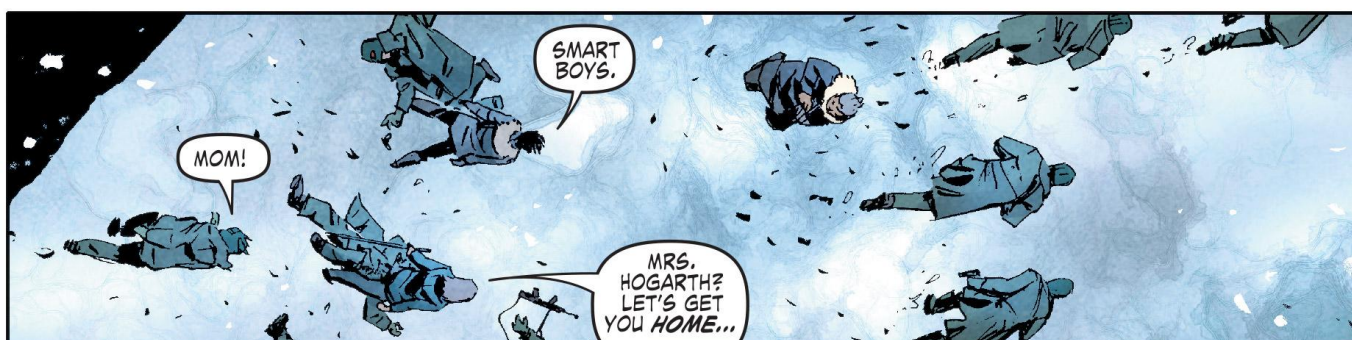


...and by the time *the
Army of Thunder*
forces its way up to
the platform...

...we force the
darkness *down*,
inch by inch.

And that's how...
one step at a time...







For Hydra, this is all just another job gone horribly wrong.

CHOKING WIND

For the Immortal Weapons and the Army of Thunder, this is a battle not just for our lives, but for our homes.

88TH SON OF WAR

STOMPING GIANT SLAP

BASTARD'S BLACK HEARTCRUSHER

HELL'S LAST TSUNAMI

Hydra fights like they're picking up a paycheck.

MISTRESS OF ALL AGONIES

We're fighting for our futures.



All of us united against Xao.

Xao...

Nowhere left to run.

Nowhere left to hide.

XAO!

XAO. YOU'RE OUT OF MOVES.



SURRENDER.

TO YOU?
SCION OF THE
LEGACY THAT KILLED
MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER,
MY GRANDMOTHER AND
SO *MANY* OF MY
BLOODLINE?

NEVER.



YOU'RE NOT REALLY IN A
BARGAINING POSITION
HERE, XAO.

THERE'S A
BIT OF A POWER
DIFFERENTIAL.



THAT ASSUMES I'M
A *RATIONAL ACTOR*
ON THIS STAGE. THAT
MY OBJECTIVE IS
VICTORY, AND THAT
MY SURVIVAL IS
PARAMOUNT ABOVE
ALL.

IT IS NOT.
I WILL BE
AVENGED.



XAO, YOU'VE
FAILED. THERE'S
NO ONE LEFT TO
AVENGE YOU.

OH?



THERE IS
AN *EIGHTH CITY*,
DANIEL RAND.

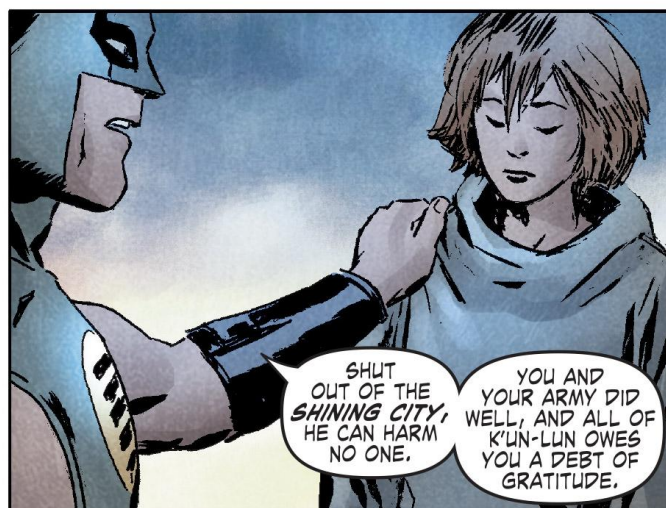
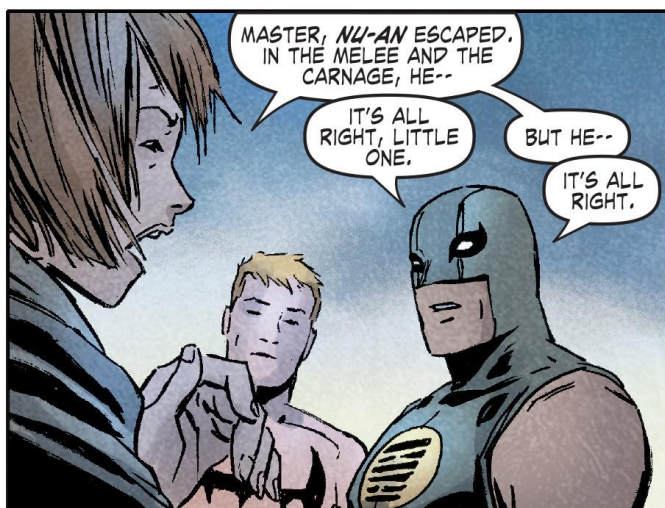


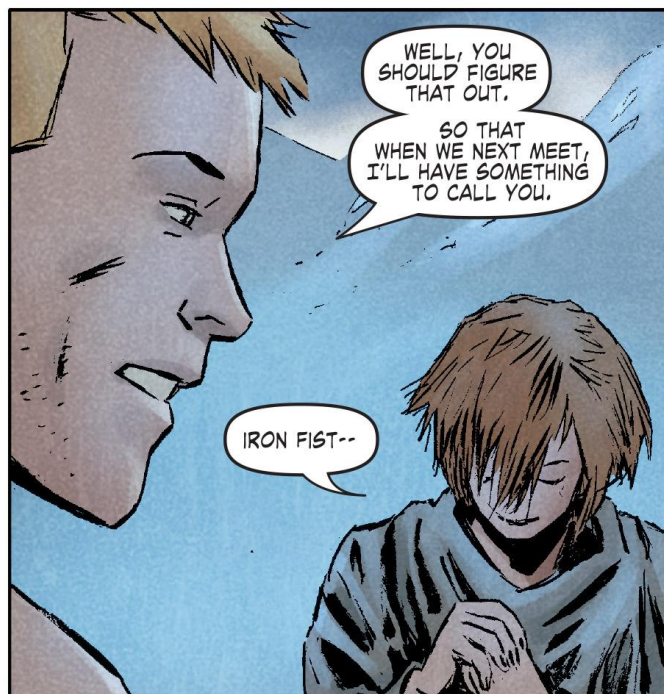
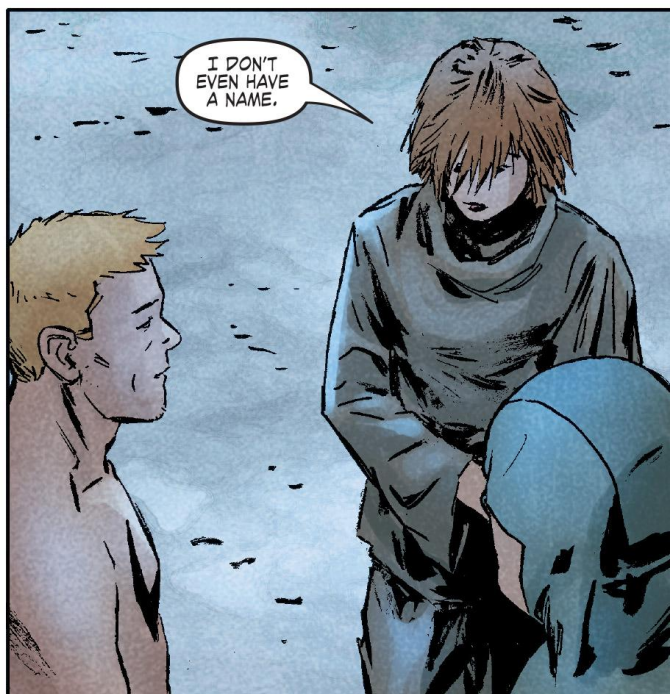
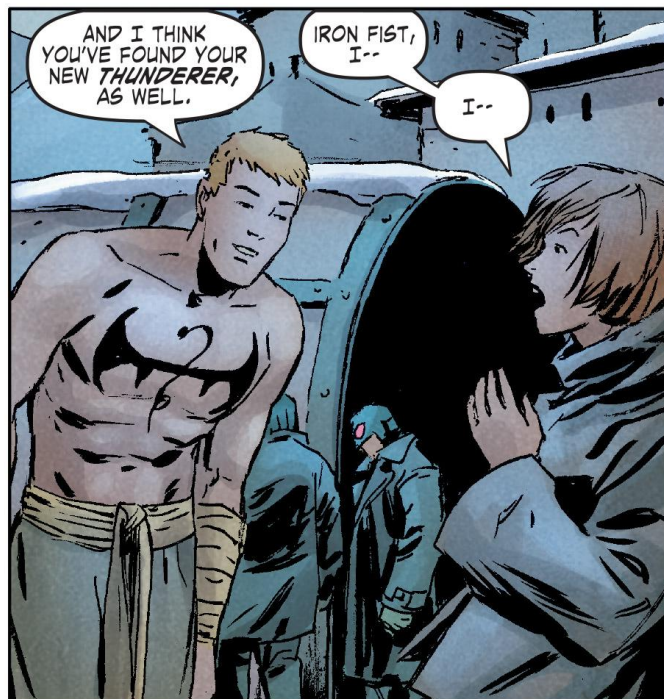
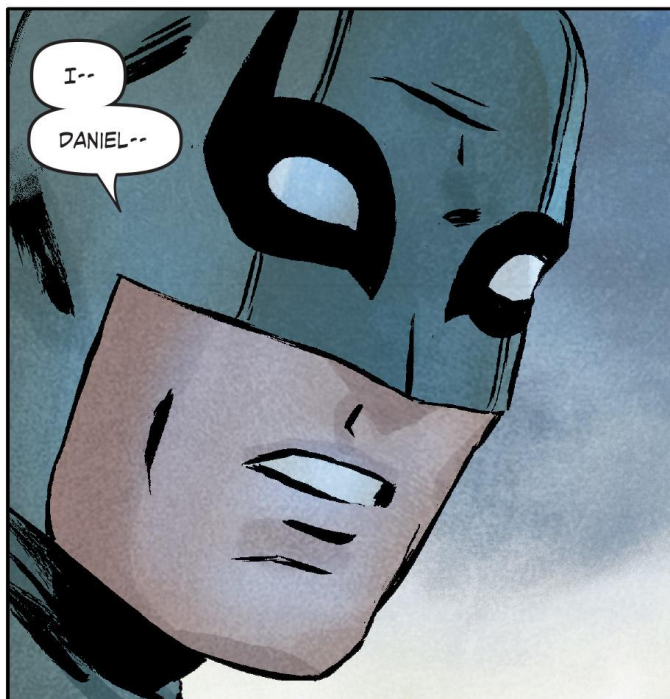
Xao makes no
sound as he falls.

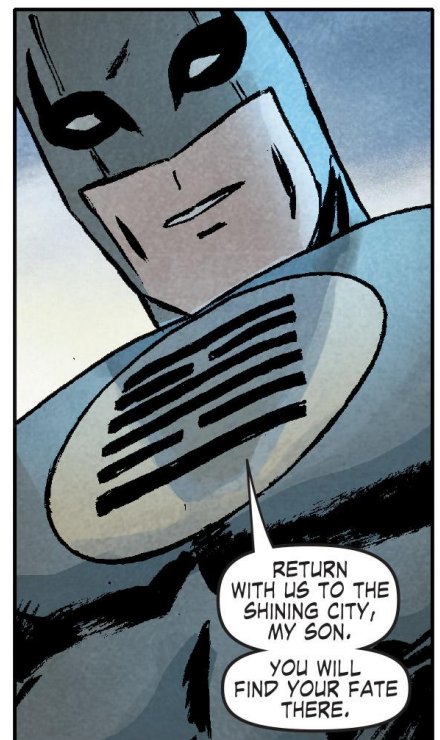
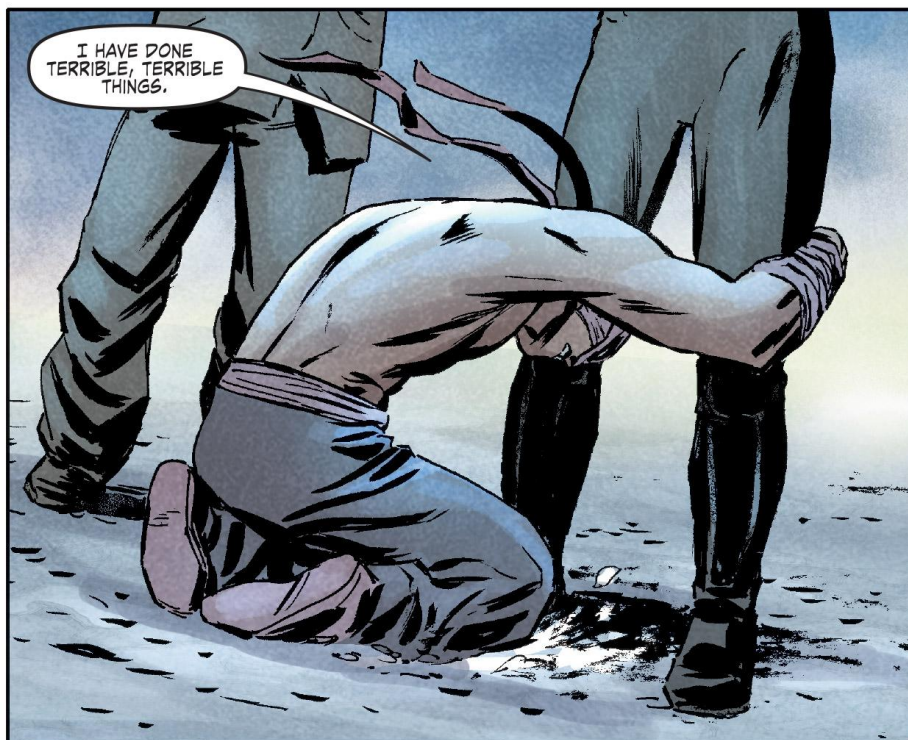
His war ends *silently*.

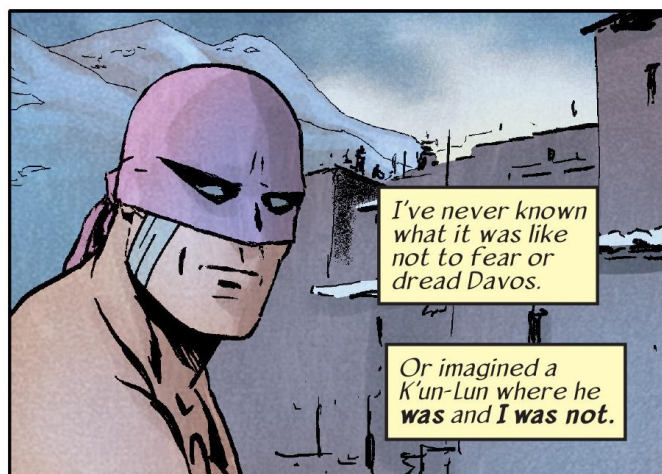
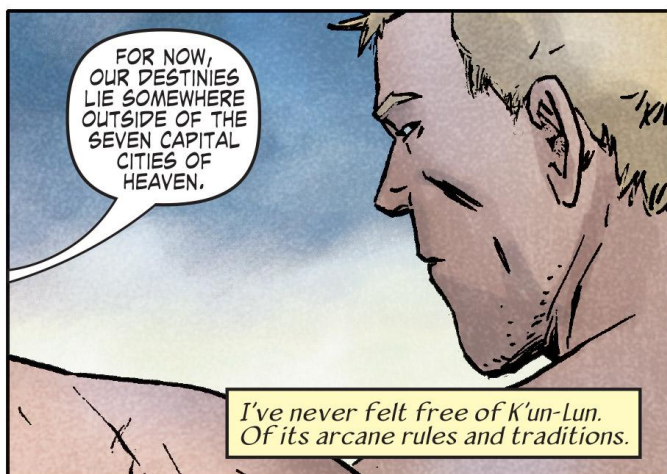
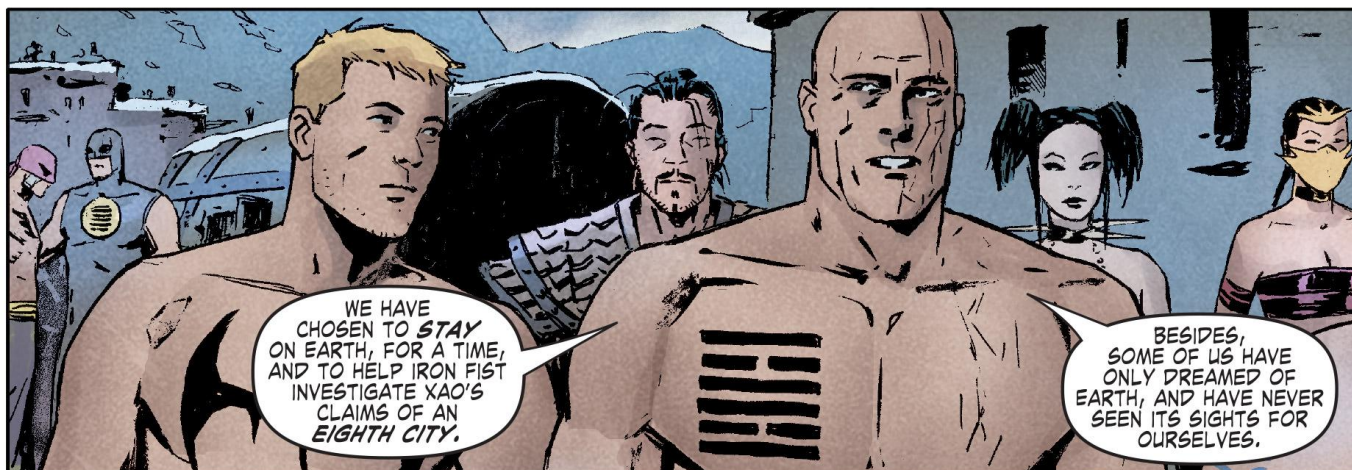


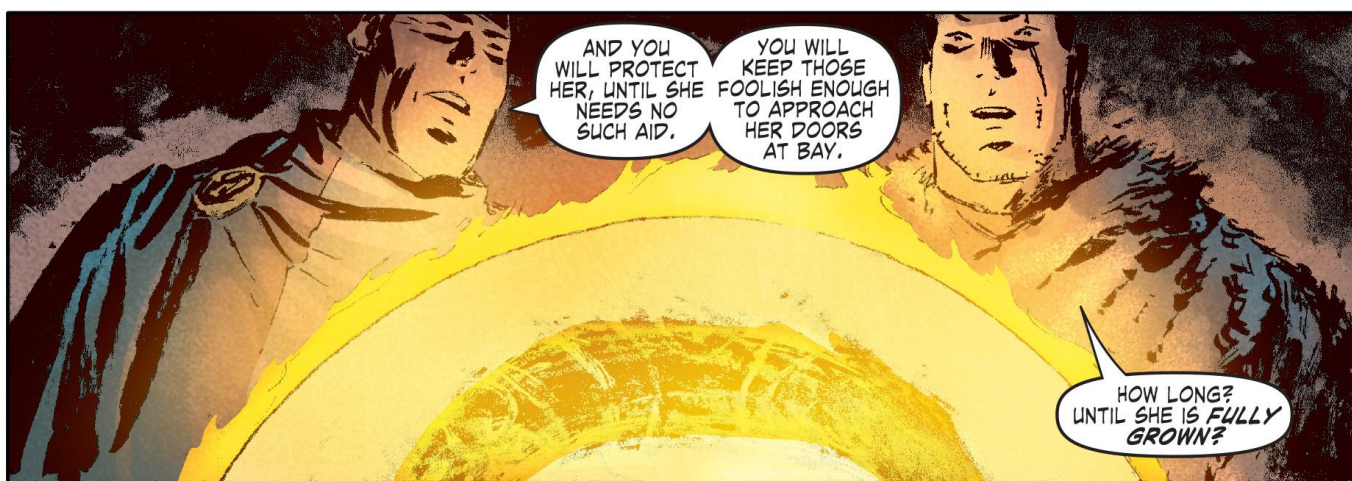








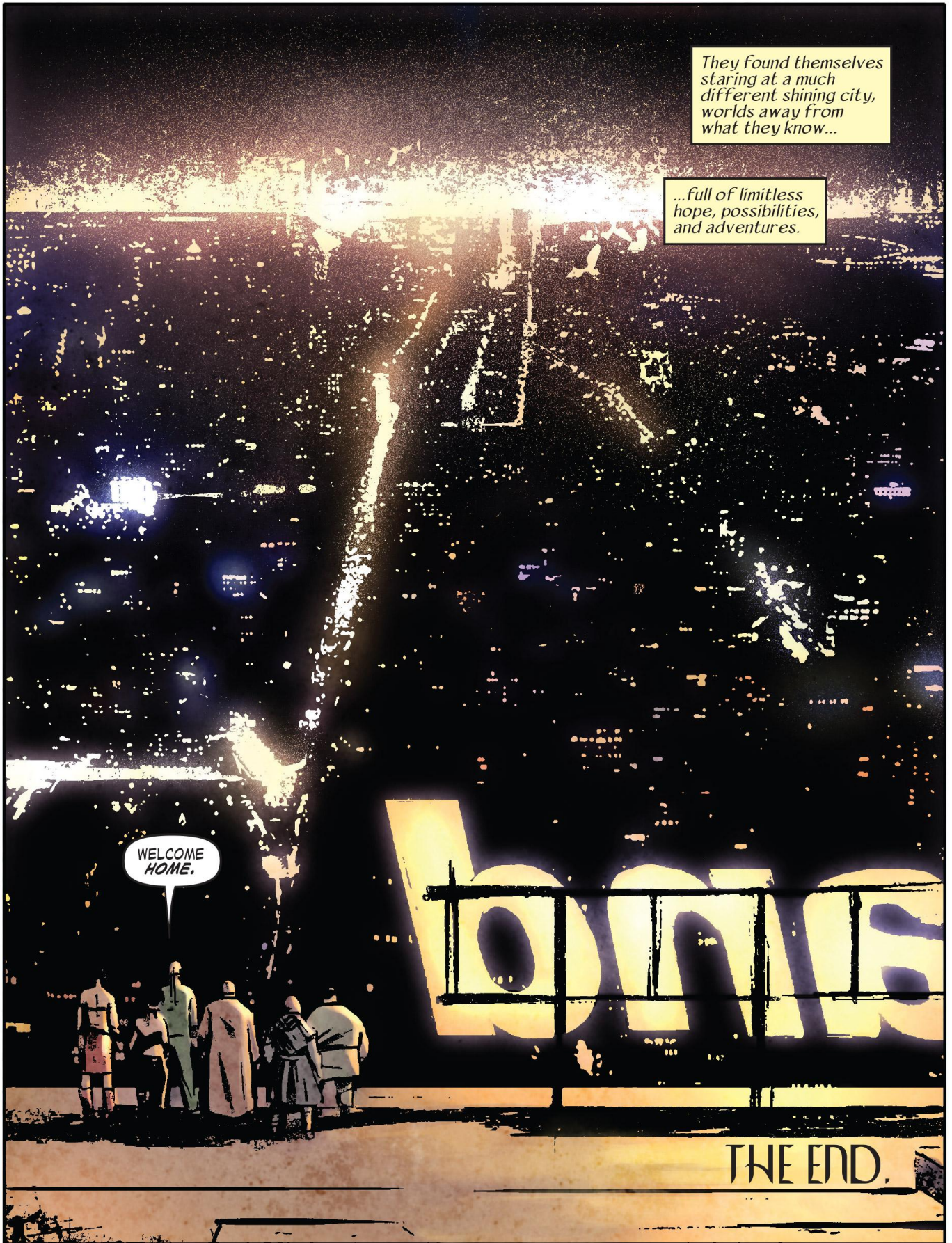






And as for the rest of the Immortal Weapons...

WELL, GANG...



They found themselves staring at a much different shining city, worlds away from what they know...

...full of limitless hope, possibilities, and adventures.

WELCOME HOME.

THE END.



"Simply put, Dave Aja draws the #\$\$%@ outta this book."

— *Ain't It Cool News*

A BATTLE FOR ETERNITY RAGES IN THE HEART OF HEAVEN!

While his business partner and friend is held hostage by a Hydra-affiliated megalomaniac, Danny Rand has been ushered to the fabled city of K'un-Lun to fight in a tournament against the Immortal Weapons of the Seven Capital Cities of Heaven. It is a round of games that occurs every 88 years as the different cities connect together on the same mystical plane. At stake is the life of his friend, the legacy of his father and mentor, and the future of K'un-Lun. And despite the awesome new powers and knowledge revealed to him by the mysterious Orson Randall, will Daniel Rand be ready when the tournament calls his name?

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MARVEL